Commentary

Volume Forty-nine, Number One, January 1970

KENNEDYISM MIDGE DECTER

CONFESSIONS OF A GREEN BERET WILLIAM PFAFF

THE JEWISH VOTE IN NEW YORK MILTON HIMMELFARB/ARTHUR M. KLEBANOFF

THE POLITICAL THOUGHT OF HERBERT MARCUSE GEORGE KATEB

ALLEN GINSBERG AND THE 60'S MORRIS DICKSTEIN

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TV JOURNAL: THE FALL SEASON NEIL COMPTON

BOOKS IN REVIEW: HENRIETTE BOAS
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Commentary

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Do you have a restless urge to write?

If so, you have much in common with successful authors. Read how the Famous Writers School is helping people turn a restless urge for self-expression into success in writing

By Bennett Cerf

Bennett Cerf, the distinguished publisher, is also an author, columnist and television personality. He has been a member of the Guiding Faculty of the Famous Writers School since its founding in 1960. His most recent book is the well-known *Treasury of Atrocious Puns.*

There's something different about people who feel the urge to write. They have a spiritual hunger that sets them apart. They may be successful businessmen, model housewives or loving grandparents... but that's not enough. They yearn for greater freedom, a more meaningful life, through self-expression.

Many successful writers know the same feelings

If you have known this burning need to write, you too may have the gift that successful authors possess. It is, all in all, that recurring ache to put into words the people you've known or the life you have lived, to share your proudest thoughts and experiences with other human beings.

The great author Sherwood Anderson abandoned a going business to write the stories welling up inside of him. Max Shulman, the humorist, says he started writing not so much because he wanted to but because he *had* to. In his own words: "Nothing else would serve; it was write or bust." Faith Baldwin, with all her literary fame, still says: "I've never written exactly what I dreamed I'd write... you keep on trying."

Successful authors like these know that anyone who shares this restless urge for self-expression has perhaps the most important ingredient of writing success. But they realize that it can waste away if you don't know how to get started writing... or if you hesitate to try for fear of failure.

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Several years ago, I joined forces with the other authors shown below to form the Famous Writers School. Our aim was to give today's beginning writer the expert help we ourselves would have welcomed when we were starting out. We poured all of our secrets of success into a set of specially created textbooks and writing assignments. Then we worked out a method for bringing to each student, in his own home, the many hours of individual instruction a developing writer needs.

When you return your assignment, one of the School's instructors—themselves all professional writers or editors—goes over your work line by line, word by word, blue-penciling his changes on your manuscript just as an editor does with an established author. Then he returns it with a long letter of advice and guidance on how to improve your writing.

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A typical student comment reveals how persistent the desire to write can be no matter how long it is submerged or frustrated. "After two years of laying claim to nothing but wall-to-wall rejection slips," reports E. Zumwalt of Nogal, New Mexico, "I've sold a story. It was revised from one of your Writing School assignments and sold to a magazine for $250."

Doris Agee of San Mateo, California, recently sold a "Most Unforgettable Character" sketch to the *Reader's Digest.* She says: "There's no question about it—without the Famous Writers School, the article would never have been written."

Doris Stebbins of South Coventry, Conn., writes, "Your Course made it possible for me to sell six articles to *Woman's Day* for $2,050."

Beyond the thrill of receiving that first check, Famous Writers students are discovering a still greater reward of writing professionally. As Faith Baldwin puts it: "If one sentence you write opens a door for another human being... makes him see with your eyes and understand with your mind and heart... you'll gain a sense of fulfillment no other work can bring you."

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Seated, l. to r.: Bennett Cerf, Faith Baldwin, Bergen Evans, Bruce Catton, Mignon G. Eberhart, John Caples, J. D. Ratcliff. Standing: Mark Wiseman, Max Shulman, Rudolf Flesch, Red Smith, Rod Serling. New members of the Guiding Faculty: Phyllis McGinley, Clifton Fadiman, Paul Engle. Photo: Halsman

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In sponsoring COMMENTARY, the American Jewish Committee aims to meet the need for a journal of significant thought and opinion on Jewish affairs and contemporary issues. Its pages will be hospitable to diverse points of view and belief, and it hopes to encourage original creative endeavor in the various fields of culture. The opinions and views expressed by COMMENTARY's contributors and editors are their own, and do not necessarily express the Committee's viewpoint or position. The sponsorship of COMMENTARY by the Committee is in line with its general program to enlighten and clarify public opinion on problems of Jewish concern, to fight bigotry and protect human rights, and to promote Jewish cultural interest and creative achievement in America.

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Letters from Readers

The Judeo-Christian Tradition

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

When I read "The Myth of the Judeo-Christian Tradition" by Arthur A. Cohen [November 1969] I was reminded of a talk I once had with Judge Learned Hand. Said he, "I do not like to have John W. Davis come into my courtroom." When I expressed shocked surprise, he said, "But you don't know the reason. I am so fascinated by his eloquence and charm that I always fear that I am going to decide in his favor irrespective of the merits of the case."

I had somewhat the same feeling when I read Mr. Cohen's essay in which, to my astonishment and chagrin, he described the Judeo-Christian tradition as a myth. Yet despite the expanse of his scholarship and the charm of his style, I must obey Al Smith's classic injunction, "Let's look at the record." The record for me reaches its climax in the Ecumenical Council Decree of 1964. I quote its high spots:

> The church, therefore, cannot forget that she received the revelation of the Old Testament from the people with whom God in His ineffable mercy concluded the former covenant. Nor can she forget that she feeds upon the root of that cultivated olive tree into which the wild shoots of the gentiles have been grafted.

So much for the origin of the tradition. But the decree continues:

> Since the spiritual patrimony common to Christians and Jews is of such magnitude, this sacred synod wants to support and recommend their mutual knowledge and respect. . . .
>
> May, then, all see to it that in their catechetical work or in their preaching of the word of God they do not teach anything that could give rise to hatred or contempt of Jews in the hearts of Christians.
>
> May they never present the Jewish people as one rejected, cursed or guilty of deicide.

These words need no commentary. They speak eloquently for themselves and they preach the truth that the Judeo-Christian tradition is not a myth but a great, potent living historical reality. That is why I have in another context described this decree as a Magna Charta of human brotherhood.

JOSEPH M. PROSKAUER
New York City

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

One can only agree with Arthur Cohen that Christianity has come closer to Judaism . . . out of bad conscience or fear for its own viability, or both. Certainly the Vatican Council—along with the present flood of academic studies of religion, the interfaith dialogues, and all the rest—have come too late. . . . The declaration against deicide would have been of much greater use during the Second World War than it was in 1965. . . . But it must be recognized that Christianity and Judaism, whether they share a tradition or not, are on on the same side "geopolitically," so to speak, in the world today. It seems to this writer that the world of the New Left would not leave any room for either Christian or Jewish piety, or even existence.

The Church, through the power of momentum, may survive for a century or more, despite the new paganism. By preempting the areas of social action, by serving as a sanctuary for radicals and adopting the line of revolution, the Church may prove itself valuable to the rebels, just as it succeeded in making itself useful to Hitler. In Communist Russia even now, most of the Christian denominations still exist in skeleton form.

But what lies in store for Judaism, and for the Zionist venture? In the Soviet Union, Judaism is dying. On the continent of Europe, the Jewish communities do not have a bright future. In the United States, the Jewish Establishment is suffering both from the general attack on religion, and from the particular apostasy of its sons and daughters to the leftist movements. . . .

The State of Israel makes sense to a world brought up on the Bible, but not to a secular, humanist world. It is true that opposition to Zionism can be found both among the fundamentalists and in the modernist camp of the Church. But Israel also has friends there. However, it has very few friends in the Communist world, among the Old and New Left, or in the Third World. . . .

There is, therefore, a political

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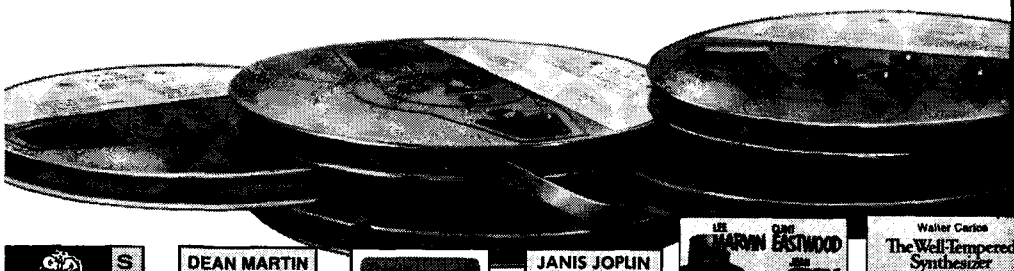

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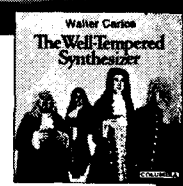

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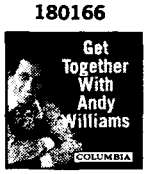

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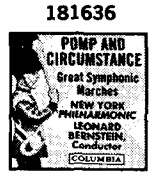

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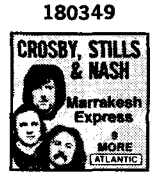

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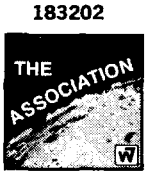

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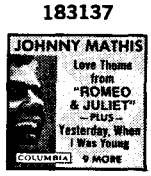

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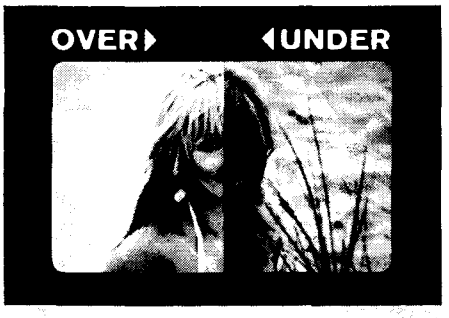

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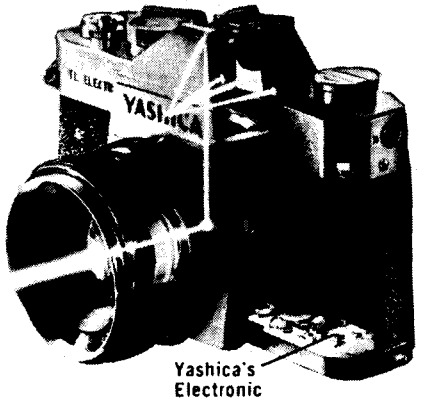

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stake, to put it bluntly, in the retention of the concept of the Judeo-Christian tradition, even though, admittedly, it does not stand theological analysis.

RABBI JACOB CHINITZ
Temple Beth Ami
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

Arthur A. Cohen, in retelling the Hasidic tale which concludes with the irreducible accounting of one generation to the next through the remembered story, makes the too-easy generalization that perhaps today, "the story itself has become meaningless." I would hazard to say that "the story" remains true to every generation insofar as each generation sees its own story as true. Martin Buber once wrote, "Miracle is simply what happens; insofar as it meets people who are capable of receiving it, or prepared to receive it, as miracle."...

Yes, "tradition is living," not only when "the spoken word and the heard word [surpass] the written word," but in the means to respond to any word, which is partly old, partly new, frequently disengaging.

Though primarily out of the article's context, I take this opportunity to clarify but one thought: that even the myth, so-called, of the Judeo-Christian tradition is, most certainly, not just a myth in colloquial terms meaning a falsehood (historical or not), but a powerful and expedient religious posture, valid for most people here and now, and bearing witness to a continued symbolic relationship with very real meaningfulnesses.

It is an age-old question. In today's language, in part, it means, how are we to tell our children about Martin Luther King, or JFK, or "social concern"; indeed, how did our parents tell *us* about Judaism? With what words did they convey the sparks and heritage they lived through and with in Europe?

EDWARD KAPLAN
Department of Religion
Temple University
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

MR. COHEN writes:

The three correspondents, in different ways, underscore the essential thesis of my essay: they *need* the myth of the Judeo-Christian tradition. It is perhaps the need for the myth, rather more than its intellectual and theological pretensions, which might have justified close scrutiny, but I am not an assessor of psychological archetypes.

Judge Proskauer regards the position of the Vatican Council as a Magna Charta—presumably for the Jewish feudal barons of today suffering from the exactions of a latter-day John, but like the barons of old, the only thing the Jewish community has gained is a verbal release from a sentence under which it had stood for centuries. The fact that the Church admits its indebtedness to ancient Israel, that it acknowledges its derelictions and calls for a spirit of respect and tolerance is not a reply to my thesis. In fact, in a long essay which concludes my forthcoming book, *The Myth of the Judeo-Christian Tradition,* I interpret what Judge Proskauer has forgotten, that the Church in its final declaration on the Jews decided to omit all reference to "deicide," contenting itself with a much milder formulation which was as innocuous as the original Magna Charta, but no cause for celebration by Jews.

The letter of Rabbi Chinitz is more to the point since it does, in fact, illustrate the employment of ideological myth. Everything he writes indicates that he too thinks the Judeo-Christian tradition is a myth, but a useful one and therefore justifiable. I demur. Untruth is still untruth. When it comes down to it the fearsome New Left, and the other groups Rabbi Chinitz lists, are not going to be put asunder by trotting out the Judeo-Christian tradition. Neither Jews nor Christians will be strengthened, nor the "enemy" affrighted. The first thing for Jews and Christians is to tell the truth to each other as loving strangers. If they can manage this, their posture before the "enemy" will be less crabbed, less uptight, less artificial.

Edward Kaplan's letter makes no sense to me at all, even after four readings. But the tip-off that I don't agree is his reference to the Judeo-Christian tradition as "a powerful and expedient religious posture." Again the useful myth. Down with useful myths. The great myths were not only useful. They enabled man in ancient times to pass through dark and dangerous regions of his life with a sense of timeless, inexorable fatality. In our day the same myths, now interpreted and un-

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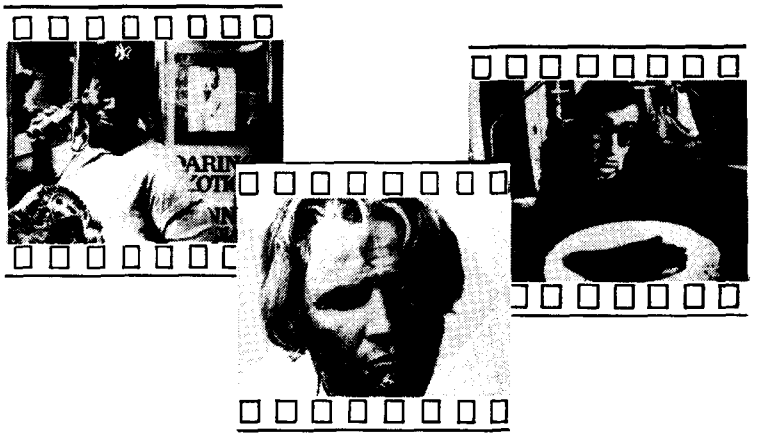

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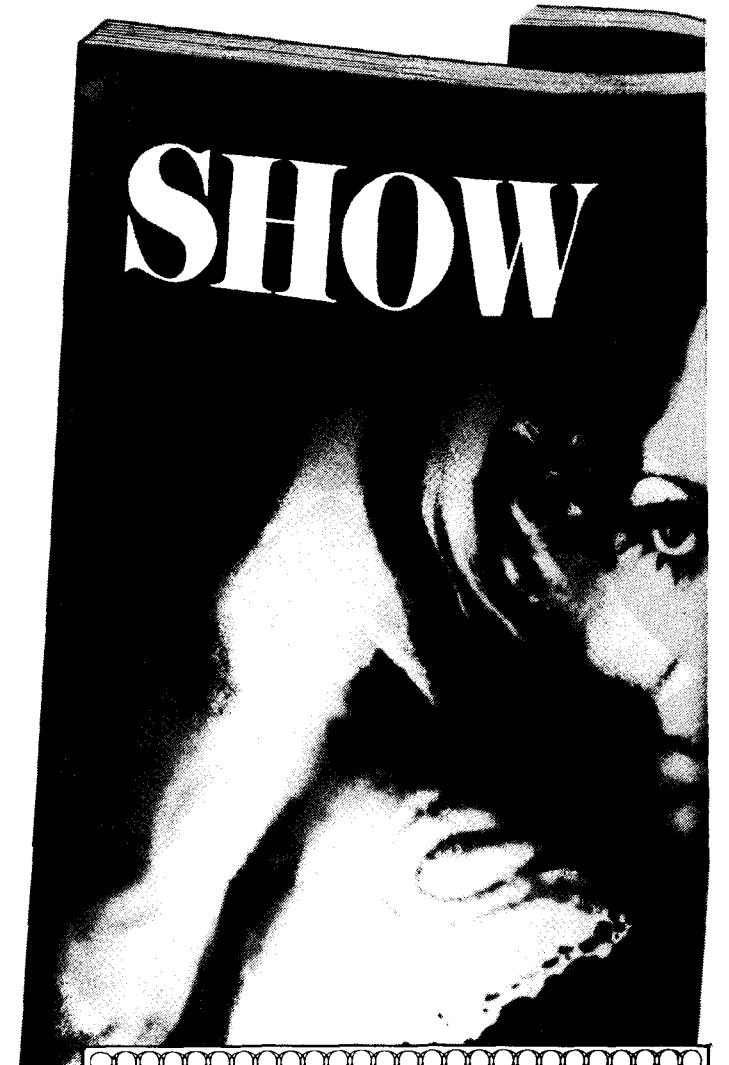

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derstood, enable us to live more wisely and self-consciously. But expedient, useful, ideological myths are cheap devices which history fabricates to avoid, rather than to see, the truth of man's nature.

[*Additional correspondence on Mr. Cohen's article will appear in a future issue.*—ED.]

Weimar Germany

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

As an ardent reader of and occasional contributor to Ossietsky's *Weltbühne* magazine, I must take issue with Martin Jay's review of *Weimar Germany's Left-Wing Intellectuals* by Istvan Deak [October 1969]. While it is perhaps true that the German socialists ought to have seized the revolutionary opportunities which presented themselves in the early 20's, both Mr. Deak and his reviewer are mistaken in thinking that such opportunities existed after 1929. We who opposed the Social-Democratic party's policy of the lesser evil did a disservice to the democracy by directing our fire more against it than its enemies. It was wrong, especially after the Nazi victory in the September 1930 elections, to continue fighting against the policies of the day before; instead, all forces should have been summoned to unite against the common enemy. I still think that it was a mistake to support the reactionary Bruening government, but in the light of what followed, Mr. Deak's mistake is monumental: as quoted by Mr. Jay, Mr. Deak maintains that "the Nazis and Communists did not destroy the Weimar Republic: it had been destroyed by the... bourgeois political parties." As the French say, *vive la petite différence*. Bruening was defending a constitutional regime, and to deny that this regime was the only barrier to a Nazi takeover in the years 1930-1932 is to prove one's total ignorance of the political climate of that period. There was no chance for revolutionary policy, as the Communists found out. Mr. Deak and your reviewer believe that there was no third possibility for the German Republic between the extremes of a proletarian or a Nazi revolution. I have always wondered why "left-wing intellectuals" set higher standards for the Weimar Republic than for other countries. Elsewhere, republican states have lived through crises and even authoritarian phases but have returned to democratic policies. There is no reason to believe that the Weimar Republic, had it been treated by the Western countries with the same consideration given to Hitler, should not have held out....

HENRY M. PACHTER
New York City

MR. JAY writes:

For someone who did not himself live through those desperate years before 1933, it is difficult not to respect the soul-searching and frustration of someone who did. It is doubtless a source of considerable personal remorse for Mr. Pachter that the choice he then made to oppose the SPD's policy of collaboration with the bourgeois center did not succeed in stopping Hitler. This strategy having failed, he is now convinced that an alternative did indeed exist in an effort to "unite against the common enemy," by which I take him to mean a coalition of the democratic parties with the socialists. The decision of the *Weltbühne* circle to reject this choice, which both Deak and I find unavoidable, is to him a "disservice to democracy," a true *trahison des clercs*.

What Mr. Pachter fails to do, however, is to give any evidence that this moderate approach would have proved viable. First of all, he seems confused in his attitude toward the *Staat über den Parteien*, the government by Presidential decree which Bruening introduced in 1930. Although he agrees that "it was a mistake to support the reactionary Bruening government," he then proclaims it "the only barrier to a Nazi takeover." What he fails to appreciate is that the suspension of the constitution by the invocation of Article 48 was more a prelude to Hitler than an obstacle in his path. In fact, the first fruit of the new government by decree was the staggering electoral victory of the Nazis in September 1930 which saw their representation jump from 12 to 107 seats in the Reichstag. As the late Klaus Epstein, by no means a radical historian, pointed out several years ago: "The abandonment of the parliamentary system constituted a policy of no return in view of the the strength of anti-parliamentary forces (in the country and more especially in Hindenburg's 'kitchen cabinet') and the weakness of the pro-parliamentary parties." If specific evidence is needed to demonstrate the impossibility of a coa-

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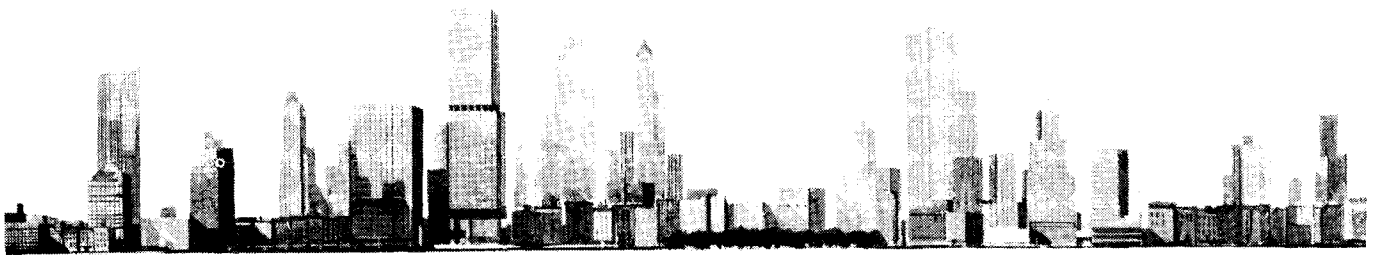

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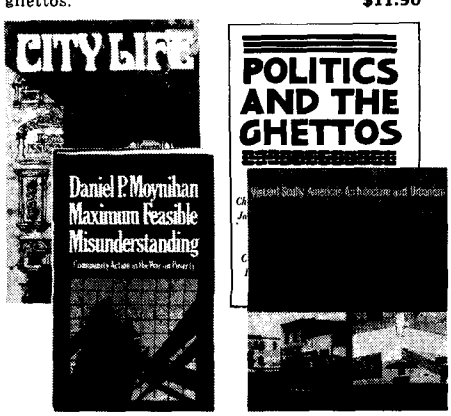

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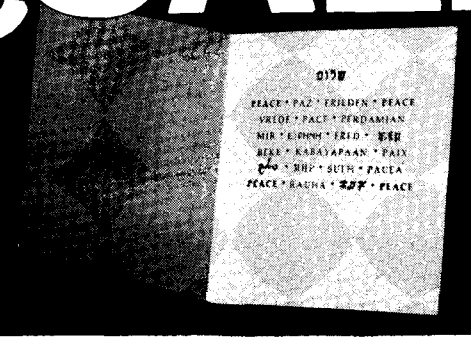
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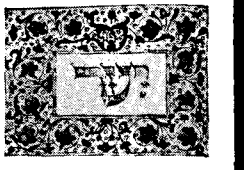

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lition of bourgeois and socialist parties after 1930, Mr. Pachter can find it in ample supply in William Sheridan Allen's excellent case-study of a small town, *The Nazi Seizure of Power*. In Thalberg, the town in Hannover he studied, the so-called democratic parties whose support the SPD, with Mr. Pachter's current approval, foolishly curried, were far more antagonistic to the "Marxist threat" than to that posed by the Nazis.

In short, Weimar was simply not just another republican state passing through a brief authoritarian phase, as Mr. Pachter suggests. What it sorely lacked was a serious tradition of "democratic policies" to which it might return. And, in any case, from 1930 to 1933, the arena of politics was no longer the parliament where party coalitions might have meant something, but rather the corridors of Hindenburg's palace and the streets of Germany's cities. Although it is quite clear that the choice the *Weltbühne* writers made in arguing for a proletarian revolution was a desperate one with little chance of success (as I tried to stress in my review), the option which Mr. Pachter now supports had prospects which were even more dismal. Curiously, his political acumen at the time seems far sharper than his hindsight a generation later.

Miss Monroe & Mme. Bovary

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I have not yet had a chance to read the whole of *Norma Jean*, the new biography of Marilyn Monroe, but the sections I have read . . . tend to confirm Michael Wood's negative opinion of it in his review ["Books in Review," September 1969]. Unfortunately, Mr. Wood does not seem to be aware of an earlier book about her (*Marilyn Monroe*, by Maurice Zolotow, published by Harcourt Brace in 1960) which answers pretty directly most of his objections to the more recent book. Eight years ago, before her divorce from Arthur Miller, when she could still have sued her unauthorized biographer for libel, Mr. Zolotow exploded the myth of Miss Monroe's innocence, simplicity, and naiveté and stressed her cleverness in getting protectors and in ruthlessly promoting her own career.

In fact, so perceptive was Mr. Zolotow's understanding of his subject (an understanding which

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a serious reviewer later on was to contrast to that exhibited by Arthur Miller in his play, *After the Fall*) that he risked a prophecy in the epilogue to the French edition of his book (published by Gallimard in 1961) which was unfortunately destined to be fulfilled. For reasons that cannot be gone into here, he had compared her with Madame Bovary and then added these words: "*En fin de compte les Madames Bovary du monde réel sont toujours seules. Si elles n'acceptent pas le compromis avec les rêves impossibles, elles finissent par l'accepter avec la solitude, comme Garbo. Ou alors, il ne leur reste que la mort.*"

MILTON HINDUS
Newton Centre, Massachusetts

For the Record

The following letter was sent on November 24 to the New York Times, *but never published:*

TO THE EDITOR:

It would be most unfortunate if the Vice President's approving reference to COMMENTARY in his speech of November 20 were taken as implying that the magazine is in agreement with the general line of attack on the news media which Mr. Agnew appears to be pursuing. Moreover, by quoting Walter Laqueur's COMMENTARY article ("Reflections on Youth Movements," June 1969) out of context, the Vice President made it appear that Mr. Laqueur was entirely hostile to the student movement of today, whereas in fact the article's tone was distinguished by a quality of critical sympathy and a complexity of political judgment altogether foreign to the spirit of Mr. Agnew's own remarks about the radical young.

NORMAN PODHORETZ
Editor, COMMENTARY

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TV Journal: The Fall Season

Neil Compton

THE MEDIA world is abuzz with speculation about revolutionary developments: more and better public television, new community cable systems that will offer a wide choice of programs, videotape cassettes that promise to release the viewer from bondage to mass taste and fixed program schedules. In the midst of such heady visions, no one seems to have noticed that the current season on the commercial networks is the most promising one for several years.

Optimism on this subject is so out of fashion that such a statement seems almost indecent. Perhaps I had better qualify it. There are just as many imitations of feeble imitations around this year as there ever were, and none of the new shows seems likely to achieve the status of a popular classic. Nevertheless, there is only one totally repellent entry among those that I have seen (and that one is going off the air in January), and the other weak shows are at least honestly bad: they don't try to hide their imaginative poverty behind a screen of violence and mayhem. (That small blessing, but no more, we may owe to Senator Pastore.)

Choosing the season's worst is the work of a moment. *Here's Debbie* (NBC), Debbie Reynolds' somewhat out-of-date pastiche of *I Love Lucy,* is pretty bad; and *The Survivors* (ABC), a costly epic by Harold Robbins, featuring Ralph Bellamy (who quit the show while he was still ahead), Lana Turner, and George Hamilton is worse—a sort of glossy, global *Peyton Place.* The prize for sheer nullity, however, goes to *The New People* (ABC). About a planeload of suitably assorted young Americans crash-landed on a remote Pacific island without hope of rescue, this joyless adolescent *Lord of the Flies* seems to be based on the assumption that American youth is no more than the sum total of its hang-ups. The result is a revolting mixture of paranoia and cliché. Don't trust anyone under twenty-five would have to be the conclusion of any adult foolish enough to take this stuff seriously.

It seems hardly necessary to report what everyone knows: the most obvious feature of the new season is the greatly increased involvement of black actors and performers. In itself, this is a fact of social rather than artistic importance. Until the present, blacks have usually found themselves playing the game according to white rules, as in *I Spy, Mission Impossible,* and even *Julia.* This year, however, two or three shows make something more than a gesture toward the recognition that true integration is a matter of lifestyle as well as mere color.

THE MOST engaging of this year's new situation comedies takes a small step in the right direction. Set in a large integrated high school, *Room 222* (ABC) is about a capable black history teacher (Lloyd Haynes), his students and his colleagues. Unlike the institutions where Our Miss Brooks and Mr. Novak used to flourish, Walt Whitman High is quite believable, from its amiably dyspeptic principal (brilliantly played by Michael Constantine), its Spartan teachers' common room, and its eager but inept student teachers, to its inedible cafeteria food. What gives the program strength is the relative intelligence, wit, and humanity of the scripts. Most of the episodes that I have seen have dealt with authentic racial, social, and pedagogical problems. Let us admit it, the entertainment formula and the half-hour format preclude recognition of the real complexity of such situations—and that is enough to damn the series entirely in the eyes of purists. I believe, however, that a weekly display of humane and intelligent attitudes toward pressing contemporary problems serves as a healthy ritual, reaffirming the liberal pieties for those in danger of succumbing to the temptations of populist anti-intellectualism.

Room 222 offers occasional snatches of black revisionist American history in the classroom scenes; and recent episodes have involved such representative types as a bright black ghetto boy illegally attending Walt Whitman instead of his local blackboard jungle where he would learn nothing (solution: enroll him in Hebrew, a subject not taught at his own school); and a tough cool Afro-haired semi-militant who concludes that the student counselor must be in love with him when she tries to help him. However, there is no attempt to make the personal life of the Haynes character and his girlfriend (the student counselor—played by Denise Nicholas) anything other than a conventional Hollywood version of courtship American style.

Hoping, perhaps, to assuage liberal resentment at the dropping of the Smothers Brothers, CBS began the season by scheduling *The Leslie Uggams Show* in the tough Sunday night slot opposite *Bonanza* (NBC) and the *Sunday Night Movie* (ABC). Predictably, she did not make it in the ratings, and the program has been dropped. No great loss. However, one regular weekly feature of the show might have gone down in history as a pioneer attempt to dramatize black working-class life before a national audience. "Sugar Hill" seems to have been conceived of as a kind of Negro *Honeymooners.* Unfortunately, the model chosen was apparently the new inauthentic musical version rather

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than the classically austere and proletarian *Honeymooners* of the mid-50's. As a result, the excellent casting (Mama, married daughter and son-in-law, stage-struck son, and hipster daughter) and "authentic" jokes served only to emphasize what an opportunity was being missed. "Sugar Hill" was kept light, sweet, and frothy throughout its short run—too innocuous to be really funny, even though its humor was dependent upon such bitter Harlem realities as unemployment, the prevalence of prowlers, and the housing shortage. Let us hope that the failure of this experiment will not deter others from attempting something better along the same lines.

IN THE meantime, thank God for Bill Cosby. His cartoon special *Hey, Hey, Hey—It's Fat Albert* (NBC) may have been rather crudely drawn, but its vision of life in the streets of North Philadelphia during Cosby's youth was so convincing as to achieve an almost mythical authority. To be quite frank, that is not my scene and I was able to resist the charms of this urban pastoral. Nevertheless, Cosby's narration was a tour de force, and the scenes of his gang in the movie matinee watching Lon Chaney as Wolfman, or battling the Green Street Terrors for the Tackle Football Championship of the Entire World, probably bridged the urban ghetto generation gap about as firmly as it's ever been done. The cartoon form enabled Cosby to draw lovingly upon the memories of youth in the early 50's without distancing the whole experience in a welter of historical data.

Cosby's regular situation comedy show (NBC) is almost as idiosyncratic a production as his specials. Set in a much less credible high school than Walt Whitman, it features Cosby as a physical-education instructor. The scripts are often thin and unconvincing, and much of the action and dialogue has the air of having been improvised upon the spur of the moment. However, these seem to be not so much shortcomings as part of the Cosby style. He goes through each episode as though faintly surprised at what is going on, and uncertain about what will happen next. Considering that Kincaid's world contains as bizarre a collection of white eccentrics as one could hope to find, his bemused black normality stands out sharply. Among the stereotypes of a couple of dozen situation comedies, he alone seems a fully realized human being. Whatever the case, Cosby's cool, fuzzy style seems ideally suited to television comedy—and the success of this apparently casual and impromptu production makes most other series seem fussy and overdirected. Incidentally, the background music by a small jazz group under Herbie Hancock is beautifully adjusted to the action. Cosby himself sings the scat vocal as the titles roll by.

The relaxed, gentle, and unstructured spirit of the Cosby show is only the most striking manifestation of a trend which can be discerned in a number of new programs, successful and unsuccessful. Cynics may call it escapist and blame it on a desire to evade the complex and painful realities of contemporary life. On the other hand, I am not sorry to see what may be the beginning of the end for many of those actings-out of hysteria and self-hatred that now masquerade as Westerns, police thrillers, and action adventures. Violence may be as American as cherry pie, but, much as Americans love their cherry pie, it is rarely the main dish on the menu. So long as the media accept their responsibilities in the field of news and public affairs, there is nothing very wrong about devoting a good deal of entertainment time to the celebration of values which seem threatened by the irresistible force of social and technological change.

IN THEORY, James Thurber's *My World and Welcome to It* ought to have been a rich source of raw material for this kind of comedy. Thurber's cosily satiric sketches of the sex war in the nuclear family read almost like plot outlines for half-hour situations, and the use of his sparsely linear drawings provides opportunities for juxtaposing cartoons and live action—generally an effective technique on TV. In practice, however, the

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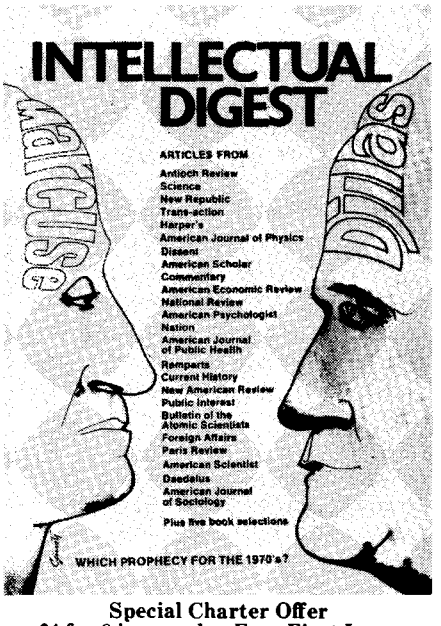

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NBC show does not quite come off in spite of solid performances by William Windom as the Thurber character and Lisa Gerritsen as his know-it-all daughter. The difficulty seems to be that the producers rightly decided to set the scene in the present (after all, the sketches are supposed to be about the timeless verities of family life), but Thurber's world belongs irretrievably on the other side of World War II. The result is an ironic vision which wobbles when it should be as steady and unrelenting as a laser beam. Nevertheless, *My World and Welcome to It* is a failure only in comparison to the expectations aroused by the Thurber material. Judged by standards which are appropriate to situation comedies in general, it clearly deserves to be ranked with the two or three others that are worth watching at all.

The notorious conservatism of the medical profession seems to be matched by the reverence for tradition of the producers of hospital melodramas. After a two or three year break, the doctors are back at work before the TV cameras, but two of the three new series—*Medical Center* (CBS) and the medical episodes of *The Bold Ones* (every three weeks on NBC)—take place in clinical communities in which nothing seems to have changed since Kildare and Casey sweated out their hectic residencies.

Marcus Welby, M.D. (ABC) tries to be different. Though there is an older doctor (Robert Young) and his young assistant (James Bolin), their practice is a general one and the ambience is semi-rural. Away from the emotional hothouse of hospital ward and operating room—except at appropriate moments—the action has a chance to develop more naturally out of the everyday lives of the characters. Early episodes involving a young schoolteacher at the point of death (beautifully acted by Susan Clark), an autistic boy, and a couple facing the birth of a child with Rh-factor complications managed to be tender, exciting, and informative, without recourse to the usual strident histrionics of video medical practice. Honesty compels me to add that *Marcus Welby, M.D.* does not deserve to be mentioned in the same breath with the greatest of all TV medical series, the BBC's *Dr. Finlay's Casebook*—a silk purse made out of the sow's ear of A. J. Cronin's bestseller. As a portent of the future of American TV, however, *Welby* is mildly encouraging.

Dr. Welby drives a car, but his young assistant prefers to get about by motorcycle. So do Wyatt and Billy, the heroes of this year's cult movie sensation *Easy Rider*. And so does the taciturn and peripatetic hero of *Then Came Bronson* (NBC). In the second episode of this series, Keenan Wynn gave a touchingly comic performance of a middle-aged farmer trying to relive his glorious youth as a racing cyclist. Quite clearly, as the golden age of the traditional Western recedes farther and farther beyond living memory, the motorcycle is taking over from the horse as a poetic symbol of grace and freedom. (Vintage automobiles played a similar part in *Bonnie and Clyde*.) We are beginning to learn that human associations over several generations can incorporate any piece of machinery into a pastoral vision. Even computers?

Superficially, *Then Came Bronson* resembles such previous dramas of man on the move as *Route 66, The Fugitive,* and *Run for Your Life*. However, its real analogue is *Easy Rider,* a film which must have been made about the same time that *Bronson* was being put together. (Whether there was any influence either way, I do not know.) Both feature heroes who lack full baptismal names (Wyatt and Billy have no surnames, and Bronson has no given name), ride the roads from West to Southeast, cannot or will not express their feelings in words, and bear on their backs a heavy weight of symbolic implications. Both works were filmed almost entirely on location, using local people, and celebrate the beauty and variety of the American landspace.

However, Bronson, naturally, is a much less complex work than Dennis Hopper's movie. From the ritual conversation with the envious motorist that opens each episode ("I wish I was you") Bronson is established unambiguously

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as a symbol of freedom and liberation, and the America through which he passes is a much less sinister territory than that explored by the easy riders. In each weekly adventure, his arrival upon the scene helps to resolve conflict or precipitate self-realization in communities as varied as a camp for disturbed children, a town called Jackson's Hole where a widow and her daughter both fall in love with him, a bullfighter's ranch in Wyoming, and an automobile demolition derby in Colorado. Michael Parks gives Bronson exactly the right degree of inarticulate charisma (though he says little, he is capable of quoting Byron), and the productions usually achieve a kind of gentle, muted authenticity. Nevertheless, it is doubtful whether a character so frighted with typological implications as Bronson can be integrated in a naturalistic drama. We are presumably meant to think vaguely of Christ, the Wandering Jew, or Sir Galahad, but I keep wondering what such a nice young man is running away from and why he seems so unwilling to enter into a serious or permanent relationship with a woman.

In spite of such doubts, the programs I have been describing clearly represent a turn for the better in television entertainment. So far, there has been no comparable improvement in the field of public affairs. NBC's ambitious two-and-a-half-hour special *From Here to the Seventies* (October 7), for instance, turned out to be a pretentious excess of manner over matter. On the other hand, *First Tuesday,* their monthly magazine show which last year seemed square and pedestrian in comparison with its bi-weekly rival *Sixty Minutes* (CBS), now threatens to take the lead in journalistic wit, imagination, and courage. Both shows must be giving the Pentagon a hard time, with their exposure of disciplinary brutality in the armed services (CBS) and their unsympathetic account of the American presence on Okinawa (NBC). Of course, this sort of thing would have been even more heroic last year or the year before, at a time when stomping the brass was not such a popular sport as it has since become.

The general tone of this survey has been so unlike my usual carping manner that I am reluctant to close on a note of unqualified enthusiasm. Nevertheless, I must add my mite to the praise that has already been lavished on two new daytime programs for children *H. R. Pufnstuf* (NBC; Saturday mornings) combines live actors and puppets in a luxuriant surrealistic never-never land in which a benevolent dragon (Pufnstuf) wages defensive war against the wicked Witchiepoo, with the aid of a boy called Jimmy (played by Jack Wild, *Oliver*'s Artful Dodger). Sometime, when I have worked it all out to my own satisfaction, I shall try to define exactly how Sid and Marty Krofft manage to achieve a comic fantasy which is entirely traditional and yet unmistakably post-typographical in form and feeling.

Seasame Street (weekdays on NET) is very post-typographical too, even though the aim of the program is to prepare millions of pre-school kids for literacy. I have always been skeptical of the alleged latent educational potential of television, but I hope *Sesame Street* proves me wrong. In effect, the program offers gently educative entertainment punctuated by brilliant hard-selling "commercials" for numbers, letters of the alphabet, and a wider working vocabulary. If it were to succeed in penetrating a significant number of slum living rooms, it would mean a great victory for equality of educational opportunity. I can't hope to describe in one paragraph the hour-long daily mixture of puppets (The Muppets), cartoons, short films, and live action. All I can say is that it's too much fun to be wasted on a lot of pre-literate children.

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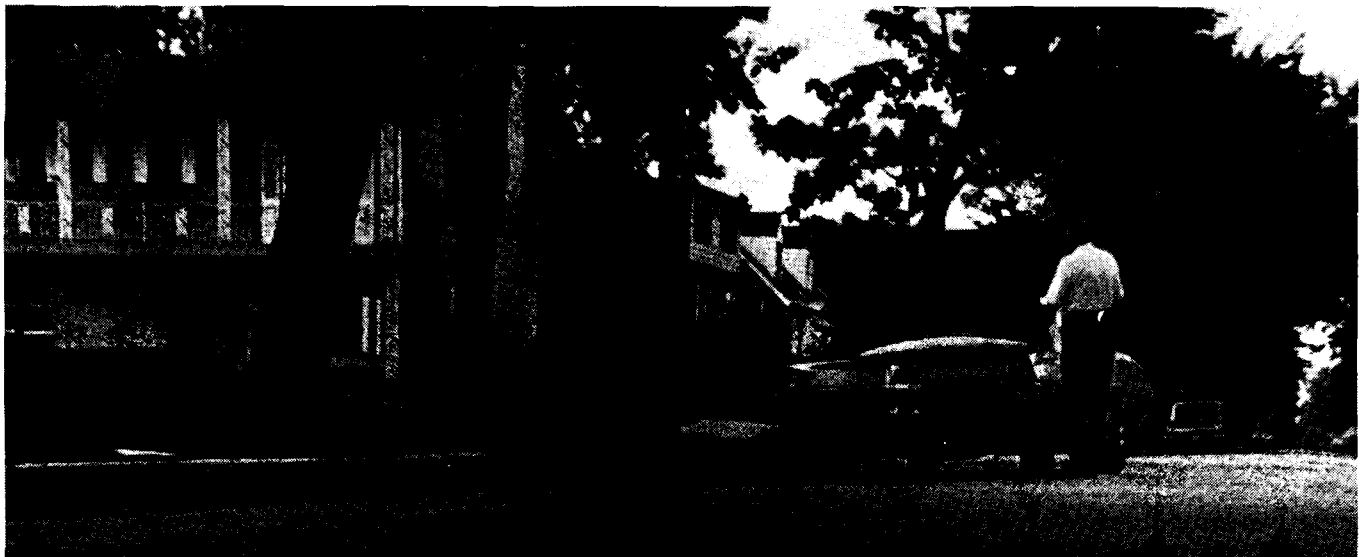

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Kennedyism

Midge Decter

CAN IT BE only ten years now since American society stood ready to be acted on by the Kennedys?

Well, and if we find ourselves inclined to the utterance of such banalities as this, we cannot be entirely to blame. So much of everything connected with the two brothers—young, graced, and doomed—came to us in an aura of domestic "triumph" and "tragedy"; so much about them was larger on the scale of drama than we were equipped to lend our workaday credence to; so much event, public and private, so much public and private passion—and so concentrated in time—that we could almost not respond to the Kennedys at all without calling on the prescribed and stylized sentiments shaped in the childhood reading of fairy tales and in that adult sense of existence whose ultimate, and ultimately banal, expression is paranoia.

Nor can one take the measure of how we were affected by those two victorious penultimate Kennedy moments we witnessed with our very eyes, both of which ended in a death by gunfire. To put it simply, Dallas, November 22, 1963, happened to a nation unwilling to believe in the reality of political assassination. No matter that Americans had within a century already lived through three successful Presidential assassinations and several other attempts (philosophy has long stood humble before the problem of the workings of experience on belief). And Los Angeles, June 4, 1968, left behind a significant part of the nation—if not, secretly, all of it—ready to believe very nearly anything in our political existence possible. If the Kennedys have provided us a permanent legacy, this suspension of disbelief might well be it.

And what indeed—inescapable banality again—of those to come? What will they make of a decade so much of whose political fact and fancy must depend on the by then forgotten? How will they understand, for instance, their vast inheritance of highways, bridges, airports, monuments bearing the name of a President in office for less than three years (in the course of which embroiling the U.S. in the most unpopular war to date) and of a former Attorney General who had served out not quite four years of his first term as junior Senator from New York? Very likely there will be no problem; people tend to accept the heated pieties of the past as simply a given of the historical environment.

For us, however, there is still a settlement with these ten years to be made—sanity itself may demand one, certainly any kind of perspective on what has actually been going on in this country does.

I

THOUGH THEY have not been all of the decade just ended, and though the settlement with them is by no means the only one to be made, the Kennedys have hovered over the 60's in a unique way. Many of our public pleasures were determined by them, many of our greatest public problems were bequeathed by them, and many of the period's attitudes—including those assumed by Lyndon Johnson—had reference to them. For the brief time they were in power, John F. Kennedy and that circle of family, employees, political allies, and friends who after his death were to be dubbed the Court-in-Exile did a good deal more than constitute themselves a new administration. In fact, they swamped the national consciousness. Their arrival in the White House in January 1961 very quickly came to be seen as not a changeover but a breakthrough of some kind. Out of power, they succeeded in becoming a Sword of Damocles hanging over Washington. Johnson's most dangerous opposition, for example, was understood to be not the Republicans, not the Southern recalcitrants, but the Kennedys. Out of the mess of an assassination that might have been thought to spell the demise of much more than their now fallen leader, the Kennedy clan somehow managed to impose his two surviving brothers as a certain token of the future. Being a company town, Washington is a fine web spun out in an incredibly delicate tangle of personalities and professions; and many, we may imagine, were the politicians, publicists, and hopeful bureaucrats assessing the width and depth of the channel that now separated them from the waiting pretender.

MIDGE DECTER, executive editor of *Harper's* magazine, is a contributor of long standing to COMMENTARY and other periodicals.

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In a way, the Kennedys' peculiar hold over the times became all the more potent as it receded into the realm of the potential. Both remembered from the past and portending the future, they could serve as a general, highly flexible standard of invidiousness with the present.

This last point is an important one. American history will have little call to thank us for the decade past, particularly its second half, and more particularly, I believe, that area of it where in the end the Kennedys made their most powerful effect: its social imagination. How would anyone engaged in the effort to place them be able to establish their centrality to the period and at the same time leave them without responsibility for any of its nastiness? This very problem has been occupying many minds, ingenious, ingenuous, inflamed, or just plain vulgar, for some time now.

Actually, the first serious attempt to establish the Kennedys as at once decisively influential and in the literal sense of the word inconsequential —it seems now a truly prophetic attempt because who could then have foreseen how very much nastiness there would be for which to be blameless?—was launched immediately after the death of JFK. In 1965 we were presented with two mammoth inside accounts of the Kennedy administration: Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.'s *A Thousand Days* and Theodore C. Sorensen's *Kennedy,* which invited us to believe that the United States under JFK had passed through three decisive years in which everything, and yet strangely enough, almost nothing, happened. Both books frankly admitted to partisanship (although Sorensen's somewhat more frankly than Schlesinger's)—after all, both men had been employees and intimates of the President they memorialized. And both, though in very different ways, set a pattern of apology that would prove of lasting value to the Kennedy movement in the years ahead.

That Schlesinger and Sorensen should have been rewarded with best-sellerdom was to be expected: never in living memory had people been so obsessed to know the inside story of a serious public figure, transmogrified from tough politican into movie star into faery prince into martyred hero in hardly enough time for anyone to have arrived at a measured judgment of even one of these personae. In addition, there was a secondary point of great interest, in the authors themselves. For they were precisely a part of what seemed most significant and novel about their subject. In other words, they were Kennedy intellectuals, among that breed of men who had not found their way into the heart of government affairs since the early 30's (and even then, it was suggested, not quite the same breed and not quite to the same extent). The authors' relation to Kennedy was one of the very things everyone wanted to know about him.

Schlesinger and Sorensen reported with absolute unanimity on the essential characteristics of Kennedy's Presidency. It was a Presidency very nearly unprecedented in its power to rouse, to mobilize, to harness, to initiate talents, hopes, energies, ideas, and commitments. Kennedy's Washington, moreover, was a place which had virtually overnight been swept clean of its Eisenhoweran cobwebs, so depressing and enervating to the whole society, and flocked to by some of the cleverest, most adventurous, and best-trained minds in the country—minds to be seen at work through lighted office windows night after night until the wee hours, and at play in the ambience of the most exquisite *décor,* food, and conversation since, easily, the end of the 18th century. Thus Schlesinger:

> Intelligence was *at last* being applied to public affairs. [Italics mine—M.D.] Euphoria reigned; we thought for a moment that the world was plastic and the future unlimited.
>
> Never had girls seemed so pretty, tunes so melodious, an evening so blithe and unconstrained.

Though unanimous in what they wished to evoke, the two authors were operating from very different literary purposes. Sorensen's book is purely the work of an earnest servitor and ends less as a real memoir than a kind of open-ended campaign tract, with candidates and offices left to be designated. Schlesinger—being the far more intelligent of the two, and a historian with a theory of American politics—evinces some awareness of the prior question to which his book must supply an answer. He sets out to answer in advance, as it were, future objections to his having assigned John F. Kennedy a place in that great Democratic party pantheon of Andrew Jackson and Franklin D. Roosevelt.

One thing becomes absolutely clear in both accounts: to run a government is great fun, maybe the best fun on earth. This ought to be a point too obvious to need making—at the base of any mythology of human existence there being the knowledge that men will kill and die in order to be so privileged—but it is a point often obscured in the cant of those who have already been given their turn. A special quality of the Kennedy administration was the way it took its pleasures openly and was thus able to communicate them to the rest of us. We thought of Washington, *mirabile dictu,* as one of the gay places.

But if Washington had been transformed, we were not on that account to have expected any ensuing wonders. For Kennedy's Presidency as described by Schlesinger and Sorensen was on the other hand a perpetual process of discovering its almost unbelievable powerlessness to make a material effect with all the talents, energies, ideas that it had roused, mobilized, and so on. In the face of public prejudice and Congressional hostility—simply, as Schlesinger put it, "how

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intractable the world was"—Kennedy was found to be a man beset and crossed at every turn. (Sorensen, who unlike his fellow author had no benefit of years of solid work on the New Deal behind him, was able, in a series of lectures delivered at Columbia University while Kennedy was yet alive, to ascribe this powerlessness to the office of the Presidency itself.) His first important lesson in this regard, of course, came with the Bay of Pigs. Many others were to follow, particularly in the fields of civil rights and poverty. Correspondingly, his bright new Washington was also a nightmare of bureaucratic prerogatives and traditions, entrenchments, and resistances, which fairly clanked at the least whisper of an unaccustomed motion. Thus all the sound and fury created by Kennedy and his new talent in the years 1961-63 was an earnest of how our government was being restored to the plane of high principle; and all the nothing it concretely signified, as far as new legislation, new federal programs, or—something for which we have not even yet begun to assess the price to be paid—foreign policy, were concerned, betokened the inevitable obstacle of practical politics.

To boil the proposition down to plain language, we were asked to judge Kennedy as President by his intentions rather than by his achievements. Now, this is not a particularly outrageous request, especially coming from two employees of his administration and in the aftermath of his bitterly premature and shocking death. Nor does it much matter that this claim upon the world's trust is normally pressed in behalf of the weak, almost never in the name of someone wishing to be regarded as better and braver than the average run of men. Elective politics is a field whose highest wisdom is thought to reside in the art of navigation between announced intention and actual behavior; voters are as conditioned to the idea as politicians. In the case of John F. Kennedy, however, his supporters were asking something for themselves, something of which this instance was only to be the first of a long series: that we take their word for it.

II

THE TRULY interesting question about the Kennedy administration, though, is not what did it accomplish but what, in the words of Oscar Gass, "did these people want."

For besides elegance and gaiety, that which preeminently characterized the New Frontier was a kind of swashbuckling, an arrogant lack of principle. By "lack of principle" I do not mean that anybody was an especially unprincipled individual. Anyway, only children or idlers level such charges at political leaders. What I do mean is that Kennedy and his "best and brightest people in the country" swooped down on the White House and tackled its problems in the spirit of the belief that these problems continued to persist only because the "right" people had never before been let loose on them. How much there was to be undone and cleared away: the work of Truman hacks and Eisenhower dullards, an inert State Department, not very bright generals, a bunch of small-time tacky Congressmen. And who could conceivably be better for the job? This spirit accounts in part, probably in great part, for the enormous new élan they brought to Washington. ". . . They aspired," Schlesinger tells us, "like their President, to the world of ideas as well as to the world of power." "Ideas," in Kennedy parlance, meant proposals for programs to initiate—a perfect technocratic definition of the term—and if there was a distinction to be made in anybody's mind betweeen a new proposal and a genuinely new policy, Schlesinger, who normally does understand such a distinction, gives no indication of it. (There were, of course, those study sessions in MacLean, Virginia, with guest lecturers offering their views on philosophy and art.) The Alliance for Progress—the adaptation of a new posture and a new rhetoric to Point Four—serves as a notable example of one such program; the Peace Corps serves as another—a genuinely original but hardly earth-shattering move in the same direction as above; and a third, painful at the moment to mention, was the tooling up of the American military for counter-insurgency warfare.

Lack of respect for, lack of imagination of, the genuine difficulties—and yes, even the genuine convictions—of one's failed predecessors is the first mark of what I have termed arrogant lack of principle. Its base lies perhaps in snobbishness, perhaps in a parochial lack of that curiosity which for educated men spells cultivation of spirit, certainly in a hunger for power that can be fluidly and comfortably wielded. Among other things, the New Frontiersmen swept through the offices of duly elected representatives of the people—some of them duly elected and reelected for nearly as many years as their interlocutors had been alive—and with a tough-minded political-science knowledge of the low calling of the legislator, made a shambles of White House-Congressional relations.

The other side of the swashbuckling was a deadly caution. Nor was caution a contradiction, but rather in the fullest sense a complement, of New Frontier auto-intoxication. Any possibility for a greatness of record, as distinguishable from high style and intention, Kennedy avoided. He took no real leadership except in foreign policy, and even there it was largely a matter of making a personal impression and establishing personal relations. He was instead an avid reader of the temper of the times. In some cases he badly misread that temper—for example, the degree of impatience among Negroes with the pace of progress in civil rights and the degree of impatience

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in the country at large with anti-Communism as a guiding principle of foreign policy—and lost opportunities already prepared for him. He had attained the White House by the narrowest margin and naturally wanted to stay there through his allotted eight years. What tiny margin of popularity he had, had followed on a campaign in which the major stated issue between him and his opponent was that he was the better man, that he would "get the country moving again." His mandate was thus undefined, and he set out to fulfill it, as he incomparably did, exactly as promised: by being the better man. And his New Frontiersmen in turn set out to fulfill their mandate from him by constituting themselves, throughout the Executive, a group appearing to be the most dashing and creative public officials ever. Here, indeed, was where the fun lay, for all of them, and, directly and indirectly, for the rest of the country.

What the Kennedy administration wanted, then, what it sought to do, was to impose an image of itself on American society and American history: an image of itself as the rightful, by virtue of intrinsic superiority, American ruling class. And in this endeavor it was unquestionably successful.

III

THE KENNEDYS out of power, by which I mean, of course, out of Washington —and by which I also mean not only the two surviving brothers but their family connections and respective and intersecting retinues—are in their way even more interesting than the Kennedys in power. For at this point intention becomes all, and the only measure is that of intention against intention.

If the New Frontier had established itself in the public mind as the vanguard of our rightful ruling class, then John F. Kennedy at Dallas was our fallen king. New Frontier Washington had ceased to be London or Paris and had, with a hint from the now Dowager Queen, retroactively become "Camelot." In a funeral egregious for its well-researched pomp and full panoply of made-up historic gestures, from the televised widow's kiss bestowed upon the decked coffin to the lighting of a permanent gas flame at the grave (after all, we had never buried a king before), we buried him and set about speculating as to whether and when the heir apparent would make his move.

Later we learned that for some months after his brother's death Robert Kennedy had gone through a "crisis"—which seems, from what one can gather, to have been a depression. How, then, could we have known about Robert Kennedy that which he himself may not have known, or acknowledged to himself, at the time: that he would inevitably, some time within the next ten years, make a bid to take his brother's place? I do not think it was mere cynicism in us. Thoughts of Robert Kennedy's Presidential possibilities, usually in the form of insinuating jokes but perfectly serious for all that, had begun to circulate soon after John Kennedy's move into the White House. The Kennedys had been brought up to be President. That much we had known at the outset. Their father had decreed it—if not one son, then another, and maybe all in turn. These extraordinary brothers were obviously quite unlike, and yet we knew, though how dreadful and precise a prediction that knowledge would turn out to be no one ever dreamed, that they could if necessary be interchangeable. Robert was the second oldest eligible Kennedy, therefore clearly the next Kennedy attempt at the Presidency would be his.

This is not at all a "nice" idea, neither about the Kennedys nor about us as citizens and voters; nor does it even provide a pleasant family picture —quite the opposite; nevertheless, the idea that the name Kennedy was a collective, a dynastic name, was not without its own very powerful appeal. For one thing, it was honest, and honesty about the dream of being superordinate, particularly when personified in so aesthetically acceptable a way, can have the effect on people of freeing them from one of their grosser anxieties. For another thing, this vision of the family with its ranks of retainers closed all about it—it called itself, or we called it, the Kennedy Machine, the most efficient instrument for conducting election campaigns in memory, many experts said—had a longed-for quality of intimacy. Sitting Presidents have no doubt always been subject to the public's curiosity about the details of their private lives. But the process by which they became candidates for the Presidency had come to seem very distant and baffling, the arcane manipulation of party factions and leaders whose terms of negotiation could only be sorted out by those highly trained and experienced, like anthropologists translating some elaborate native ritual. The Kennedys with their Machine made it all seem simple and personal again. Getting to the White House, or anyway getting the chance to get to the White House, was the result of the absolute determination to do so combined with the means to bend whatever forces necessary to one's will. "No damned nonsense," as Lord Melbourne once happily remarked of the Order of the Garter, "about merit."

And so by the time Robert Kennedy—certainly a far more important and singular figure at the start of his candidacy than his older brother had been at the same stage—was only two months dead, there was hardly a whisper of skepticism about the necessity for brother Teddy's being next to try. The only question was, now, on such short notice, in 1968—or four or eight years from now?

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IV

On the day Lyndon Johnson announced his decision to withdraw from the 1968 campaign, Senator McCarthy is reported to have said, "Now Bobby will have to run against his brother Jack." This remark was thought by many to have been nasty and bad politics as well. But like so many things the inscrutable Senator has said, it sounded merely clever and was profoundly true. Except, of course, that Bobby had actually been running against Jack, probably by instinct, since at least 1965.

How could he have done otherwise? The issue at stake was not simply Vietnam (which had been left by the New Frontier at least in an arguable condition). The issues were the new black militancy, urban blight, poverty, guns or butter, the spreading insidious influence of the military: all matters that a Democratic junior Senator from New York had to make his political property—if not he, who?—and several of which had been preempted by Lyndon Johnson with a speed and effectiveness that must have been, to put it mildly, embarrassing. Robert Kennedy had staked out his claim on the New York Senate seat in virtue of his name and his need for a base of operation. To those among his future constituents who had come to revel in the stylistic glories of Kennedy Washington, his campaign had smacked of the promise that Camelot would for as long as necessary be relocated in Manhattan. To others it had promised an infusion of spunk and energy into a state party crippled by inanition. There was in the very nature of things nowhere for Robert Kennedy to stand, or at least to appear to stand, but to the Left of Lyndon Johnson. Which meant, since Johnson was already so busily and so successfully dispelling the myth of the powerless Presidency, two steps to the Left of his brother—and of his own former self.

Robert Kennedy is a far less easy figure to deal with than his brother: because he was in himself less easy; because he died only a candidate to be a candidate; and because, running against himself and therefore needing some mythic explanation, he provided such perfect material for the wholesale mythicizing of others. Upon meeting him after he became Senator, one's leading impression of him was that of a certain unnameable vulnerability. Several of those who knew him well pronounced him shy. But to call a politician shy cannot have reference to the same quality called by that name in ordinary people. In the case of Kennedy, suspiciousness was probably the better word. Though as a future Presidential contender he was found by his well-wishers to be a tender, suffering, reflective man, in his earlier role as JFK's right hand, he was said to be ruthless and rough-playing, a watchdog ready to spring at the slightest scent of an unwanted intrusion. Neither of these characterizations seems apt somehow, though something of each was visible in him. But a high degree of suspiciousness would fit, and account for, both.

Possibly the watchful vulnerability to be read in Robert Kennedy's face was the result of his discovery in Dallas that politics was a more final and serious business—as final and serious as war—than he had been taught to bargain for. Electing his brother President had been a thoroughly professional enterprise. Step followed step, plan followed plan, without any real hitch. Electing himself Senator had proceeded in the same way. But in between had come the knowledge that one could be killed; the profession had become a vocation. He must at this point have needed to believe that there was some reason beyond the reinstitution of jolly times for him to offer himself up to it. What must that reason be?

At any rate, he was not lacking for people with reasons of their own to help in the supply. Most of the original Kennedy court, one by one resituating themselves outside the precincts of Johnson's fiefdom, became available to him. For many of these, there is some evidence to suppose that he had but to take up where they had, as a group of associates, left off, only this time from the further vantage point of Lyndon Johnson's mistakes. For some whose overriding passion was to settle the war he was a logical figure around whom to organize a crusade: for he could command the numbers and the national political machinery to turn their still amateur movement into a seriously contending force. Finally, and perhaps decisively—though now, of course, we will never know—there were those who sought for him to become America's new prophet of social change. His connection to New York with its inevitable leftward drift brought into his entourage young men self-consciously speaking for the so-called radical culture of the young. Preeminent among these were two named Adam Walinsky and Peter Edelman, having in common with one another and with what sociologists would call their age-cohort that peculiarly serene assurance about the correct wholesale application of the epithets good and bad, moral and immoral, progressive and reactionary, which has come in the aftermath of 1968 to be the sole divining rod of something termed the "New Politics."

It has often been said of the young Robert Kennedy that he hated liberals and hated above all to be thought of as a liberal. No doubt the term was associated for him with all the prissiness and sissiness for which one's life could be made pure hell in the American prep school (not to mention in the household and on the playing fields of Joseph P. Kennedy). History had blessed him, then, by presenting him with the need to move Left at precisely the moment when to do so would place him in a company highly congenial to his old contempt for liberals: the young, the militant, the righteous, and the generally restless.

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V

NOW ONCE AGAIN, as we were with his older brother, we are left with a rich posthumous record of Robert Kennedy's personality and intentions. In the brief year and a half since his assassination, book has followed book in a seemingly regular succession: the story, ending in the midst of a primary campaign, is briefer, easier to summarize, and even more susceptible to the superimpositions of the tendentious. Once again, that is, we are asked to take the word of those in a personal position to know.

But unlike John F. Kennedy, Robert Kennedy has been handed on to us in, roughly speaking, three personifications: Bobby the dutiful, Bobby the suffering, and Bobby the bold. Each of these is, naturally, the protagonist of a separate book, in keeping with the author's own politics. There is the portrait by Theodore C. Sorensen,* who wishes to claim Robert Kennedy for the greatness of some ongoing Kennedy tradition—and in which the author (again) enjoys some small measure of reflection. There is the one by Jack Newfield,† who wishes to claim Robert Kennedy for the militancy and moral virtue, if not the precise ideology, of the New Left. And there is the Robert Kennedy of David Halberstam,** a Bobby whose wit and wisdom have carried him beyond the stale and corrupt conventions of Democratic party politics into the promise of some new national purpose.

About Sorensen's book, one hardly has the heart to speak, for it is not, as was his book about John F. Kennedy, a serious piece of work. As its title, *The Kennedy Legacy*, implies, it is merely an attempt to establish the apostolic succession; and thus Robert Kennedy is simply a man who grew older and bigger and finally old enough and big enough to receive the Holy Dispensation. Sorensen does not scruple to announce, for instance, that the rather elaborate network of personal styles and talents and public postures he chooses to characterize as the Kennedy "legacy" is nothing less than "the most important body of ideas in our time." Apart from what this reveals about Mr. Sorensen's notion of an idea—let alone an important body of them—the passage signals that in 1969 its author feels no more need than he did in 1965 to justify the Kennedys by much more than the mention of their name.

Informed gossip has it that Sorensen's was the main negative voice in the Kennedy Court's discussion as to whether or not Kennedy should enter the race against Johnson in 1968. Now, there is no reason to doubt, as certain very angry Kennedy defenders do, that in urging him to be moderate about the war and to stay out of the race, Sorensen had Kennedy's own best interests at heart. He was not, after all, hired to be a confessor but a political adviser. As it turned out—as it turned out for many others in that fateful year—he was a very bad one. Political-mindedness at that moment in history was not only not an inspiriting or uplifting spectacle, it was not clever politics either. Sorensen devotes a good deal of effort to exculpating himself for the mess that was made of the peace candidacy by Kennedy's behindhandedness, and the results of this effort are also not only not pretty but not clever. For in what has now become established New Frontier tradition, he cannot simply admit a mistake—surely the cleanest and surely also the most unanswerable way of disposing of a bad record.

Sorensen's mode of dealing with the past is worth dwelling on because it is not his alone. His formulation with respect to his role as a Kennedy adviser follows exactly the formulation of most of the other denizens of Camelot—and not the least among them Robert F. Kennedy—with respect to U.S. involvement in Vietnam: namely, I was right to begin with, and when I changed my mind, or had it changed for me, I was right still. Any opponent of the war who happened into certain enclaves of the Court-in-Exile as late as 1966 is bound to remember the absolutely withering jovial contempt in which he was held as the woolly-minded adherent of a politically hopeless position.

An early and consistent opponent of the war might also, had he been ingenuous enough, have experienced some puzzlement at the idea of a successful alliance between Robert Kennedy and certain factions of the Young Left. He was, as Jack Newfield recounts, the Attorney General against whom they organized civil-rights demonstrations. He was by his own account one of the architects of the Cuban Missile Crisis, whose successful negotiation by the Kennedy administration the peace movement could not find it in its heart to forgive. He made no forthright public statement on Vietnam until 1967. And surely, if any man had been seen working within the limits of the "system" that the young professed so mightily to abhor, that man was Robert F. Kennedy.

For his left wing, then, those rallying behind the Kennedy who could "turn the country around" with his special gift for communion with the disaffected young and blacks, the dilemma posed by Eugene McCarthy was especially poignant. And its resolution is given the crudest, and therefore the clearest, exposure in Jack Newfield's book. Being perhaps the most dedicated contemporary practitioner of that very old-fashioned art called agit-prop—whose most salient characteristic has always been its utter unembarrassment either with fact or with niceties of perception—Mr. Newfield is able in a perfectly unembarrassed way to make of Kennedy a man

* *The Kennedy Legacy*, Macmillan, 352 pp., $6.95.
† *Robert Kennedy, a Memoir*, Dutton, 304 pp., $6.95.
** *The Unfinished Odyssey of Robert Kennedy*, Random House, 224 pp., $4.95.

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with no relation to his own history. Once upon a time, Mr. Newfield's story goes, there was a bad old Robert Kennedy, who had worked for and been friendly with the late Senator Joseph McCarthy and who had been Attorney General under John F. Kennedy. Then, quite suddenly, there was a new Robert Kennedy, taught by the assassination of his brother that there is evil in the world, especially in the United States, taught by his own suffering to care about the sufferings of the poor and the young and the black, learning to read poetry and becoming—in the phrase that offers a just tribute to the level of Mr. Newfield's literacy—"an existential hero." Actually, this new Robert Kennedy is a man no serious person in his right mind would wish to vote for. He is full of moral certainty and on the other hand troubled with painful indecisions, insecurities, and dark nights of the soul; he is precipitous in the adoption of new ideas and on the other hand pushed this way and that by the judgments of those around him. Above all, he undertakes to seek office not out of a keen appetite to have it but out of a sense of deep moral obligation. (That is, I think, precisely why the book was so warmly greeted by many of Kennedy's professed admirers: Newfield evoked for them a man very much as they themselves might wish to be—a perfect antipolitical fantasy.)

NOT THAT Kennedy could have been anything but profoundly affected by the assassination of someone so close to him and someone so obviously beloved. Even just the experience of being suddenly cast out into the cold—of being, as it were, orphaned—and having to make one's way back into the world again would teach any man a profound lesson about the arbitrariness of fortune. Nor could anyone operating merely from political motive have succeeded so consistently in being a white hero to the blacks or an adult hero to the kids. But the discontinuity between the two Robert Kennedys proposed here serves another purpose than merely to further our understanding of the self-evident. It is the key to a much more general assertion about the nature of political virtue: no man can be lacking in virtue, as in Newfield's view Kennedy was in the 50's and early 60's, and still have deep human feelings; and conversely, no man can opt for such virtue and still conduct himself as an ordinary political animal.

In this conception, the radical Robert Kennedy was continuous with his former self in only one respect—his freedom, early and late, from the taint of liberalism. This freedom, bred precisely in Kennedy's original conservatism of temper and outlook, makes it possible for him to attain to a politics "Beyond Liberalism." Never having struggled against the Stalinists in the 40's and 50's, as did "Hubert Humphrey, Walter Reuther, Irving Kristol, and Irving Howe,"* Kennedy was free to operate with a mind uncluttered by a lot of stale cold-war claptrap.

Nor is there any evidence of discomfort at offering such an analysis of a man who had worked for Joe McCarthy, and had participated in the decisions to invade Cuba and to contain the Vietcong on grounds of the domino theory. For the purpose of this analysis is not so much to excuse the past as to sketch a present in which Robert Kennedy and his most prominent constituency might be liberated from any of the standard liberal claims of the organized labor movement, the responsible civil-rights movement, and even the group of his prematurely dovish fellow-Senators.

Finally, there is David Halberstam's Robert Kennedy, the central figure not of a politics beyond liberalism but of liberalism redefined. This Kennedy is most assuredly a man one would wish to vote for. To begin with, he is attractive, vital, and sure enough of his powers never to be unduly solemn. Then, too, he is actually a politician—he comes from somewhere, has a history which remains his own, and makes decisions on a balance between commitment and political advantage. Like the hero of Sorensen's account, this Kennedy is a man who had grown; but the growth was not into worthiness to occupy an already prepared position but rather into a new position, based on a concern for new issues.

The new issues to which the newly-grown Kennedy addressed himself are not quite precisely specified. Yet it is impossible not to know what they are, for they constitute—Richard Nixon notwithstanding—a significant part of the temper of this time: in addition to Vietnam, there are the blacks and the poor and there is the unrest of the middle-class young, and the orientation derived from them is toward a "new" militant localism.

Yet the truth is that the Kennedy who as Attorney General was found wanting in sensitivity to the urgency of Negro demands and the Kennedy who as Senator rushed in to reconstruct the Bedford-Stuyvesant ghetto—in the process very nearly destroying the recently developed and delicate political tissue that might at last have brought that community some genuine political leverage—were not so very far apart. Both were acting mainly from advice as to what would and would not wash. And both were unable, partly from a brash unconcern for the needs and experiences of others, partly from what might have been a simple shortcoming in intelligence (if indeed the two are not the same thing), to gauge the likely consequences of their policy. (It is interesting to note that nowhere in the accounts of him over the last six years is there the record of an attempt to assess, quite simply, the measure of Robert Kennedy's intelligence. Even now, perhaps, the observation sounds a little shocking: after all, an informed and experienced mind has not for well

* The list, I swear, is Newfield's own, reproduced in full.

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over a century been among the requirements for even a great American leader. But these are, as the past six, and particularly the past two, years have amply illustrated, extraordinary times.)

VI

THE "NEW" ISSUES in American society, and the "New Politics" they are widely believed to have generated, extend beyond the problem of Robert Kennedy himself. The term "New Politics" came into currency more or less about the time of the 1968 Democratic convention and at first provided a useful shorthand symbol for the Young Turks of the combined Kennedy-McCarthy camps in their dealings with Hubert Humphrey and his backers and allies: an outgrowth, no doubt, of the name "New Democratic Alternative," itself the polite term for "Dump Johnson." To begin with, then, a New Politician was a Democrat opposed to a Democratic war and hoping to take sufficient control of the party to bring about a reversal of its Vietnam policy. Today, of course, a New Politician is something different. He is a man engaged in proving himself worthy to inherit the Kennedy mantle—the setback suffered by Teddy Kennedy at Chappaquiddick having left the position at least temporarily open.

Exactly how the term was enlarged and subtilized to include some and exclude others would make a fascinating study in the manipulation of public speech—a subject that has long been begging for study. Suffice it here to say that Eugene McCarthy, for example, is not really thought to qualify for New Politician—his followers in effect having constituted themselves a separate party—while Edmund Muskie is by some latest report at least being considered. In any case, the Whig court appears to be assembling to import from other shores the monarch who will prosecute their Glorious Revolution.

Insofar as anything is genuinely new about the new issues, it is that they constitute the sleight of hand by which all but the last few ugly scenes of the decade—the riots since Martin Luther King's assassination, revelations about the corrupting power of the Pentagon, above all, Chicago—are made to disappear in order that we may start over again. The new of 1972 is to be the new of 1960.

The 1968 campaign of Robert Kennedy served both him and his fellow New Frontiersmen as a means for dissociating themselves from the actual record of John Kennedy's administration (a) without experiencing any loss of the *mana* attached to it and everyone in it; and (b) without, by definition, being disloyal to it. Ted Kennedy's 1969 campaign against the military served the same purpose. Even the memory of JFK himself has been dissociated from that record without any very noticeable public outcry. About Vietnam, of course, the reply of the Kennedyites is: under Jack, if he had lived, things would have been different. Perhaps indeed they would; such speculations—though it is a crude and brutal thing to remind people of—are the single advantage of standing on the platform of a dead candidate. What matters, however, is that ten years later, and in the face not only of Kennedy's disastrous decision to hold South Vietnam as a friendly power but of the overall decision behind it to pursue seriously a policy of containment in Southeast Asia, we are offered nothing more than a variation on his original campaign promise: he would have been the better man.

As part of their sleight of hand, the Kennedyites have managed not only to lift any vestige of blame from themselves but to lay rather handsome portions of it elsewhere. Arthur Schlesinger mounts an attack on Dean Rusk as if unconscious—certainly as if the reader were to remain unconscious—of just whose appointee Dean Rusk actually was. A former highly regarded Kennedy State Department official, and an intimate of Robert Kennedy's, attacks the labor movement—"not worth the powder it would take to blow it up"—for being hawkish: seemingly unconscious—certainly as if the listener were to remain unconscious—that it might better behoove some opponent of the war other than a former State Department official to disdain this particular use of explosives. A former Assistant Attorney General under Robert Kennedy expresses outrage at the refusal of the American working class to shoulder the main burden of a program of speedy and costly reparations to the Negro. A former Assistant Secretary of Defense under McNamara scolds a conference of concerned liberals for showing too great a concern about the inequitable distribution of wealth in the United States and too little about the economic depredations of our huge military budget. And these examples are far from exhaustive.

In fact, the current campaign against the military-industrial complex merits particular attention. Our first warning against this encroaching blight on American economic and political life came, of course, from Dwight D. Eisenhower as he left office. It seems to have become a dire threat once more. Somehow the New Frontiersmen, in the vanguard of the movement to control the military, have been allowed to forgo mention of the fact that in the years 1961-63, under the tutelage of none other than Robert S. McNamara, that same military-industrial complex enjoyed an enormous if not a geometric rate of growth. Moreover, the reason it did so was that the Kennedy administration, upon taking office from its brinksmanship predecessor, found that our military force was not adequate and adopted what was called the "2½ war" strategy. This strategy called for a military establishment (and budget) adequate to the simultaneous waging of two major wars and one minor one.

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THUS THE New Politics is simply Kennedyism afloat without the anchor of an individual Kennedy. The line seems to have run out, at least for the moment, with the youngest son. In attempting to apply to a matter of personal scandal the public-relations techniques by which his brothers had remained perpetually blameless for their errors of public policy, Teddy and his retinue discovered for us the limits of those techniques. He called together the soldiery of Camelot and made a speech to the public about courage; but he was no longer the darling princeling, having after his brother's death become the liege and lord—and America was, momentarily, no longer a monarchy.

Many adherents of the New Politics would dispute its inevitable connection to Kennedyism. David Halberstam, for instance, would apply the categories of old and new by the standards of 1968 and primarily on the issue of the war; he would thereby be inclined to find much of the New Frontier old. But the war will one day be over, and the Democrats will one day make their bid again, and things will then be divided in a rather different way. Members of Robert Kennedy's and Eugene McCarthy's youth contingents would surely dispute the connection of the New Politics to Kennedyism, holding the old Kennedy court to be just another manifestation of the Establishment they affect so to despise. But the innocents among them neither understand properly what the phenomenon of Kennedyism is nor wish to analyze the implications of what they themselves are currently advocating.

Kennedyism is the assertion of the right of those properly endowed—by education, upbringing, leisured high purpose, and, yes, by birth, if need be—to rule. The New Politics, even for the "kids" who find other names for it, is the assertion of the right to be ruled by attractive men, morally attractive, aesthetically attractive, in a morally and aesthetically attractive society. Both create the political ambience in which it is more suitable to speak the language of class: to speak of an individual man's "instincts," his "style," his "sympathy for," rather than to engage in a hard and clear examination of whose interests are being served by a given political impulse. And both create, though their adherents refuse or pretend not to know it, the vision of a political future which for a democracy cannot be a vision of openness, fluidity, but just the opposite. Theirs is the stuff from which Establishments are really made.

THE DEMAND to be ruled in an attractive way is a reactionary demand—regardless of the radical rhetoric in which it may be couched. The alliance it bespeaks between the privileged and the *lumpen* and against the coarse-grained and sometimes brutal equalizing of the middle is nothing new to the history of Western politics—though the extent to which it has taken hold is new indeed to the history of 20th-century America. This alliance was only prefigured in the elegant romp of John F. Kennedy through Washington; it attained to a full embodiment in the Presidential primary campaign of Robert F. Kennedy. In between spanned most of the 60's, a decade not the least of whose ironies will turn out to be that in the midst of a reckless turbulence sometimes called "revolutionary," and explicitly egalitarian in its ideology, American society was solidifying within itself as never before a body of sentiment more properly attached to a truly hierarchical social order enjoying the grandeurs of empire. The furthering of social welfare came to reside in the call for such things as a religious change of heart, or the application of special standards of conduct and competence to our colonial wards, the blacks, or private philanthropy to the poor. Men of the common stripe were called to return to their former happy status as villagers, looking out for their own affairs and resting content without the undue interventions of government. The children of the upper middle class cried out in their universities for some institutionalized mark of their privileged estate.

Perhaps America is indeed settling into the spiritual condition of a great conservative imperial power. If so, the lesson of the 60's and of the Kennedys is that it has taken no bloody-minded or profit-greedy class of imperialists to lead her into that condition.

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Confessions of a Green Beret

William Pfaff

I JOINED Army Special Forces in 1956, when that was still an innocent act. It was a Reserve Detachment, although nearly all of us had seen active duty in the Second World War or the Korean War. I was a romantic and a fantasist; so were most of the others. Our fantasies were individual but the fact that we chose to act them out with uniforms, weapons, and a dream of military adventure, provided our quality in common.

A good friend of mine now dead, an old priest who had served four years on the German Western front in the First World War and later was expelled from Nazi Germany for his political activities, suggested dryly to me when I described Special Forces that it sounded fascist. I was astounded, but I was also upset because I was able to make myself understand why he said this. The epithet now has been applied to Special Forces again. The Nhatrang killing, followed by disclosure of the alleged massacre of civilians by members of the Americal Division at Songmy—the American Oradour—invites comparison of the American Army, and its elite troops, with those of Nazi Germany.

The Songmy case, like Oradour, seems to have been a matter of calculated (or half-calculated) reprisal, exemplary terrorism, against the inhabitants of a sullenly hostile district. Such crimes against civilians are well within the oldest and bleakest practice of warfare, and require no totalitarian indoctrination, only carelessness or connivance by higher commands and a brutalized habit of mind among officers and troops—in this case reinforced by the casual brutality of American policy with respect to bombing and artillery fire. Songmy was within a "free-fire zone" where every Vietnamese, by our proclamation, is enemy.

The significance of the "Green Beret Murder Case"—and nearly everyone has grasped that it was significant, an exemplary event in the course of American public morality—lies in the fact that the alleged murder was so doggedly without passion or the justifications of panic or crisis. It is its *administrative* quality which so dazzles us: its reflection of an apparent assumption by those involved that murder is the appropriate way to dispose of a prisoner who presents an obstacle to the orderly conduct of an intelligence operation. As one of the Special Forces officers accused of the crime wrote to his wife, in a letter made available to the press, "There were numerous reasons why we couldn't let him go, so the powers decided to do away with him. Being the people involved, it was up to us to come up with a plan and execute it. We followed through with it thinking that the proper coordination had been made and that this was a military operation."

It is this belief that a failure of coordination constitutes what was wrong at Nhatrang, together with the state of mind suggested in the much-quoted euphemism, "to terminate with extreme prejudice," attributed to American intelligence officials (and denied by them), which lends to the affair a totalitarian atmosphere. Such a clerkly impersonality about killing a prisoner has found a comparison in the administrative routine of the death camps, whose SS commanders would complain to one another about the bureaucratic difficulties of their task and compare notes on the technical and organizational solutions they had found most satisfactory.

The nation—to judge from most of the published comment on the affair and the reactions in Congress—seems unwilling to concede this accusation. In its anger at the scandal of the Nhatrang affair's having been publicized, the American public seems to avow that we have done far worse things than murder in Vietnam: why strain at the fate of Thai Khac Chuyen when we have feasted on devastation—at Songmy but, more impersonally, at an abundance of other hamlets since this gruesome war began. But our larger horrors have usually been the impersonal manufacture of death by technology. The killing of this one man was distinguished by the fact that individual men acted with their own hands after giving thought to his fate, and to the problem his survival presented to them. We need to ask about these men, these Special Forces soldiers, and about the national morality which caused this act to come about.

WILLIAM PFAFF's article, "The Decline of Liberal Politics," appeared in October 1969. His books include *The Politics of Hysteria* and *Power and Impotence*, both collaborations with Edmund Stillman.

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Let me first tell you about Special Forces when I knew it. Any man who joins an elite military unit is allying himself to a myth, trying to appropriate it. He is also imposing a formal discipline upon himself which implies an inner indiscipline, an unacknowledged insecurity. We civilians who belonged to the Reserve Detachments of the force were compromising with such motivations. We were all restless men, for some a matter of tiresome jobs or fading marriages. For others the wars we had experienced had provided a climax of experience, affording a straightforward test which gave a meaning—distorted but easily comprehended—to lives otherwise choked with banality or frustrations. One such man had been with the Rangers who scaled the Pointe du Hoc cliffs in Normandy in 1944. Another had been with an OSS detachment in wartime Prague. Now they were invoking these pasts, in a dilapidated metropolitan armory and in the hard, sweet weekends we spent on skis or in the Adirondack forests. On those exercises, and in our summer weeks at Fort Bragg and in the Camp McCall Carolina swamplands, we abandoned the conventional military impedimenta, sleeping in ponchos on the ground, carrying little except weapons and radios, living comfortably with the marsh animals, living off the country, using the birdsongs to tell us of others moving about in the district. There was a fresh pleasure in this kind of living with the land, as well as the more familiar reassurance that is found in oversimplifying life, creating a manageable adventure. A British officer who wrote a good book about the desert war, Vladimir Peniakoff (he was Russo-Belgian in origin), said that "only to the fools amongst the men of my generation will the realization come as a surprise that we liked war." Most of the men in my 303 Special Forces Detachment were, no doubt naively, acting out of Peniakoff's generalization.

There were a few, or perhaps not a few, who had disordered motives they were not able to acknowledge. The military role is sexually charged, most of all that of an elite force, and it is possible to assert a formal potency which reality contradicts or torments. I was friendly with a young salesman and Marine veteran who married while he was serving with our unit. He called me the weekend after to borrow my car while he and his bride moved to a new apartment. I found him amid boxes and furniture wearing full uniform, complete to the then-outlawed green beret, preternaturally bright, disturbed, oblivious to his scared girl, and of course the week after he deserted her and fled from New York. But what I am describing is no more than ordinary human confusion as it assumes military expression, and none of this necessarily meant that we were the kind of men who would bundle double-agents into bags, drug and chain them to weights, murder them, and dump their bodies into the China Sea.

THE PEOPLE in the regular Special Forces at Fort Bragg (where we trained) and in Germany were more impressive—and more dangerous. I should say that nearly all were internal emigrés from the Army. The American military services are notoriously complacent and unimaginative in peacetime, becoming effective only when they have digested huge intakes of civilians—talented lawyers and artisans and businessmen—and after these have had time to learn the military system and take over staffs and the middle levels of command. At the same time, in a prolonged war this forces the services to discard their incompetents and promote talent: and thus in the Civil War and the Second World War the American Army was formidable and innovative. (In Vietnam nothing of the kind has happened. This war has been fought by the professional officer corps.) The peacetime Army is stolidly hostile to elite formations, and the regular officers who joined Special Forces in the 1950's were for all practical purposes abandoning the conventional career structure. They accepted that they would retire as majors or colonels. Thus Special Forces was led by eccentrics and enthusiasts, with more than its share both of brains and neuroses.

The regular non-commissioned officers typically were mature men of that exceptional class which armies traditionally salvage: intelligent and gifted, with little formal education as civilians. They gravitated toward Special Forces where NCO's had the greatest independence and responsibility and only nominal distinctions were drawn among ranks. The airborne divisions ordinarily collect the Army's wild men, the straightforward brawlers and bar-wreckers. Special Forces were a sober and fairly reserved group, with unexpected talents and personalities, intellectual in their violence. I particularly remember one senior sergeant with whom I worked, who had never finished high school but spoke German and Czech and was better informed on current Czechoslovak political developments than I—and East European political affairs were at that time my civilian profession. He had been a member of an operational team destined, if war broke out, for Czechoslovakia.

In those days Special Forces expected that they would be sent to liberate Europe. The cold war was still severe; the Hungarian revolution and the Polish events of 1956 were just past; John Foster Dulles was Secretary of State. A general war in Europe was not at all unimaginable, and if it had come the 10th Special Forces Group in Germany would have been launched into Eastern Europe to create and sustain a partisan movement. They would have gone in by light plane or high-altitude parachute drops in individual teams of two officers and eleven sergeants and corporals. They would then have been expected to provide instruction, staff and medical support,

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and communications to partisan formations of the kind we had known during the Second World War. They would not have expected to come home again for a very long time. Except for a detachment in the Far East, the Army's only other Special Forces formation was the 77th Group at Fort Bragg, the training and headquarters organization. We in the Reserve would, in war, have provided the first element of expansion and replacement. But a good many of the regular officers were skeptical of how much of an expansion the organization could bear. There already was a problem keeping out the adventurers, the mad, and the cracked, and they had a fairly clear idea of what we in the Reserves were like.

But in the regular force they were a little mad too. They were making a profession of guerrilla warfare, and many had practiced it in the 1940's, in the Resistance itself or in the OSS. They could not afford the Reservists' self-indulgent variety of fantasies, but they had a perverse romanticism of their own or they would not have been in the force. Theirs was not the regular soldier's serenity—on Armistice Day, 1918, "Thank God we can now get back to real soldiering." There was a tension to Special Forces which, unlike that of the Regular Army, was emotional as well as physical. They made up without much doubt the most intellectual body of men the American Army has ever collected in a force intended for combat in the field. But theirs was an un-American intellectuality, pessimistic and rather cynical, and this was not wholly a result of the number of Europeans in the force. As I look back at Fort Bragg, it seems to me that both regular and reserve elements of Special Forces must be described as being composed of self-consciously uprooted men, emotionally and intellectually detached from the mainstream of civilian society but also from that securely bland and sentimental Southern institution, the American Army itself.

Were we in Special Forces in the 1950's—in our Kearny, New Jersey armory and at Fort Bragg and in Germany—terrorists *in potentia*? I would then have denied it; yet I understood even then that we were in search of a formalized role of violence, moved by unadmitted private motives, seeking an emotionally redemptive structure of *action*. We simply asked to be used. This force, in personality and talent, was an explosive waiting to be detonated.

Our rebellion against the routine Army and the tedium of civilian existence, against the unbearable or inadmissible realities of personality, had already set us off from conventions, even from limits. We were moral rebels waiting to be loosed. We needed to be controlled by the banal men and the tiresome bureaucracies we resisted. But instead we were launched into cold-war enterprises and into a Vietnamese war which by their nature obscured moral coordinates. This "liberating" force of men was put to work in the most corrupting of all military roles, counterrevolution.

THERE IS a sound governmental instinct which in the past has made "special forces"—unconventional or politically-motivated military organizations—the provisional expedients of wartime, quickly disbanded in peace. The British wound up Special Operations Executive—upon which our Special Forces had some claim of parentage—when peace broke out, and we did the same with the OSS. In a world war the clandestine and political elements of the fighting forces are largely civilian in origin and have a dominating mission which contains and directs their energies. In peacetime these forces retain the men who are unassimilable by civilian life. They then are held together not by an overriding public purpose but by what remains, the entrancements of action, the myths and fulfillments of adventure. In peacetime they become dominated by *means;* the wartime goal has vanished; or any goal may serve. Theirs is not the safe complacency of regular Army or Navy: they have repudiated that by enlisting in the special force. Theirs is closer to the Nietzschean sentiment, action binding them to an existence otherwise without coherence, moved by inner compulsions rather than external and politically articulate purposes.

When such men do turn to politics, it may be to an exclusive vision, the elite vision to impose upon the intolerably shapeless reality of society. Thus the French *paras* who survived Dienbienphu, in anguish at a reactionary and morally supine French policy in Algeria, undertook what they regarded as a revolutionary mission to the Algerians. By waging *guerre révolutionnaire* they would create a society which transcended both the old colonialism—which they despised—and the new *fellahin* nationalism, which they respected while rejecting. They would create a post-political fraternity of revolutionaries, Frenchmen who had made themselves into "Asians" and Algerians willing to accept a fraternity of the brave. It ended for them, of course, in torturing and in mutiny, an *Organisation Armée Secrete*. They afterward sang Edith Piaf's *"Je ne regrette rien,"* but it had been squalor, a sanguinary collapse of hubris. Yet their moral example was an exemplary one, had we paid attention.

The men of Special Forces had never, until the end of the 1950's, regarded themselves as "politicals." During the three years I was with the force we saw ourselves as an instrument of the nation, rather less blunt than most, but with no peculiar mission to Western civilization. Despite our special qualities we were very American—Americans of our day—in our ignorance of scruples, of the possibilities of political complexity and contradiction. We took our role, like the risks, for granted.

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When it was first organized in 1952 Special Forces was quite without a political dimension. It was a very small "stay-behind" force for Europe, created at a time when the threat of Russian attack seemed grave. The model was the British Special Air Service Regiment, and the unit's mission was to allow itself to be overrun by the Russian armies and then to maraud their headquarters and behind-the-lines installations. (This remained a specialty, and one reason some senior officers bore a grudge against Special Forces was that the great "Flashburn" maneuvers of 1954 in the Southern United States—the largest held since the Second World War—had to be halted and restarted twice because Special Forces kept ingeniously and provocatively "killing" or kidnapping the major commanders and staffs of the other side before the exercise could be got properly underway.)

Later, and in part as a result of the intra-Army struggle over the fate of the unit, the wartime mission was expanded to include developing a long-term guerrilla operation in the Russian rear —the Hungarian and Polish crises had made this a preoccupation of the Army by the time I was a member.

It is important to understand that so far as there was a political rationale—and mystique—to Special Forces in this period, it derived from the popular resistance experiences of wartime Europe and the Far East. A good many of the European-born members of the force were veterans of the Resistance and others had been with the OSS military detachments which had supported the French and Italian partisan movements and the Kachin and Karen guerrillas in Burma. The organizational parentage of Special Forces lay—with a lapse or two—with the military operations branch of the wartime Office of Strategic Services, and they in turn had learned their trade from the British Special Operations Executive.

YET THE military identity of Special Forces was rigidly maintained in those years. We were soldiers, never "agents." We were a uniformed force under military command and we claimed the rights of soldiers under the Geneva and Hague Conventions governing military operations and prisoners of war, although no one wanted to have an occasion to test those claims. I realize now that this point, insistently made while I was at Fort Bragg, revealed a struggle going on at the higher levels of government. The CIA included para-military people who—as the Kim Philby controversy has since brought to light—had joined with the British Secret Intelligence Service in the late 1940's to sponsor a guerrilla uprising in Albania (betrayed by Philby, who was managing the British side) and which organized the Guatemalan coup of 1954. In the late Eisenhower years there apparently were pressures, no doubt budgetary, on the CIA which caused the agency to press the Army to allow it to make use of Special Forces in para-military operations. Or so I surmise from what later happened, when under the Kennedy administration Special Forces were much employed by the CIA or, as some reports have it, placed under CIA control. Any Army, to say nothing of the American Army, dislikes this kind of situation as organizationally corrupting and politically compromising, and in the Nhatrang episode an obvious and powerful factor in the arrest and charge of the Special Forces men was Regular Army fury at the uses made of men nominally under their command. (While most Special Forces units were returned to Army command after President Kennedy's death, one of the detachments in Vietnam supposedly remains under CIA control, while Special Forces itself has undertaken some operations outside South Vietnam's borders which supplement CIA activities. Most or all of the Nhatrang accused belonged to this latter group. An additional complication in that situation is that some of the accused, while they were assigned to Special Forces and wore the green beret, were actually Army intelligence officers temporarily attached to the force. It has not been made clear whether their chain of command was wholly military or whether they had a command link to the CIA.)

But in the 1950's our training dealt with guerrilla tactics and operations, and with intelligence matters and security mainly as they served military operations. It spoke of Lawrence and Mad Anthony Wayne, of Botha's Boer commandos and Wingate, of the Long Range Desert Group, Special Air Service, Tito, and the French FFI. It was, I fear, John Kennedy, acting under the pressure of Vietnam, who turned Special Forces around at the beginning of the 1960's, causing it to add to its training curriculum the study of another kind of problem: that faced by the security formations which in the 1940's had attempted to *suppress* Tito, the FFI, and the Kachin Rangers. President Kennedy gave us back the green berets which the Army, in its hostility toward elite troops, had earlier banned. But interestingly enough, the force did not put up the old original badge of Special Forces. That had been a silver Trojan Horse. Something with less ambiguous implications was substituted.

President Kennedy was entranced by the quality and zest of Special Forces. Its romanticism and its intensity appealed to those same qualities within him. Its sheer skill as a combat force and the distinctive intelligence of its officers and men made him believe that it could provide part of the answer to a problem which he had come to see as a fundamental challenge to his administration's foreign policy—for in his own romanticism and idealism he had come to take very seriously Communist doctrines of popular liberation and peoples' wars in Asia and Latin America. Mr.

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Khrushchev, balked of more conventional Soviet political successes, was arguing to the world that the popular liberation movement, supported by the Soviet Union, would outflank Western imperialism. China was to take up the same theme in Marshal Lin Piao's doctrine of Asian "rural" warfare against the "cities" of industrial and imperialist society—even though he included the Soviet Union among the latter category of enemies. To the Kennedy administration it seemed necessary to launch a new counterattack, a liberal version of "revolutionary development" fueled by Western economic and technical aid, able to bring about that economic "take-off" which had been described in the writings of the President's adviser, Walt W. Rostow. Special Forces, then, was seen as the military shield to interpose between Communist revolutionary agents and, on our side, the forces of progressive and politically liberal development.

That this was a dreadfully—fatally—misconceived analysis of Asian political realities is an argument easier to accept in this fifth year of war in Vietnam than it was in the noontime optimism of the New Frontier. But never mind; this is not an occasion for foreign-policy controversy. These, in abbreviated outline, were the assumptions which underlay the commitment of Special Forces to Vietnam in 1961, and its use elsewhere by the CIA in para-military operations against Communist or Jacobin movements in the Third World.

THE FATE of this military unit is merely an incident—a road accident—in the course of what has happened to America in Vietnam. But it must be insisted that Special Forces, like, later, the Army itself, was put to work without an intellectually and politically rigorous definition of what could be expected in Vietnam or of the restraints appropriate to clandestine action and politicized warfare. They were made the victims—complaisant victims—of an American political optimism and moral absolutism which, under stress, was to harden into something else. Our tactics of "nation-building" proved incompetent to change anything fundamental in Vietnamese hamlets which had experienced twenty or more years of politicized violence. The naive economic determinism which sustained our belief that economic development programs would bring about a political transformation of that society became wrecked on the terrorism of the Vietcong and the parochial struggles and casual brutalities of our own allies in the war. The guerrilla battalions created by Special Forces from the tribal *montagnards* and national minorities—Nungs and Cambodians—of Vietnam proved competent mercenaries, but only that: they could have no connection with any political revitalization of Vietnamese society itself. (When the *montagnards* did assert a political consciousness they rebelled against the Saigon government. The involvement of Special Forces men in the FULRO—"United Front for the Liberation of Oppressed Minorities"—rebellions at Ban Me Thuot in 1964 and 1965 supply a plaintive broken note of continuity with the old Special Forces, the old mission of the 1950's.)

The war hardened American policy into a program of expediencies and a doctrine of necessary "counter-terror" justified by our absolutist conception of war itself. Forty years ago Henry L. Stimson had said of the State and War Departments' peacetime code-breakers that gentlemen do not read another's mail, and he withdrew funds from the office, expressing a delicacy of conscience lunar in its remoteness from us. But Stimson's scruples were in his time peculiarly American, and held in defiance of the contemporary rise in Europe of ideological politics, espionage, and subversion: it was the era of Stalinism and state-induced famine in Russia, of Mussolini's mobilization of Italy, *Kristallnacht* in Germany, the Comintern, and the Spanish Civil War. America, in such a time, was the Puritan abstainer.

Now it seems that we have become the Puritan enthusiasts. Forced to practice an ideologized politics, to wage counterrevolutionary war, to suppress an underground revolutionary movement, and impose "security" upon a violently divided foreign population, we have come to display a Cromwellian determination to master every nuance of the kind of war we once abhorred. When the Nhatrang case first became known the CIA authorized a statement to the press which said that no American intelligence operative has the authority to take a life except in his own defense. The CIA, in its origins an Ivy League and establishmentarian organization, thereby revealed its own sensitivity to the kind of scruples Mr. Stimson had expressed. It obviously believed that the American popular reaction to the case would be to condemn such a murder. The CIA's assessment of its own country's mood was, of course, proved defective: and the public reaction was rather to defend the accused men and express indignation at the fact that charges had been brought. Arthur Goldberg, the former Supreme Court Justice, has published in *Life* a distinguished comment on the "appalling, indeed frightening, deterioration in our national standards of morality and law" which was revealed in the way public and Congress responded, "the powerful political clamor against prosecution which preceded the dropping of charges" against the eight accused soldiers.

It was apparent that a great many Americans found the threat of prosecution incomprehensible. Their belief, if I can attempt to formulate what was implied in the things they were saying, appears to be this: killing is the nature of war; there is no reasonable distinction to be made be-

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tween the "murder" of an enemy and killing him in battle; this is so because war itself is wholly immoral, and to attempt to discriminate among the various acts of violence committed in a war is absurd. Moreover, "murders" carried out in the course of intelligence operations are part of that famous "dirty business" which the intelligence services anonymously and stoically perform on behalf of us all—or so the popular literature of espionage, and notably the books of President Kennedy's favorite, Ian Fleming, has led us to assume.

Now what is most striking in all of this is that it expresses Mr. Stimson's moral absolutism, but turned around. Isn't all war murder? Mr. Stimson therefore wanted all war abolished and the rule of international law established. So do we today. But denied that solution, we turn instead to an alternate totalism: compelled to fight, we will admit no principle of restraint on how we fight. (The identical absolutism is apparent among many of those Americans who oppose the Vietnam war. Retrospective reinterpretations of the cold war—of the Korean war and Stalinism and the Czechoslovak coup of 1948—and even of the Second World War, are carried out in the belief that past American policies and past American wars must of necessity be condemned in order to validate a condemnation of American policy toward Vietnam.) At the same time, both supporters and critics of the Vietnam war regard acts of terror there, or expedient killings such as the one at Nhatrang, as morally indistinguishable from the practice of war itself. While we react to massacre, our absolutism is implicated here too. If civilians in a "free-fire zone" are made fair game for the B-52's, why not for the infantryman's machine gun? As some of the participants at Songmy have said, they had lost friends, the village was notoriously booby-trapped, the bastards all would kill you if you give them a chance—and war is hell.

"I shot a man in Reno just to watch him die," sings Johnny Cash in his "Folsom Prison Blues." D. H. Lawrence wrote of Americans that "All the other stuff, the love, the democracy, the floundering into lust, is a sort of by-play. The essential American soul is hard, isolate, stoic, and a killer." But in recent years this bleak and rural hardness in America has been muffled, denied; as a nation we have been killers, but detached, numerating the deaths as indices of political progress in Asia. A single killing by single men ought to provide moral relief from the technocratic administration of undifferentiated deaths. The French officers about whom I spoke grasped the moral engagement into which they had entered when they tortured or killed an Algerian rebel whom they professed to love as well as to hate. This they regarded as an ultimate encounter with a man who was, equally with themselves, the victim of necessity. They professed to seek "insecurity and disquietude," deliberately making themselves outlaws to a Europe whose "decadence" they wished, by their moral self-immolation, to cure. Clearly they were within a modern tradition of romantic absolutism in politics, like Italy's intellectual fascists a generation earlier, believers in the doctrine that violence "could be revolutionary and capable of making men more human" (as their fellow Frenchman, Maurice Merleau-Ponty, wrote in support of Communist violence in 1947, and as others write today). But they were morally serious men; they acknowledged responsibility.

Never mind that these French officers acted within a general theory of revolution which was of pernicious and fantastic romanticism. They understood who it was that committed the crime, and that it was crime. It is exactly the absence of this in what was said by the men involved in the Nhatrang case, and its absence in what their supporters at home and in Congress said and wrote, which makes ours the worse case, the virginal absolutists.

The appeal to authority (". . . the powers decided to do away with him. Being the people involved, it was up to us to come up with a plan. . .") was commonly offered by individual Nazis accused of war crimes; but the Nuremberg court insisted upon a principle of individual responsibility for an individual's acts. Yet a consciousness of responsibility and of crime can also be found in statements made by Nazi officers and leaders. Even the abominable Heinrich Himmler told his death-camp guards to harden themselves and suppress pity, to keep in mind the surpassing goals which justified acts which might otherwise fill them with horror. "We are original in one important point," he told his masseur, Felix Kersten, "our measures are the expression of an idea, not the search for any personal advantage or ambition. We desire only the realization on a Germanic basis of a social ideal and the unity of the West. We will clarify the situation at whatever cost." He also said, "It is the curse of greatness that it must step over dead bodies to create new life. Yet we must create new life, we must cleanse the soil or it will never bear fruit. It will be a great burden for me to bear." The presumption is diabolical. Yet it was just that they were conscious of what they were doing in the service of their ideal which makes us see the Nazis as historically unique. We do not place Nazism's genocidal acts in the same historical category with the casual slaughters of Jenghiz Khan or the straightforward communal murders of Hindus and Moslems, or the mass killings of Indonesia amok. The scale of the acts might be comparable, but they radically differ in quality.

IDEALISM and politically motivated crimes are companions. Only by idealism do you turn a sensitive man to an unconventional ruthlessness. The brutality of ordinary sol-

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dering and war conforms to a structure and tradition which declare some limits. The "laws of war" and the body of international conventions governing acts of war are not a mockery of civilization but make up one of civilization's fragile accomplishments. The murder of prisoners, to say nothing of terrorist acts, is literally demoralizing to international society. The refusal to prosecute those alleged to have committed such crimes, with refuge taken in executive privilege or the secrecy of other operations, undermines legality itself, a worse blow to civilized standards than the crimes themselves.

Murder is most easily forgiven when it is personal, carried out for private motives, as the law acknowledges. When it is an act of idealism it takes on another and more sinister quality, with uncontrollable effects—as Lee Harvey Oswald and Gavrilo Princip, among others, have demonstrated. What has happened in Vietnam, as the "Green Beret Murder Case" suggests, but as certain programs of "counter-terrorism" and subversion would also demonstrate, is that we too have come to accept expedient and ideologically justified murder—except that ours is still the virginal ideology that hardly acknowledges that it exists.

I vividly remember a CIA man, a bespectacled doctor of philosophy, I once met in one of Vietnam's northern provinces. An automatic pistol under his arm, an AR15 rifle in his jeep, he ran a "revolutionary development" team which "rooted out" the Vietcong infrastructure in a village at the same time that it built schools and dug wells for the peasants. He was entirely pleased with himself; he made much of his ability—he mentioned it to me several times—to nominate men to die. He said that he had chosen a Nung rather than a Vietnamese as his bodyguard because when he pointed out a man to be killed he wanted no hesitation. He said that he was very happy in Vietnam, and no doubt he was an idealist, doing the Lord's work.

The actions of individual men are comprehensible if not always forgivable. Secret work and "special" military units attract a kind of man whose fellowship I am the least qualified to deny. But such men and their organizations need to be controlled or we enter into a *folie à deux* with the enemy.

A government needs to do some things anonymously, to be able to act in ways that do not commit our diplomats or compromise our friends. But any secret agency, and particularly any force committed to clandestine work in a war, needs to be kept severely accountable to those officials who are themselves accountable to public and press. The men involved need unambiguous charters and unmistakable limitations on what they can do. There is at work in these matters a moral version of "Gresham's Law": the practices of the most unscrupulous nation tend to force themselves upon all the others. The espionage, subversion, and security expediencies of the totalitarian states, once understood to be a part of what set them off from us, have tended to be taken over by us as regrettable but inevitable measures of realism. Yet how can this process be arrested if we ourselves accept a moral absolutism which denies scruples about *how* you act so long as there is an idealistic justification for *why* you act—an absolutism which creates the intellectual and emotional conditions for expedient massacre as well as murder? And which is permitted to override law?

Graham Greene, writing of Vietnam, once observed that Americans are virgins. "We don't have so many in Europe. I'm glad. They do a lot of harm." Vietnam has now provided our national rape. One would wish that we had thereby learned an existential lesson about ourselves, and about politics. We can only control the things we do, our acts in this moment of time. Our good intentions, our virginal enthusiasms, are of no use to the dead. If we murder prisoners or practice terrorism in a noble cause we do not thus verify our ideals; we demonstrate that we are murderers and terrorists. The first American casualties in Vietnam, in April 1962, were Special Forces soldiers. But Special Forces has also provided moral casualties in this war, and they were not the first and will not be the last.

SOCIALISM AND THE FUTURE

by Robert L. Heilbroner

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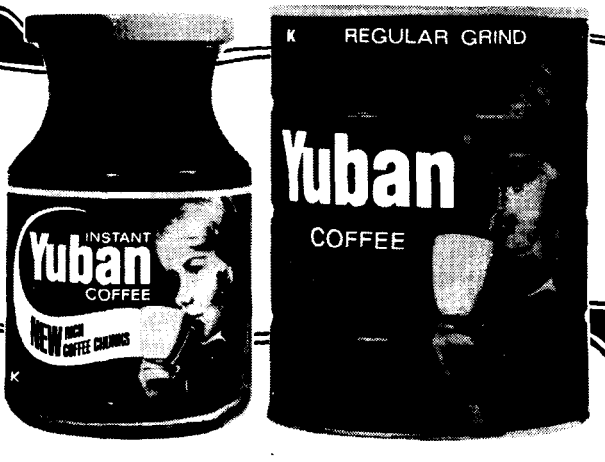

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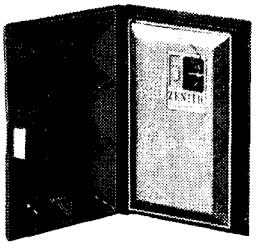

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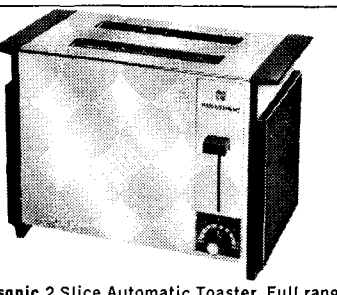

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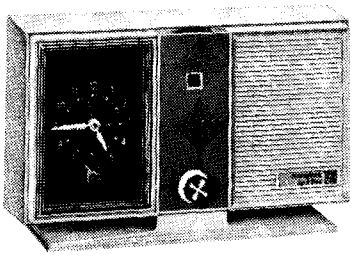

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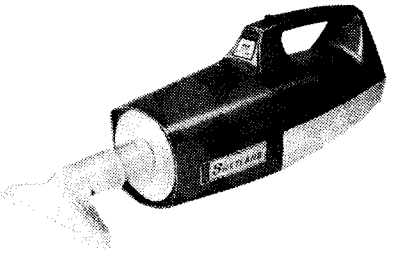

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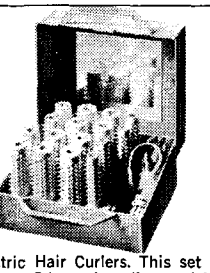

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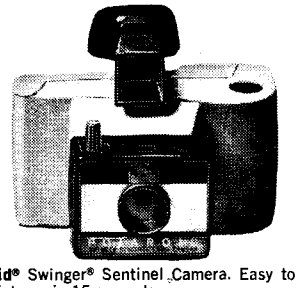

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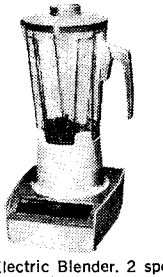

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Jewish Class Conflict?

Milton Himmelfarb

IN NO OTHER American election has "the Jewish vote" ever been so central to the strategy and tactics of the candidates, or so prominent in the news, commentaries, polls, and analysis, as in New York in 1969. It was clear that Mayor Lindsay would get most of the votes at the bottom and the top: at the bottom the poor—Negroes and Puerto Ricans; at the top the prosperous and well-educated. In the middle, it was clear that Lindsay was not going to get the votes of the Catholics, mainly Italian and Irish, of the working and lower-middle classes. The question about the middle was whether he would get enough Jewish votes to put together a plurality. He did. Or rather, his Democratic opponent failed to get enough. It was less that Lindsay won than that Procaccino lost. (Of the white Protestant minority, most voted for Lindsay: not as the liberal candidate—they are not extraordinarily liberal—but as the fellow-Protestant, the *landsman*.)

Jews voted more than other whites for the liberal candidate. So what else is new? Jews always vote for the liberal candidate—notoriously in Presidential elections, as in 1968, but also locally, as recently in Los Angeles. There they voted not merely more than other whites but actually more than the Mexicans for Bradley, the Negro who was defeated. From one point of view, then, little has changed.

From another point of view, much has changed. Liberalism is comparative. ("How's your wife?"—"Compared to what?") That Jews vote liberal means that dollar for dollar and year of school for year of school, they vote more liberal than others. It does not mean that there are no class differences in the voting of Jews. Prosperous Jews gave Kennedy a higher proportion of their votes than prosperous Christians did, Catholic as well as Protestant, but a lower proportion than less prosperous Jews. And so in all four Roosevelt elections. Now, in New York as in Los Angeles, that has been reversed. Now it is the more prosperous Jews who have been voting more liberal. The reversal began in 1966, in the New York voting on a civilian review board for the police. Then as now Jews split fairly evenly between what were conventionally regarded as the liberal and the conservative choices, and the well-off made the liberal choice more than the less well-off. (And then as now, as a group the Jews were substantially more liberal than other whites.)

One way of interpreting the reversal is to say that liberalism has new tasks. These require a capacity for sympathetic, imaginative, even abstract understanding. Naturally, the educated, who also tend to be the more prosperous, are better fitted for that understanding than the uneducated. When liberalism was fighting for social security, it was fighting for the bread-and-butter interests of working people, so of course working people supported it, or its party and candidates. Now, the argument goes, the victories of the old liberalism have deprived the new liberalism of programs comparably appealing to its old clientele. Now the old supporters of liberalism—the famous New Deal coalition—have or think they have an interest in the status quo. They have become conservative. They oppose the new liberalism with its new responsibilities, imposed upon it by time and change.

This interpretation is flawed. It may be self-serving, and is self-righteous. In 1969, in New York, the most telling bit of rhetoric was the name the Democratic candidate gave to the prosperous who accused him of conservatism: "limousine liberals." Earlier, in 1966, was it chiefly education that prompted Jews to vote for the civilian review board, and lack of education to vote against it? Perhaps it was prosperity and lack of prosperity. The prosperous could afford their vote. The unprosperous (and elderly), living in apartment houses without doormen and riding subways rather than taxis, may have voted as they did not because of ignorance but because of concerns explicable by the reality of their lives—a reality against which prosperity shields the prosperous. Similarly with education. Characteristically, in New York, Jews who send their children to private schools have approved for the public schools central educational parks and decentralization, integration and Black Power—whatever, at any given moment, has been the fashionable liberal thing. In New York, Jews who send their older children to expensive private colleges approve transforming the free municipal colleges.

Less prosperous Jews do not think they are de-

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fecting from liberalism. They think they are being made to pay the bill for the limousine liberals' kind of liberalism. And they think that as if that were not enough, salt is rubbed into their wounds. First the upper class makes the others pay for upper-class notions of liberalism, and then the upper-class liberals are contemptuous. They make jokes. At a rally of Lindsay people, a comedian describes Procaccino—and by implication anyone who would want to support Procaccino—as sitting in his undershirt, drinking beer, and watching Lawrence Welk on television. Presumably Lindsay—and by implication the typical Lindsay voter—is the sort of man who, in dinner jacket, is photographed drinking a martini with Lennie at Lincoln Center, during the intermission of Pierre Boulez's premiere as conductor of the New York Philharmonic.

Italians, especially, must wonder where contempt for a class leaves off and prejudice against Italians begins. People who would not dream of telling Negro jokes regale each other with Italian jokes. Was that a joke against undershirts or against Italians in undershirts? In Washington a political comedian amused his public with something he must have picked up from his set in New York: Mario is so sure of winning that he dropped by the mayor's official residence the other day to measure the living room for linoleum. The jokes that do not get into print are gamier still. If I were Italian I might imagine that the humorous liberals are not conspicuously partial to Italians. But I am not Italian, so I can understand the undershirt-beer-television-Welk joke to be as much about class and taste as about *italianità*.

In contempt for non-upper whites, many liberals agree with the young ultra-radicals, or actually have learned from them. It was the campus revolutionaries from the rich suburbs who first exposed that fascist pig, the average union member—a potbellied oaf, undershirted, swilling beer, staring at the boob tube. Whether or not New York's white clods heard Lindsay's comedian's joke, they got the message, and it did not enhance Lindsay's popularity with them. Since many Jews, too, stare at the boob tube, and even drink beer, they hardly needed specifically Jewish reasons to vote against him.

In fact Lindsay, or his twins—his men on the Board of Education, that museum director, that university chancellor—had provided in abundance reasons to conclude that he was anti-Jewish: not, or not necessarily, anti-Semitic, but anti-Jewish. For the Jewish members of the pro-Lindsay liberal elite such accusations, or such thoughts, were narrow, tribal, grotesquely passé, not to be entertained privately, let alone uttered publicly, by an enlightened, modern person.

The liberal Jewish politicians, amateur or professional, had their own motives for supporting Lindsay. Though with the same tastes and beliefs as the other top people, yet they more urgently and personally needed him to win. Reform Democrats, they could not afford a Procaccino victory. That would lose them more than the mayor's office, it would lose them control of their party. However liberal and Reform, politicians act on the principle laid down long since by a reactionary, Senator Boies Penrose of Pennsylvania: if you have to choose between losing an election and losing control of your party, you lose the election.

THE MOST interesting voters were that small group of Jews who by education, income, and habit could be thought of as belonging to the liberal elite but who nevertheless voted *against* Lindsay, and that larger group of middling Jews who voted *for* him.

Some of the anti-Lindsay liberal Jewish elite were not especially conscious of themselves as Jews. In general, like their pro-Lindsay brothers, they rarely think about Jewish interests as such. Among these not very Jewish Jews would be some school principals, some professors in the municipal colleges, and a few intellectuals continuing an old, running fight with the kind of middlebrow outlook represented by the editorial columns of the New York *Times*. These were a minority of their minority, because to be anti-Lindsay it helped to be a Jewish Jew. At the municipal colleges, for example, on issues affecting the future of the colleges it was noticeably the Jewish-Jewish professors who took a position that could be translated as anti-Lindsay, i.e., "conservative." (There is a complication. Professors of hard subjects tend to be more "conservative" than professors of soft subjects, and the Jewish Jews seem to bunch in the hard subjects.) Of course, that those professors are "conservative" does not imply that they probably voted for Nixon in 1968. It implies that they were worried about the Jewish future, whether in their colleges or in the city, that they saw a threat, and that they thought the threat came from Lindsay—Lindsay the agent or Lindsay the symbol.

Since, as is well-known, parochialism, narrowness, and prejudice are more usual below than above, the conviction that Lindsay and what he symbolized were against the Jews was widespread in the lower-middle and middle-middle class. Lindsay's strategy was to weaken this conviction, to lessen the number of people who held it. In two months he saw the inside of more synagogues than a Jew will see in ten years. He apologized, over and over again: not for having been anti-Jewish—he could not reasonably be expected to concede such a thing explicitly—but for having "made mistakes." If they wished, Jews could interpret that as an apology for acts which had inadvertently injured or offended them. Enough Jews in the middle wished to accept the apology,

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and to understand it as a promise to mend his ways, for Lindsay to win.

NOT THAT they liked Mordecai, says the Talmud, but that they disliked Haman: not that Lindsay won those Jews but that Procaccino lost them. If the plurality in the Democratic primary had gone, say, to Wagner—with all his air of fatigue and his redolence of the past—Lindsay would not have had those Jews, or the election. Jews could have voted for Wagner without great enthusiasm but also without feelings of unworthiness, and above all without going against a powerful and still operative Jewish tradition that most are probably not even aware is Jewish. That is the tradition of being attracted by the *edel* (cultivated) Gentile and repelled by the *prost* (common) one.

I can give personal testimony, both to the attraction of the *edel* and to our unawareness that we are attracted because we are Jews. During Kennedy's Presidency I read a newspaper report of something that seemed to me splendidly patrician—the President with elegance and wit welcoming as his guests some artists or scholars, or his wife addressing some gracious words of appreciation, in French, to a visiting ballet company that had danced at the White House. Something like that. I was on the train, and turning to Bill O'Hanrahan, an active Republican despite his name, I told him, more or less: "Bill, forget about politics. Look at this news item. I don't care what your politics are, you've got to admit the Kennedys have class." To which he replied: "Yes, I know that's what you people think." I had thought I knew about the relation between being a Jew and having the tastes and outlooks Jews are apt to have. (I had written about it.) In saying what I said to O'Hanrahan, I had tried to discount that Jewish particularism which likes to regard itself as universalism. He educated me. He was not being anti-Jewish or offensive. He was only saying that my admiration for the Kennedy style was less universal than even I had thought—more Jewish—and less detached from politics. Would I have responded as warmly as he to a newspaper account of Ike enjoying a golf reunion with an old comrade in arms?

Lindsay is *edel*—or at any rate urbane. Procaccino is, or increasingly seemed, *prost*. It was so hard for many Jews to vote for Procaccino that Lindsay won. When they entered the booths, numbers of that great majority of Jews who earlier had told the pollsters they detested Lindsay found they could not pull the lever for anyone else. Because Procaccino repelled them, they were prepared to believe Lindsay's apologies and promises. The Jews who stayed with Procaccino were those who found it harder to believe in the new Lindsay.

For the Jewish-Jewish middle-class Lindsay voters, Lindsay had worked hard to appease their resentment. He had eaten crow. Like the Emperor Henry IV, he had gone to Canossa—a friend of mine has said that Lindsay went to Canarsie. These Jews concluded that he had apologized enough, that he could be trusted not to backslide, and that his experience would warn him and his successors against making the same mistakes. Other things being equal, they thought, it would be better to vote for someone else, in the Jewish interest; only, as things stood, it was in the Jewish interest to keep New York from the greater chaos into which it would fall with Procaccino. (But if only they had a Wagner to vote for!)

The Procaccino voters asked themselves the same questions but gave different answers—or alternatively, agreed about the factors in the equation but weighted them a little differently. Lindsay would not be that much better, they thought, nor Procaccino that much worse: whoever won would be mayor of an impossible city. And they thought it beside the point to speculate whether Lindsay was or was not a reformed character. Grant what was debatable, that he had truly reformed. It was still necessary to vote against him, as Voltaire said of the British government's reason for shooting Admiral Byng, *pour encourager les autres*. It is risky for Jews to show that we readily forgive injuries and slights. No other group consciously subordinates its good to the general good. For Jews to forgive, to prefer the general good to our particular good—that is admirable, but also dangerous, and maybe suicidal. Among all the groups in the body politic, if there is only one which shows it is prepared to renounce its interest, which group will go to the wall in the clash of interests? Will a sensible politician hesitate to make such generous, yielding people bear more than their share of the common burden, pay more than their share of the total cost—especially if he knows that later they will not even punish him for it at the polls? Globally, the misfortune of the Jews is that for fifty years we have had no bargaining power. Our enemies have been so intransigent that our friends have not had to be very friendly to be able to count on our support. In New York now, these anti-Lindsay voters could have said, we do have bargaining power, we are at last free to choose. Let us use our freedom prudently. To vote for Lindsay would be imprudent, so let us vote for Procaccino. (But how much better it would be if there were a Wagner to vote for!)

Only about 10 per cent of the Jews voted for Marchi. That is curious, because if any of the three candidates could legitimately be considered as *edel*, it was Marchi. He was superior to his rivals in learning, intelligence, and wit. His personal manner was pleasant. If he had been only the Republicans' candidate, many more Jews would have voted for him. Because he was also the Conservatives' candidate, they could not bring themselves to vote for him.

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By now the top people's scorn for the slobs is no secret. The warnings have gone out and a certain amount of literature has even begun to be produced, interpreting the beer guzzlers to their betters. It reminds me of the understand-your-neighbor, one-world, anti-ethnocentric literature that was common twenty and thirty years ago: do not look down on the Sinhalese cultivator, he has not had your advantages—that sort of thing. One of the best-known pieces of this new kind is Pete Hamill's "Revolt of the White Lower Middle Class," published in *New York* magazine. Really, Hamill writes of the Irish and Italian working and lower-middle classes in New York. He takes them seriously, he respects them. He is frightened of what they may do in their rage, and he makes it clear that he will not vote as they will, but he does not condescend to them or poke fun at them. But then, I think Hamill is not a Jew, and he is not writing about Jews. When a man called Rosenbaum writes in the *Village Voice* about the Jewish lower-middle class, he is amused by those vulgar people, expects us superior readers to be amused, and all in all has a fine time telling us how funny their talk and dress are, and how irritable their narrow minds and pinched souls. The very title of his report—an account of Lindsay campaigning in Brooklyn—is a nudge: "When in Brooklyn, Play Gimpel the Fool." Not one of the people Rosenbaum interviewed, unlike one that Hamill interviewed, was quoted as having said he had bought a gun. If we take Hamill's people seriously, as we should, we should take equally seriously Rosenbaum's people. But Hamill wants us to and Rosenbaum does not.

For the first time since 1932, or maybe 1928, the class differences among American Jews are showing signs of emerging as class conflict. The without-a-second-thought Lindsay voters are one class, the Procaccino and the hold-your-nose Lindsay voters the other class. The first is mainly upper and upper-middle, the second mainly lower-middle and middle-middle. (Mainly, not exclusively.) In the second the proportion of Jewish Jews is higher than in the first. It is members of the first that have dominated the mainstream Jewish institutions and have been prominent in the civic organizations that appeal disproportionately to Jews and rely on their disproportionate moral and financial support, like the civil-liberties unions. Until now the absence of a formal mandate has not kept the mainstream institutions from factually representing most Jews—in things like civil liberties, civil rights, separation of church and state—and therefore from having the implicit confidence of most Jews.

Now growing numbers of non-upper Jews have begun to suspect that when it comes to the things that they are most concerned and anxious about, and that affect them most directly, the upper Jews could not care less, or are actually hostile, and contemptuous in the bargain. The split between the two classes would have come more fully into the open in the New York election if in the end enough non-uppers had not felt they must vote for the uppers' candidate (for want of a Wagner). If the uppers want to regain the other Jews' confidence, they will have to be more attentive and respectful than they have seemed to be. They will have to show they care.

Finally, it is altogether true that New York is not America and America is not New York. New York has never had a Jewish mayor. Atlanta now has one. It was not the Jewish vote that elected him—there are not enough Jews in Atlanta. We may assume that most Jews voted for him, but what counted was that most Negroes voted for him, together with a minority of white workers. The Negroes voted for the liberal. The minority of white workers who voted for him were apparently showing their annoyance, in the populist tradition, with the father-knows-best mien of the Atlanta economic and political establishment—though, as Southern establishments go, the one in Atlanta is enlightened. Besides the Jewish mayor, a Negro vice mayor was elected.

Atlanta revives the New Deal coalition of minorities and workers, Jews and Negroes. Atlanta—how odd! The only Jew ever lynched in the United States was Leo Frank, victim of an earlier Atlanta populism.

"Reason Thunders in Her Crater"

An exercise in hymnology may tell us something about ourselves.

"God Save the King." Two hundred years ago, when an English Jew heard "God Save the King" he must have thought it entirely natural for such a song to be sung. A straightforward piece of tribal patriotism, it expresses a simple desire—that *we* shall defeat *them*. There is nothing highfalutin about it, no pretense that we, or "our gracious king," should win because we are better or wiser or more deserving.

Today such sentiments may be less respectable, but they are none the weaker. When the Mets were making their drive for first place in the Eastern Division of the National League, and then for the pennant, and at last for the Series, my family and my neighbors were not indifferent. We hoped, we feared, we desponded, we rejoiced. We did not pretend that the Mets were purer than the other teams, nobler, more liberal, more the instrument of History. It was enough for us that they were *our* team. To judge by the accounts of rioting over soccer games in all three worlds—capitalist, socialist, and Third—the simple, reflexive we-emotion of "God Save the King" is still distributed pretty widely.

Of course, two hundred years ago that English Jew could not really feel himself to be included in the "we" of the anthem. The king was the

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chief of a clan, an extended family, but the Jew was not of that family. Neither the others nor he thought he was. To be part of the family you had to be a Christian, or better, a Protestant. A Jew was a guest. There were bad Gentiles and good Gentiles. The English were good. They were better hosts than almost anyone else.

Perhaps, that Jew may have thought, part of their goodness was to be explained by the debt of their culture and religion to his.

• "God save the king," itself, is from Psalm 20:10 (9) (in the Septuagint-Vulgate tradition; the King James Version, following the received Hebrew text, punctuates differently): "LORD, save the king. . . ."

• "O Lord our God, arise,/Scatter his enemies" is from Numbers 10:35, which we sing when we remove the Torah scroll from the Ark: "Rise up, O LORD, and let thine enemies be scattered." (Didn't Montgomery, a bishop's son, use this in one of his orders of the day?)

• The charming "Confound their politics,/ Frustrate their knavish tricks" is from Psalm 33: 10: "The LORD bringeth the counsel of the heathen to nought,/He maketh the devices of the people of none effect." (Revised Standard Version: ". . . he frustrates the plans of the peoples.")

• "Thy choicest gifts in store,/On him be pleased to pour" may be a recollection of I Kings 3:12,13 (God's answer to Solomon's prayer): ". . . lo, I have given thee a wise and understanding heart. . . . And I have also given thee . . . both riches and honour. . . ."

• "Long may he reign" need not be from the Bible, but a Bible-reading people knew they could find "Long live the king" there. And on the principle that divinity doth hedge a king, what the Bible says of God the anthem can say of the king (as with scattering his/Thine enemies). "Long may he reign," therefore, may reflect Psalm 146:10, or Exodus 15:18: "The LORD shall reign for ever (and ever)."

A Jew who prays with any frequency will know nearly all these verses by heart.

The pre-modern quality of "God Save the King" is best seen in "May he defend our laws." To defend the laws was to preserve them unchanged. For pre-modern people, change and novelty are evil.

Is there a useful lesson here for moderns? If, as the Mets have taught us, the we-emotion underlying "God Save the King" has not disappeared, perhaps the emotion for which change and novelty are evil has not disappeared, either. Politicians or concerned citizens who keep urging people to vote for this candidate or support that program because he or it will effect change may be less persuasive than they think, or than they could be.

In the last century a British royal duke, retiring after nearly forty years as commander in chief, addressed his fellow officers somewhat as follows: My lords and gentlemen, in my lifetime I have seen many changes in the Army. Many changes. But I can say this, that every change has come at the right time. And the right time for a change is when it can't be helped.

The duke was not speaking for the people. His interests and theirs differed, and differ. But his ducal mind may be closer than better-endowed and better-educated minds to the minds of the people.

These days why do politicians and concerned citizens say "change"? Why not say "progress"? No doubt "progress" has for years had an embarrassingly quaint ring about it to intellectual ears, and even the people seem more skeptical about it than before. Yet "progress" still sounds better than "change." I know of a Progress Laundry and even a Progressive Cigar Store and Luncheonette; and Progresso foods and condiments do well in the supermarkets. "Progress" (and its variants), not "Change." Can it be that those who campaign on a platform of change, when they could be foursquare for progress, want to lose? Does winning scare them?

POLITICAL MODERNITY comes in with the American and French Revolutions. Here the ancestral, the hereditary, the ascriptive are put aside. Instead, universal reason and universal ideals are appealed to: in "My Country, 'Tis of Thee" liberty, freedom, freedom's holy light—which, like Emile Durkheim's sacred French Revolution and *amour sacré de la Patrie*, sounds not quite so desacralized as modernity is supposed to be—and in the "Marseillaise," *liberté, liberté chérie*.

For modern Jews this was promising. (By definition, modern Jews were those who had become tired of being outsiders, though comfortable or tolerated.) In the name of universal reason and ideals, all would be active and equal citizens alike, Jews would come in from the cold. Actually, to be universally rational and idealistic you really ought to abolish the distinctions between Christian and Jew. Has the French Revolution adopted a Declaration of the Rights of Man and Citizen? Then maybe there should no longer be Christian and Jew at all, only men who are citizens.

But the very anthems of the American and French Revolutions, "My Country 'Tis of Thee" and the "Marseillaise," already hint at what history is yet to unveil: universal reason and universal ideals are all very well, but they do not abolish family feeling. The anthems are not squeamish about family words or images—land where my fathers died, our fathers' God (many Jewish prayers are to "our God and God of our fathers"), *Patrie, parricides*. If you speak of fathers, I cannot forget that while officially I may be in, my fathers were out. And what is this about God? God belongs in "God Save the King." What is He

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doing in a song for moderns? For moderns, universal reason and ideals should be enough. Look forward not backward. (If only those others, who are or used to be Christians, were as modern and forward-looking as we, who used to be Jews!)

One may say that those Americans fudged their revolution from the beginning: after all, the very oath of office their Constitution prescribes for their President—to "defend the Constitution"—recalls the "defend our laws" of the pre-modern "God Save the King." It should not be surprising, therefore, that the Americans also had the bad taste or inconsistency to put God into their national anthem. Decidedly, better things are to be expected of the French. Then what is one to make of the "Marseillaise"? In their revolutionary hymn why should the French, of all people, invoke *grand Dieu*?

With fathers and *Dieu* the bourgeois American and French Revolutions took back what they gave with freedom and *liberté*. The revolution that would let the out be truly in was still to be consummated. With that revolution, everyone would forget about ancestors. The past would disappear.

That is the promise or the vision of the hymn that celebrates the revolution which will complete all that is incomplete. In the "Internationale" one sings, "*Du passé faisons table rase*," let us erase the past, let us make an end of the past. Thus is Reason obeyed, thus will Reason exercise her full and rightful dominion.

There is nothing cool about Reason. The "Internationale" invokes *la raison* rather more passionately than "My Country 'Tis of Thee" invokes "our fathers' God" or the "Marseillaise" *grand Dieu*. The singers of the "Internationale" worship (or worshiped) *la raison* more passionately than the singers of the other anthems worship their conventional, fathers' God. The "Internationale" is the hymn of political Jehovah's Witnesses, for whom eschatology is the news of the day: "*C'est la lutte finale . . . demain . . .*"—final [!] struggle, tomorrow.

The most vigorous image is of Reason in action: "*La raison tonne en son cratère, c'est l'éruption de la fin*," Reason is thundering in her crater, the end is bursting forth. Reason reveals herself thunderously, volcanically.

Where else have we been told of a thunderous, volcanic Revelation?

> . . . there were thunders and lightnings and a thick cloud upon the mountain . . . , so that all the people who were in the camp trembled. . . . And Mount Sinai was all in smoke, because the LORD had come down upon it in fire; its smoke rose like the smoke of a furnace, and the whole mountain quaked greatly. And as the sound of the trumpet grew louder and louder, Moses spoke, and God answered him in thunder. . . . And God spoke all these words, saying: "I am the LORD your God, who brought you out of the land of Egypt, the house of bondage. You shall have no other gods besides Me. . . . for I the LORD your God am a jealous [or impassioned] God. . . ."

The biblical echo in "God Save the King" needs no explanation. But the "Internationale" expressly denies God: "*Il n'est pas de . . . Dieu. . . .*" No matter. In secular messianism, substantive dominates adjective.

Even for those who wish to abolish memory, the memory of Sinai persists. The repressed returns. A jealous (or impassioned) deity thunders from his volcano. People believe in that deity less because they heed universal reason, as they may have supposed, than because, trembling at the foot of a volcano quaking and flaming and thundering, they have had a particular revelation.

By now, to be sure, for some the belief has become more conventional, less passionate. Reason is *their* fathers' god.

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Is There a Jewish Vote?

Arthur M. Klebanoff

By now it is widely acknowledged that Jews were the critical group in the New York mayoral election last November, but it is not immediately apparent why this was so. Jews, after all, had not given extraordinary support to John Lindsay when he first ran for mayor in 1965, and since then Lindsay's gains among Negroes, Puerto Ricans, and Manhattan whites might have been expected to offset his almost certain loss of many of his original supporters. Working in Lindsay's favor, too, was the fact that in 1969 fewer votes were needed to win than in 1965, due both to an overall decline in citywide registration and to the presence on the ballot of a third candidate with a major party designation.

In order to discover why Lindsay did in fact need the Jewish vote we must first recall the election of 1965: in that campaign, Lindsay's support—outside of Manhattan—was remarkably similar to that of his Conservative opponent, William F. Buckley. As the following table shows, in the districts where Buckley ran strongly, Lindsay ran comfortably, frequently relegating the Democratic mayoral candidate, Abraham Beame, to third place.

17 Highest Percentage Buckley Assembly Districts, 1965
(New York City—68 Assembly Districts)*

	%	
Lindsay	46.0	
Beame	30.6	
Buckley	23.4	*Lindsay plurality 15.4*

These districts included conservative sections of the Northeast Bronx, Italian areas in Brooklyn, and German and Irish Catholic portions of Queens; not one of them was in Manhattan, and none had a noticeable number of Negroes, Puerto Ricans, or Jews. The vote garnered by Lindsay in these areas was nearly exclusively white and Catholic, and, more often than not, Italian. In 1965, Buckley received his lowest percentage of votes in the predominantly Negro and Puerto Rican areas of the city, the only exception being four districts on the East and West Side of Manhattan. And Lindsay's performance in these districts, though much higher than Buckley's, was still not enough to outdraw Beame.

17 Lowest Percentage Buckley Assembly Districts, 1965

	%	
Lindsay	42.2	
Beame	53.5	
Buckley	4.3	*Beame plurality 11.3*

The June 1969 primaries, however, heralded a rather remarkable reversal of the 1965 pattern: Lindsay, in the Republican primary, and Badillo, in the Democratic primary, consistently carried the lowest-percentage Buckley districts while Marchi and Procaccino carried all the highest-percentage Buckley districts. By early July, then, it seemed safe to assume that Lindsay would gain more ground over his 1965 performance in the liberally-based assembly districts than he would lose in the conservatively-based districts. The problem was that the conservatively-based assembly districts turned out many more voters than the liberal ones. To judge from well-established voting patterns, turnout in the seventeen low Buckley districts was likely to be only slightly more than half the turnout in the seventeen high Buckley districts, and this meant that Lindsay would have to gain twice as many votes in his liberal districts as he lost in his conservative districts simply to maintain his 1965 plurality.

All this is another way of saying that Lindsay would not have needed the Jews this year if Negroes and Puerto Ricans could have been counted on to vote in large numbers. But Negro and Puerto Rican political participation in New York City is little better than dismal: exhaustive checks of population data against registration data place the percentage of eligible Negroes registered at no more than 40 per cent, and of eligible Puerto Ricans registered at 30 per cent, compared with a white participation rate of at least 60 per cent of eligibles (and with a Negro participation rate

Arthur M. Klebanoff, a recent graduate of Yale, is a political scientist who is currently on the White House staff.

* New York City politics has operated under three sets of assembly-district lines in the past five years. For the purposes of this essay, all references are to votes in terms of the current district lines. In the course of the campaign, at the author's direction, prior voting was reconstituted at the election-district level and voting returns prior to 1966 were aggregated into current assembly-district boundaries.

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in the deep South which is rapidly climbing past 60 per cent). In New York City, election districts throughout Brooklyn's Bedford-Stuyvesant and the South Bronx have less than a fifth of their eligible voters registered. As part of a registration effort, volunteers compared lists of tenants in city housing projects with lists of enrolled voters—project after project showed less than 40 per cent of its adults registered to vote. (The projects, with boards of registry a mere elevator ride away, are where one would expect the highest participation rates in the community.)

The evidence from 1968 was that the registration situation for Negroes and Puerto Ricans was deteriorating. Although a major registration drive in the summer of 1964 brought more than 150,000 first-time Negro and Puerto Rican voters to the polls, a similar effort in the summer of 1968, located in the community centers themselves rather than in the sometimes hostile firehouses, netted fewer than 25,000 new voters. In the national election of November 1968, citywide voter turnout was off more than 10 per cent from the previous Presidential election, but in Negro areas throughout the city, turnout was down more than 25 per cent. Since New York election law requires a voter to re-register if he fails to vote in two consecutive elections, and since few indeed turned out in 1967, more than 100,000 Negro and Puerto Rican voters would have had to re-register to be able to vote for John Lindsay. In addition to these unregistered Negroes and Puerto Ricans, there was the problem of Manhattan whites, who have the lowest percentage of eligibles registered of the five boroughs. In 1969 there were at least 110,000 unregistered voters on Manhattan's West Side, and another 90,000 on the East Side. One volunteer project, which matched a special telephone directory of addresses with the Enrolled List of Voters, produced the names of 30,000 unregistered voters in one West Side assembly district alone.

Thus it turned out that the most likely Lindsay supporters were disproportionately to be found *outside* the electorate. Yet past experience indicated that getting these supporters registered would not net a substantial number of Lindsay votes: the most optimistic estimate assumed that Lindsay could gain not more than 25 votes for every 100 registered. The reasoning behind this seemingly low figure is as follows: for every 100 new registrants, only 80 could be expected to turn out to vote; out of the 80, 5 votes would be invalidated, 50 would go to Lindsay, and 25 to his opponents—and in this case, since those most favorable to Lindsay would most probably be nominal Democrats, almost all the opposition votes would have gone to Procaccino. On the other hand, and according to the same reasoning, a *change* of 13 *registered* votes from Procaccino to Lindsay, or of 26 votes from Procaccino or Marchi to Lindsay, would have a greater impact than registering 100 new voters; and since it is not more difficult to change a voter's mind than it is to register and turn out a new voter, Lindsay logically turned his attention to those voters already registered.

THE LINDSAY campaign, then, set out to find the group of voters whose votes could be switched in large enough numbers to re-elect the Mayor. The search depended on but one assumption—that the most important thing to know about a voter was how he voted in other elections. Votes of the previous five years were rated and weighed on the basis of their possible meaning in determining a voter's attitude toward Lindsay in 1969. Thus, it was considered important that Paul O'Dwyer had run especially well in the Democratic Senate primary in 1968; that the Liberal party line had shown consistent strength for Lindsay in 1965, Franklin D. Roosevelt, Jr., in 1966, and Jacob Javits in 1968; and that Lindsay and Herman Badillo had done well in the 1969 primary. With each of the city's 5,200 election districts rated and arrayed geographically, the campaign set about trying to locate the people Lindsay was neither certain to win nor certain to lose.

As expected, those certain to be for Lindsay were almost exclusively Manhattan whites and Negroes and Puerto Ricans across the city, located primarily in those seventeen assembly districts where William F. Buckley had run worst in 1965—and where Lindsay, too, had run behind the Democratic opposition. The campaign assumed that here the 1965 showing would be reversed. Also as expected, those districts certain to oppose Lindsay were almost exclusively white Catholic areas outside Manhattan—the seventeen assembly districts where Buckley, and Lindsay, had run best in 1965—and again, the campaign assumed that the 1965 showing would be reversed.

The major focus of the campaign, therefore, was on those districts neither highly likely nor highly unlikely to vote for Lindsay, those districts neither largely Negro and Puerto Rican nor largely white Catholic. These middle districts contained most of New York City's Jews, and were themselves largely Jewish in composition.

BEFORE LOOKING closely at this middle group of districts and the Jews within them, we should first see whether the results of the election confirmed the assumptions of the campaign.

The seventeen best Buckley assembly districts, which Lindsay had carried handily in 1965, deserted him in 1969:

17 Highest Percentage Buckley Assembly Districts, 1969

	%	
Lindsay	25.1	
Procaccino	37.9	
Marchi	37.0	*Procaccino plurality 12.8*

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Lindsay's percentage of the vote was down more than twenty points from 1965, his plurality over the Democratic candidate down nearly thirty percentage points. If there was anything good to be said about the Lindsay showing in these districts, it was that Marchi's performance lowered the Procaccino plurality over Lindsay to less than thirteen percentage points.

The seventeen worst Buckley assembly districts which Lindsay had lost to Beame in 1965 gave him nearly two-thirds of their vote, and this without Lindsay having the benefit of a major party line:

17 Lowest Percentage Buckley Assembly Districts, 1969

	%	
Lindsay	64.9	
Procaccino	25.8	
Marchi	9.3	*Lindsay plurality 39.1*

Lindsay's percentage in these districts was up more than twenty points over his 1965 showing, his plurality over the Democratic candidate up an astounding fifty percentage points. Marchi's slight improvement over the Buckley showing seems traceable to Republican-line voters who would not desert the party nominee.

Thus, Lindsay did gain more percentage strength in the worst Buckley areas than he lost in the best Buckley areas, and the tally of the raw vote confirmed the campaign assumption that he needed that differential to maintain his 1965 plurality. The seventeen best Buckley assembly districts cast 702,000 votes in the 1969 election, the seventeen worst Buckley districts only 380,000. Turnout patterns even suggested that participation of registered Negro voters abnormally lagged behind that of white registered voters.

The Lindsay campaign strategy was aimed directly at people who on the basis of past voting performances were unlikely to vote overwhelmingly for or against him. This quickly became a strategy aimed at those people who "vote Jewish," and since most people who vote Jewish are Jewish, a strategy aimed at Jews. The process is critically different from singling out Jews as the key ethnic group. Campaigns are aimed at voters who happen to be people, rather than at people who happen to be voters. Most of the voters Lindsay needed to recruit to his side were Jewish, but Lindsay had to recruit others as well, and some Jews (Manhattan Jews outside Washington Heights and the Lower East Side) had already been won, just as others (the Jewish Defense League, for example) had already been lost.

In fact even if they had wanted to, the Lindsay people could not have run a particularly well-organized effort aimed only at Jews because no one knows how many Jews live in New York City, let alone how many live in a particular neighborhood. The current population estimate of the number of Jews in New York City was calculated in 1961 on the basis of the number of children absent from school on Yom Kippur; whether this figure bears any relation at all to the Jewish population in the city then or now is sheer speculation, and with Yom Kippur now a school holiday, no new estimates of Jewish population have been undertaken. The neighborhood estimates derived from the 1961 study are also unreliable: Jewish population was overstated in heavily Jewish areas (where Christian families tended to keep their children home from school on Yom Kippur as well) and understated in areas of low Jewish concentration (where Jewish parents tended to send their children to school on Yom Kippur if most other children were attending).

Indeed, ethnic statistics for *all* local areas are next to useless. To cite but one example: two studies of assembly-district polling, one to measure Negro percentage in the electorate, the other to measure Jewish percentage, came up with incompatible results—district after district totalled 80 per cent Jewish and 40 per cent Negro! Richard Aurelio, Lindsay's astute campaign manager, had to spend much of his time early in the campaign listening to local workers arguing about whether their district was 20 or 80 per cent Jewish.

But even if the Census did inquire about a person's religion (which it does not), or greatly improved its questions on ethnic background, a politician would still be without the information he needs to plan a campaign, since no census can be set up to measure the key factor: the degree of ethnicity among *voters*. The only thing the electorate of a city has in common with the population is a similar mailing address. In New York everyone recognized that Jews must be a larger percentage of the electorate than they were of the adult population; all political observations confirmed that Jews registered and voted in greater numbers than other New Yorkers. Yet estimates of Jews as a percentage of the New York City electorate varied wildly from less than 30 per cent to more than 40 per cent. Under the circumstances, it seems somewhat naive to speak of "the Jewish vote," though commentators continue to use the term, for if the Lindsay campaign demonstrated anything clearly, it demonstrated that there are many Jewish votes, and many kinds of Jewish voters. (Procaccino's campaign was managed by a Jew and Lindsay's by an Italian, and in neither case did the manager deliver his own "ethnics.") The question for the campaign, therefore, was not simply "the Jewish voter," it was rather a particular kind of Jewish voter, a voter who had preferred Robert Wagner to Procaccino in the Democratic primary, who had voted against the civilian review board but not with the intensity of its staunchest critics, a voter who had all along maintained a strong tie to the political magic of Jacob Javits.

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It was this voter that John Lindsay successfully courted in a gruelling campaign in Brooklyn, the Bronx, and Queens, this voter who left Lindsay with a smaller percentage than he had won in 1965, but with a similar plurality, as shown in the following tables comparing the 1965 and 1969 votes in the crucial middle districts:

34 Middle Buckley Assembly Districts, 1965

	Percentage	
Lindsay	48.6	
Beame	39.4	
Buckley	12.0	*Lindsay plurality 9.2*

The Same Districts, 1969

	Percentage	
Lindsay	44.1	
Procaccino	36.1	
Marchi	19.8	*Lindsay plurality 8.0*

Lindsay had executed a rather unlikely trade. He had moved Left through the political spectrum, yet had managed to back up into the great middle of the New York City electorate. In the process he forced Procaccino out of that middle, and in so doing took the election away from him. Lindsay did win high pluralities from rich whites and poor Negroes and Puerto Ricans, but that pattern had been established well before the general election campaign began. The focus of the campaign, as we have seen, was on those who were not rich, Negro, Puerto Rican, or Catholic—in other words, on those districts which were Jewish and which voted Jewish, and this is where the campaign was won.

While it is virtually impossible to construct an aggregate of the Jewish vote citywide, one can nonetheless learn a great deal from individual Jewish districts. To illustrate the diversity of voting patterns in Jewish areas, let us examine three assembly districts with largely Jewish electorates: the 25th assembly district in Queens; the 76th assembly district in the Bronx; and the 73rd assembly district in Manhattan. If the districts were ranked by median income, the 25th A.D. would be first, but the spread between the 25th and the 76th would not be appreciable enough to push either district out of the middle class. The 73rd has the lowest percentage of Jews—there are a good many Greeks in the area—but all three districts have populations which overwhelmingly "vote Jewish." Their neighborhood names—Grand Concourse, Kew Gardens, Washington Heights—have resonance for a good many Jews now living beyond the city limits in Westchester or Long Island.

All three of these districts gave between 45 and 50 per cent of their votes to John Lindsay in 1969, suggesting a *prima facie* case for a consistent Jewish voting pattern. However, the districts followed very different paths to arrive at their 1969 Lindsay percentage, and the paths they followed do *not* suggest a patterned Jewish vote. Lindsay scored his highest plurality—eighteen percentage points—in the 25th, yet this was a decline from his 1965 plurality over Beame. Lindsay's lowest plurality—seven percentage points over Procaccino—was in the 76th, yet this represented a gain of nearly thirty percentage points over his 1965 showing, the strongest gain registered in the three assembly districts. In 1965, Lindsay carried the 25th by nearly twenty percentage points, ran even with Beame in the 73rd, and lost the 76th by twenty percentage points—a symmetrical if not particularly patterned showing.

But have these three assembly districts always voted similarly? In the 1966 gubernatorial election, Rockefeller fashioned a ten-percentage-point victory over Frank O'Connor in the 25th A.D. and lost badly in both the 73rd and 76th. The 25th also came within ten percentage points of endorsing the civilian review board, while the referendum was losing by thirty percentage points in both the 73rd and 76th. Yet in the 1965 Democratic mayoral primary, the 25th gave nearly half its vote to Beame, the organization candidate, while Paul Screvane won comfortably in the 73rd; and the 25th nearly pushed Republican Louis Lefkowitz past Wagner in the 1961 mayoral election which Wagner won by a two-to-one margin in the 73rd and a three-to-one margin in the 76th.

The vote given to Jewish candidates shows true distinctions in the Jewish voter. The 25th was the only one of the three districts to move dramatically in Lefkowitz's favor in 1961. Although the most formidable Jewish vote-getter, Jacob Javits, in his 1962 Senate race pulled substantially better than Lefkowitz had in all three districts, he still lost the 76th by nearly seven percentage points. Yet of the three districts, it was the 76th which gave Beame his highest percentage in the 1965 mayoral primary and gave a plurality of its votes to Joseph Resnick in the 1968 Democratic Senate primary, while Paul O'Dwyer won easily in the 25th and 73rd. Again, the 76th gave Javits a higher percentage of the vote in 1968 than it did in 1962, while Javits's percentage declined in the 73rd and 25th.

In the 1969 Democratic mayoral primary, Badillo and Procaccino each gained 25 per cent of the vote in each of the three districts, and Lindsay beat Marchi by nearly identical nine-percentage-point margins in the three districts. (Congressman James Scheuer, who also entered the primary, more than doubled his next highest assembly-district total with 20 per cent of the vote in the 76th.)

WHAT WAS IT, then, that these three districts had in common? Simply that with their past votes weighed and rated on comparable indices, all three districts were equally prone to vote for Lindsay in 1969. The Lind-

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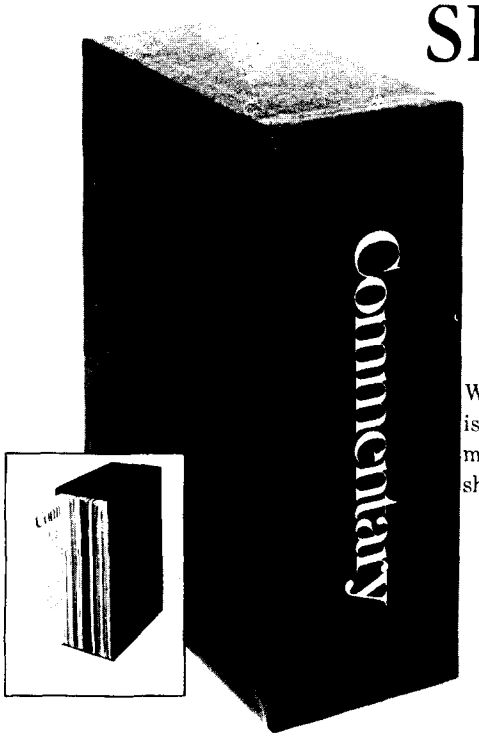
say campaign operated on the assumption that Lindsay would score roughly the same percentage in each of these districts, and that the critical question of the campaign was how high that percentage could be. Lindsay did not chase after a monolithic Jewish vote which had moved in unison on scores of liberal issues in the past, for no such Jewish vote existed. Rather, he pursued a bloc of voters, many of whom were Jewish, whose variegated voting histories suggested in sum a vote potentially large enough to close any likely gap between himself and Procaccino.

Of course, in deciding as it did to concentrate on these voters, the Lindsay campaign had to operate on the critical assumption that in a quarter of the city covering most of Manhattan and most Negroes and Puerto Ricans in the boroughs, the outcome had been decided in Lindsay's favor before the campaign began, and that in another quarter of the city, covering white Catholic areas in the boroughs, Lindsay had lost badly before the campaign began. By concentrating on the remaining half of the city, Lindsay undoubtedly sacrificed some gains he could otherwise have made. Even with the aid of "the Manhattan Arrangement," Lindsay ran consistently lower among Manhattan whites than he had in 1965. By spending more time in Manhattan, Lindsay might well have altered that figure, just as he might have increased the turnout of Negroes and Puerto Ricans by spending more time in their neighborhoods. But in either effort he might well have lost the election. Recognizing this, Lindsay chose to spend his time elsewhere, in the pursuit of voters many of whom were Jewish, and those voters responded in much the same way they had responded to Lindsay in 1965. What is truly remarkable about the 1969 election is that great swings at the fringes of the electorate ended up having little impact at the center. As many observers had guessed long before the political year began, John Lindsay simply came closer to representing the center of New York City than either John Marchi or Mario Procaccino.



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The Political Thought of Herbert Marcuse

George Kateb

MARCUSE HAS caught up with his following. *An Essay on Liberation** is a love-letter written to the young, and to the blacks too. But there was a time when Marcuse was above that sort of thing, his intellectualism proudly impervious to movements whose salient traits are, when viewed dogmatically, good looks and good intentions. He had a strict conception of what counted as serious. And the young and the blacks, if they were mentioned at all, were not treated as though they were serious or could matter very much. Indeed, Marcuse suggested that the young, anyway, were really working for the system by working against it. In the last two or three years, however, Marcuse's line has been changing. The change is systematized in *An Essay on Liberation*. The book is thus a revision of his general theory. At the same time, because of other things it contains, it can be seen as a provisional completion of his general theory. Altogether, its publication provides an occasion for looking at some main elements in the body of his work.

A distinguished body of work it is—there can be no doubt about that. To those who observe with delight a rich mind move slowly, but move purposively, over an almost impossibly difficult field, Marcuse's writings come as a precious gift. At a time when there is so much silliness and drunken rhetoric on the Left, Marcuse's arduousness is, in contrast, almost startling—though he does not need the contrast to win praise. After years of comparative neglect he now exerts considerable influence on serious writers, Left, left-liberal, and liberal. This influence will grow. On the other hand, he has become a figure of publicity: venerated by students who, as Marcuse himself says, have not read him; made into a symbol of all radicalism by the press; and denounced by the Pope and by the chief ideologue of the East German government (who, in their denunciations do not indicate that they have read him either), and by others as well, Left, Right, and Center, capitalist and Communist. Ignorance fuels the love and hate. The love and hate have no objective correlative. It is as if Marcuse's fate illustrates the very tendencies of the mass age he diagnoses. The dénouement of the farce was the recent threat on his life (signed by the Ku Klux Klan, but thought by Marcuse to be the work of others).

We must close our ears to all this noise and try to hear what Marcuse is saying. I think that his analysis—as presented in *Eros and Civilization* (1955), *Soviet Marxism* (1958), *One-Dimensional Man* (1964), *An Essay on Liberation* (1969), and in a number of articles—can be reduced to five theses.† There are uncertainties, ambiguities, a few inconsistencies, vagueness of reference, and some changes. But at this point it would seem to me that Marcuse believes that:

1) advanced industrial society, or the affluent society, in the West, with the United States farthest along, is preponderantly evil, both for the harm it does and the good it prevents, internally and externally;

2) on balance, and internally, the Soviet Union is worse in actuality, better in potentiality, but with no guarantee that it will in fact become better;

3) the evil of each system is not correctable

GEORGE KATEB, who teaches political science at Amherst, is the author of *Utopia and Its Enemies* and *Political Theory: Its Nature and Uses*. Mr. Kateb's widely-discussed article, "The Campus and Its Critics," appeared in our April 1969 issue.

* Beacon Press, 91 pp., $5.95.

† A list of Marcuse's writings up to 1967 is found in Kurt H. Wolff and Barrington Moore, Jr., eds., *The Critical Spirit: Essays in Honor of Herbert Marcuse* (Beacon Press, 1967). I have quoted from the above-mentioned books by Marcuse, and from the following articles by him: Preface (1961), *Soviet Marxism;* Prefaces (1961, 1966), *Eros and Civilization;* "Repressive Tolerance," 1965, and Epilogue, 1968; "Remarks on a Redefinition of Culture," 1965; "Socialist Humanism?" 1965; "Ethics and Revolution," 1966; "The Obsolescence of Marxism," 1967; "The Individual in the Great Society," 1968; "Liberation from the Affluent Society," 1968; "Varieties of Humanism," 1968. Some of Marcuse's early and late essays are reprinted in *Negations* (Beacon Press, 1968). Some of Marcuse's remarks at a symposium are printed in the New York *Times Magazine*, May 26, 1968. Portions of an interview with Marcuse are printed in the New York *Times Magazine*, Oct. 27, 1968.

In English, the following writings on Marcuse are most helpful: David Spitz, "Pure Tolerance," *Dissent*, Sept.-Oct. 1966; Richard Greeman, "A Critical Re-examination of Herbert Marcuse's Works," *New Politics*, Fall 1967; Allen Graubard, "One-Dimensional Pessimism," *Dissent*, May-June 1968; Maurice Cranston, "Herbert Marcuse," *Encounter*, March 1969; Peter Clecak, "Marcuse: Ferment of Hope," the *Nation*, June 16, 1969; Paul A. Robinson, *The Freudian Left* (Harper & Row, 1969); and Richard Poirier, review of Robinson, the New York *Times Book Review*, Oct. 26, 1969.

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peacefully, by those in control or by their likely heirs;

4) in the abstract, revolution *may* therefore be justifiable;

5) we *may* be witnessing the emergence of certain forces that could perhaps bring about qualitative, genuinely revolutionary changes in the West, while developments in the Soviet bloc are, if anything, more problematic.

It is clear that anyone who propounded these theses would not have many friends. Marcuse's characteristic tone of voice is condemnatory, and the scope of his condemnation is almost universal. Still, those who hate him usually misrepresent him. Pope Paul, a generally careful scholar and a brilliant reactionary, wrongly charges Marcuse with advocating uninhibited sexuality. Soviet-bloc theoreticians abuse him unjustly for claiming that the capitalist and Communist worlds are becoming ever more alike. I am not saying that if they read him, or read him more carefully, they would hate him less. They would simply have to hate him for reasons other than the ones they give. As for those who love him, they too would have to adjust their emotion after reading him. Even at his most indulgent to the young, as in *An Essay on Liberation,* Marcuse is austere, complex, and full of doubt. No, his thought is too delicate for the rough hands of the world. He is a philosopher, and should be approached as any other philosopher: with respect, not idolatry; with skepticism, not blunt dislike. Above all, he should not be approached with a literal mind. His ideal reader is the conscientious liberal, who is either happy in his liberalism, but shouldn't be; or unhappy in it, but doesn't quite know why.

Let us try to understand the reasoning behind Marcuse's beliefs. The first thesis is the most important: *Advanced industrial society is preponderantly evil.* One does not cheapen Marcuse's thought by saying that he is predisposed to condemn, that he is inclined to hold an apocalyptic vision. He has been proudly and grandly in the Marxist tradition since his early days in Germany, though he is certainly not orthodox. And for all the severity of his philosophizing, he is a romantic: the romanticism keeps breaking through in lyrical passages, such as those in *Eros and Civilization* and *An Essay on Liberation,* on the qualities of desirable life. Who can say which comes first, the Marxism or the romanticism? In any case, the combination conduces to intellectual rebelliousness. When that rebelliousness meets continuous disappointment—the failure of the European Left after the First World War, the Stalinization of the Russian Revolution, the coming of Fascism and Nazism, the successes of American capitalism after the Second World War—despair is natural. From despair comes rage, which gets transmuted—or sublimated, as Marcuse would say—into a total radical rejection. The rejection is not sullen, it is not rancorous; but it is unremitting and may, after a while, appear to others, even those sympathetic, as exaggerated, almost, *almost,* mad.

Marcuse's starting-point is the view that we live in a time of emergency.

> . . . the whole society is in the situation of the theater audience when somebody cries: "fire!" It is a situation in which the total catastrophe could be triggered off any moment, not only by a technical error, but also by a rational miscalculation of risks, or by a rash speech of one of the leaders. . . . The whole post-fascist period is one of clear and present danger.

Even without nuclear destruction, the present order contains the possibility for "the advent of a long period of 'civilized' barbarism."

Nuclear war, then, is Marcuse's deepest anxiety, as it must be that of any sane person. He is aware, of course, that no one now in power wants to wage nuclear war, at least not against another nuclear power. (He does say that it "seems" that in Vietnam only American "fear of the other nuclear powers has so far prevented the use of nuclear or seminuclear weapons against a whole people and a whole country.") The matter is more complicated. "The efforts to prevent such a [nuclear] catastrophe overshadow the search for its potential causes in contemporary industrial society." Marcuse contends that advanced industrial society, epitomized by America, is in its essence a militarist, bellicose, aggressive society. It lives on the preparations for war, the tensions of the threat of war, and the waging of war. It is *driven* into an imperialist career. Though the war in Vietnam may have begun, as it were, accidentally, it "has become a test case for the productivity, competitiveness, and prestige of the whole." Given that tendency, America permanently confronts the world with the chance that its inner drives will one day get so far out of hand as to plunge the world into nuclear calamity. (I know this transition sounds weak, but it's the best I can make of what Marcuse says.) Russia is not blameless. Marcuse knows that. But he seems to be saying that the United States is by far the biggest source of danger. I think he would subscribe to the Chinese assertion that the United States is the greatest enemy of the peoples of the world.

There is no doubt that the war in Vietnam has made Marcuse's opinions much more pointed. Before that war, however, Marcuse worried about America's proneness to militarism. In that respect, he built on the work of C. Wright Mills, among others.

WHY IS WAR the essence of the advanced industrial system of America? Marcuse's answer to this question of questions is not completely clear. Sometimes he stresses economic considerations, following the lead of earlier Marxist writers like Lenin, Hilferding, and

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Rosa Luxemburg. Sometimes he offers a psychological explanation which relegates economic compulsions to a decidedly secondary position. It is not that over time he abandoned one theory for another: both exist in uncertain relation throughout his writings.

The economic theory seems to me much less compelling. No one can deny that there are economic interests—as there are personal, partisan, and bureaucratic interests—that need war and the threat of war to thrive. But Marcuse is not much concerned with particular interests (he is characteristically not concerned with particularities of any sort). His analysis is of wholes. He gives no room to accident. His aim is to indict a system and foreclose the notion of significant, partial amelioration. So that it is not simply a matter of Presidential vanity, party rivalry over a good reputation for patriotism, the courting of ethnic and religious minorities, the desire of the military for larger rather than smaller budgets and for an arena in which to gain honor and experiment with weapons, the avarice of the aerospace industries. Not even the "military-industrial complex" casts a wide enough net. The system as a whole is to blame: to the degree to which we all benefit from it, we are all implicated in its evil. Its evil is fated, not contingent.

Though he does not attain clarity, Marcuse avoids crudity. He says, ". . . the classical concept of imperialism is outdated; there are certainly no basic United States economic interests that would explain the war in Vietnam." What then of an economic nature would explain that war, and prepare us to expect others like it or worse than it? First of all, there is the apparent necessary link between American prosperity and the maintenance of military expenditures. Marcuse refers to the "permanent defense economy," and to the Welfare-Warfare or "Welfare-through-Warfare State." The premise is that war creates demand and thus helps to sustain a high standard of living, and that in the absence of this grotesque artificiality there would be recession or depression. Marcuse does not develop that point. I suppose he thinks that it stands in no need of elaboration, that it has passed into the conventional wisdom, that everybody knows it to be true even though some try to ignore or lie about it.

But the fact is that it would be hard to find any economist who would agree with the bare proposition that there could be no general prosperity without a "permanent defense economy." To be sure, a *rapid* demilitarization of the American economy would produce terrible strains; equally true, there are sectors of the American economy that have grown to have a vested interest in war. But if these particularities were left aside, important as they are, economists would go on to point to other, non-military ways of creating demand, preserving full employment, and sustaining a high standard of living: some mixture of lower taxes, deficit spending, and public expenditure for civilian purposes. For America, at least, there is no impediment *a priori* to a permanent peace economy of general prosperity. The decisive factor would be the *political will* to create such a condition. Marcuse would be ready to declare that such a political will could never emerge. He may be right. Nevertheless, he would still have to distinguish economic necessity from political impotence. At this stage in the argument he would have to see that it is not capitalism *as such* that needs war to solve its contradictions. In our present and future reality war may intensify them. Vietnam may teach that lesson, even to those who rule. Only once, and in passing, does Marcuse perceive that. He says, "Corporate capitalism is not immune against economic crisis. The huge 'defense' sector of the economy not only places an increasingly heavy burden on the taxpayer, it also is largely responsible for the narrowing margin of profit."

ONE'S CONFIDENCE in Marcuse's economic thought is not increased by some other remarks. He says that the weakness of capitalism derives from "the constant danger of overproduction in a narrowing world market"; and that Western capitalism has long since passed the stage where "it could grow on its own resources . . . market, and on normal trade with other areas." So if Marcuse thinks, from one point of view, that war is made to prime the economic pump, he also thinks, from another point of view, that war is the servant of the exploitation of others, those in the Third World. The "classical concept of imperialism" is reintroduced. In the very passage where he calls it "outdated," he writes:

> In fighting against the wars of liberation, the affluent society fights for its future, for its potential of raw materials, cheap labor and investment. . . . Vietnam has to be seen in the global context: a triumph of the national liberation movement there may well be the signal for the activation of such movements in other areas of the world—areas far closer to home where basic economic interests are indeed involved.

More than that, defeat in Vietnam may be a signal for "rebellion at home." Marcuse knows he is accepting some version of the "domino" theory. Nor does he depart from the classical concept of imperialism when he insists that capitalism is a global system, and that what is physically external to it—the backward countries—is in fact intrinsic to its functioning.

Without examination, Marcuse adheres to the assumption that the capitalist world stands in an exploitative position in relation to the backward countries. Yes, of course, American and Western European investments are great absolutely—if not relative to their total investments, or relative to

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the needs of the backward countries themselves. And, yes, America and Western Europe practice an often cruel neo-colonialism, up to and including subversion of governments and military intervention, when indigenous forces threaten foreign interests. But questions remain. Is it true to say that America will always intervene to defend these interests? Is not intervention the exception rather than the rule? And when there is intervention, is it certain that the motivation is primarily economic, and not political or even, sincerely though foolishly, ideological? The test cases, in recent times, are American involvement in Vietnam and the Dominican Republic. Do we find here the economic motivation at work, even in the indirect and extended sense Marcuse mentions? I do not believe the answer is yes. Furthermore, is it not true that foreign investments in the Third World are not only, not importantly, exploitative, but in effect better for those countries than no investments, better than nothing? Isn't the tragedy more one of neglect than exploitation? Marcuse himself acknowledges that the backward countries "depend, for the capital requirements of primary accumulation, on the advanced industrial societies and their imperial interests." We must say that the Western world helps to solidify the control of sometimes loathsome indigenous elites; that America is pathologically, stupidly, afraid of leftist movements in backward countries. But is it only evil this country has done abroad? I would be willing to say that no amount of good could morally outweigh the evil perpetrated in Vietnam. The evil perpetrated there, however, does not cancel the good done elsewhere. It only means that we cannot be forgiven the evil because of the good. But though the source of good is self-interested, and, even worse, morally infected, the recipients of the good are better off.

In sum, I do not think that Marcuse has demonstrated conclusively that Vietnam is the perfect exemplification of the policies the directors of the American economic system must follow if they are to keep it alive. In addition, I do not think that Marcuse has shown the roots of nuclear war are to be found in the advanced industrial system of capitalism. It may seem a paltry thing to say what I have just said. But I only wish to trace out the presuppositions and deductions of Marcuse's thought: nothing more.

I HAVE ALREADY said that Marcuse also offers a psychological explanation of America's proclivity to militarism and war. Perhaps some other word than "psychological" would be more appropriate—say, "sociological," or whatever. The term does not matter, except to convey the sense that there is present in Marcuse's writings another theory which is analytically independent from "the classical concept of imperialism." This other theory resembles nothing so much as the rationale for the three superstates in Orwell's *1984*. (In places Marcuse refers to the Orwellian nature of the modern world.) The tendency to make a whole system out of preparing for war, threatening it, and periodically waging it, is attributed to the wish to preserve the prevailing relations of domination. We must notice that Marcuse does not spare the Soviet Union from the same attribution. I think it is correct to say, however, that America is more on his mind than the Soviet Union: because of its greater wealth and strength, America leads in all evil tendencies. He writes, "Neither the growing productivity nor the high standard of living depend [*sic*] on the threat from without, but their use for the containment of social change and perpetuation of servitude does." We do indeed move from "the classical concept of imperialism," if that concept assumes imperialism as a derivative of the quest for higher profits. What is at stake is not profits, or not profits alone, but power, power above everything else. Whose power? It would seem the power of the capitalists (in America). But the fact that Marcuse can so easily transfer his analysis to the Soviet Union must indicate that something like C. Wright Mills's "power elite"—made up of capitalists, the military, and the upper reaches of the executive branch of government—is the object of Marcuse's speculation. His description needs a larger base than the group of "monopoly capitalists." I think Marcuse moves in Mills's direction, and then goes past him, when he says, ". . . non-destructive full employment . . . requires the elimination of the particular interests which stand in the way of its fulfillment. Today, they include capital and labor, city and countryside politics, Republicans and Democrats. . . ." That is, nearly everybody; or, at least, the plural leaderships, those who manage what Marcuse calls the "subdued pluralism" of American life.

In Marcuse's view, the regime of war maintains the prevailing relations of domination by doing three things. It calls into being the Enemy as a device of social cohesion; it wastes resources that could otherwise contribute to the decline in the need for domination, through the amelioration of life; and it provides a sanctioned release for an internally harmless way of discharging the aggressiveness built up unceasingly by life in advanced industrial society. (Some of Marcuse's most brilliant writing is on the build-up and explosion of aggressiveness in modern life.) "The senseless war is . . . of the essence of the system."

Marcuse says, "One can dispense with the notion of an innate 'power-drive' in human nature. This is a highly dubious psychological concept and grossly inadequate for the analysis of societal developments." Yet I do not see how Marcuse can dispense with some form or other of this notion if his analysis is to be coherent. He cannot rest content with the view that the taste for domina-

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tion is elicited only under the conditions of modern industrial life. Such a view would fly in the face of the historical record. The point is not to make the notion of a "power-drive" do too much work in social analysis, not to see all political behavior as the automatic outcome of one aspect of human nature. It turns out that Marcuse uses the notion of a power-drive. The only question is whether he uses it fruitfully.

CENTRAL to Marcuse's theory is that the exercise of power at home, by American and Russian leaderships, is comparatively bland. The power is there, and is enjoyed. But it meets little resistance: most people are almost unaware that they are ruled. The feeling of power, the sharp pleasure power affords, is not produced at the expense of the immediate subjects of it. "Looking at the facts, geographical and otherwise, I would say that mobilization is carried out and war is actually waged against (and among) semi-colonial and formerly colonial peoples, backward peoples, and have-nots, Communist or not." The Third World is therefore the victim of a ceaseless desire for power after power. The "have" nations share this common interest, while America, as usual, is the most blatant in pursuit of that interest:

> The (objective) rationale for the global struggle is, not the need for immediate capital export, resources, surplus exploitation; it is rather the danger of a subversion of the established hierarchy of master and servant, top and bottom, a hierarchy that has created and sustained the have-nations, capitalist *and* communist.

The irony is that—and here, once again, I can only make an inference, at the risk of misstating Marcuse's position—without the assault on the Third World, the internal position of the leaderships in the First and Second Worlds would be threatened. Though a high standard of living helps to appease the masses, its psychological cost could not be endured without the factitious creation of an enemy, and the release of pent-up aggressiveness against him. Furthermore, societies in the Third World may one day be created that do not have the same relations of domination as the First and Second Worlds, and hence would by their example jeopardize these relations. Marcuse is thinking of Cuba, China, and North Vietnam.

Foreign policy flows from peculiar domestic considerations as it does under "the classical concept of imperialism"; but in the light of Marcuse's alternative, these considerations are not narrowly economic. And where Marcuse used to think that the Enemy for America was Russia, he now transfers the designation to the Third World (without dismissing altogether the rivalries between America and Russia). "Is the Enemy still communism *per se*? I think not." We must say, however, that for Marcuse to continue to believe that we live in a period of "clear and present danger," he would have to see in the wars against the Third World the source of a possible nuclear war between the great powers. Unless, that is, the "clear and present danger" comes from elsewhere —the suicidal impulse. In a tentative but dark sentence, he says,

> If Freud's theory is correct, and the destructive impulse strives for the annihilation of the individual's own life no matter how long the "detour" via other lives and targets, then we may indeed speak of a suicidal tendency on a truly social scale, and the national and international play with total destruction may well have found a firm basis in the instinctual structure of individuals.

Let it be clear that Marcuse charges no conspiracy. He rejects the suggestion that those in power consciously follow this scheme for perpetuating their domination. In that regard Marcuse's picture of the world is somewhat less sinister than Orwell's. It is also more cloudy. On the one hand, Marcuse says that he does not refer to

> . . . individually experienced social needs, and consciously inaugurated policies; they may be thus experienced and inaugurated or they may not. I rather speak of *tendencies*, forces which can be identified by an analysis of the existing society and which assert themselves even if the policy makers are not aware of them. . . . These objective tendencies become manifest in . . . supraindividual needs and goals in the different social classes, pressure groups, and parties.

On the other hand, he says, "Social engineering, scientific management of enterprise and human relations, and manipulation of instinctual needs are practiced on the policy-making level and testify to the degree of awareness within the general blindness."

I do not think I understand Marcuse's meaning when he speaks of "objective tendencies" working independently of the conscious plans of the policy-makers. I do know that he feels he finds warrant for such a conception in the thought of Hegel and Marx on the philosophy of history: the meaning of developments is unknown to political actors, and becomes clear only after the pattern of action is completed. In Hegel and Marx, no reference is made to *unconscious* human motives: rather, political actors are seen as the playthings of some larger purpose, again not clearly named or defined. It would seem to me that all Marcuse accomplishes with these metaphysical ideas is to exonerate men from responsibility for their actions. At its most extreme, Marcuse's theory thus gives a lurid interpretation of the world while absolving those whose behavior supposedly makes the world open to a lurid interpretation. Even worse, if Marcuse is confronted with the charge that his description of American policy simply does not accord with the facts, he can too easily reply that he is not describing, he is interpreting. But where does that

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leave us? At the mercy of our feelings: we agree with Marcuse if we want to believe the worst, or we dismiss him because we cannot bear to believe the worst, though it may be true. I would say that the degree of deliberateness in, the nature of the intentions of, American policy is a matter of supreme importance. It should not be disposed of by reference to anything "supraindividual." Nor should we disable ourselves from perceiving that the most routine intentions may issue in the most awful consequences, so preposterous has the scale of political power become, and yet so closed off from the reality of what they do are the ordinary mortals who wield that power. It is satisfying to the imagination to believe that motives are commensurate with results; but that sadly or happily may not be the case. Just once Marcuse shows he is alert to this consideration. He says, ". . . the affluent society itself hardly notices what it is doing. . . ."

BUT HOWEVER adequate we may find Marcuse's analysis of the "clear and present danger," we must go on to see what he has to say on the conditions that help to keep the danger alive. Why do people put up with a structure of power that is so malign in its deeds and so portentous in its future possibilities? What is the life lived in advanced industrial society?

In brief, Marcuse's answer, often repeated, is that advanced industrial society "delivers the goods" for those who inhabit it. There is an astonishing standard of living for most of the people. From their point of view, the system works, life has never been better, life must keep on getting even better. The goose that lays the golden eggs should not be killed. The capitalist capacity to produce far exceeds the limits set it by Marx. The working classes have not become progressively more miserable. The reverse is true. That would seem a sufficient answer.

But Marcuse is not willing to rest there. In *One-Dimensional Man*, and elsewhere, he undertakes to expose the falseness of mass contentment. He wants to show that the goods delivered are, some of them at least, false goods; that the goods give false satisfaction; that underneath the satisfaction are terrible but repressed impulses; and that if the proper alternative to capitalism were to emerge, there could be real goods, real satisfaction, and few if any terrible impulses that had to be repressed. "There can be societies which are much worse—there are such societies today." But the affluent society is more than bad enough (even leaving aside its cost to those outside it), and in comparison to what it could be—the only philosophically valid standard—it is systematically evil.

If Marcuse's vision of the international situation is nearly Orwellian, his vision of the domestic situation in advanced industrial society approaches that of Aldous Huxley in *Brave New World*. Marcuse makes much of planned obsolescence, waste, superfluous gadgets and luxuries, bloated abundance. These are the false goods. The indictment is familiar. Familiar though it is, it can stand repetition. And Marcuse dwells on the horror of sustaining such an expense of matter in a waste of shame. There is the pollution of the environment, the depletion of the inheritance of resources. And yet more awful, "The still prevailing impoverishment of vast areas of the world is no longer due chiefly to the poverty of human and natural resources but to the manner in which they are distributed and utilized." The contrast of overindulgence and underdevelopment is morally abhorrent. On these subjects, Marcuse speaks directly and eloquently to the affluent conscience. (One can say this, however, and still think that the envisaged redistribution of the world's wealth, if ever it could take place, would still leave enormous numbers uncared for, and create new problems of material sufficiency of a Malthusian sort.) A curse is on the bread we eat. May it be that none should be full unless all are? Marcuse helps to remind us, at a minimum, of the unconscious cruelty of health in the face of misery.

But I think, for all that, that Marcuse has overlooked some things in his rush to condemn. Are most of the goods false? Does not Marcuse grossly exaggerate the quantities at the disposal of the large majority in the affluent society? I do not speak of the poor, only of the great mass neither rich nor poor; say, 70 per cent of the whole. They live in luxury compared with most other people now alive or who have ever lived. But do they live in such a way that no obstacles stand in the way of a full realization of their will? Is it a matter of having every fancy, whim, caprice catered to? Is it not rather a matter of having a few more things than one needs; perhaps a few more things than one wants; a few things that one would not miss if one were to lose them? The society as a whole is affluent beyond the fantasies of early utopia. But look at the daily life of the millions. How much really could be taken away without the return of a stingy bleakness? Marcuse hates "healthy and robust poverty, moral cleanliness, and simplicity." But he thinks that a substantial diminution in the standard of living would only amount to a "reduction of overdevelopment." Surely that is a miscalculation.

Then, too, some portion of the wealth has gone into more education and the spread of culture throughout the society. Marcuse takes a complex view of this phenomenon: I shall come to it shortly. It is sufficient to say at this point that affluence has made possible a qualitative change in the level of awareness, of sophistication, of cultivation. This is not all, or mostly, an increase in shallowness or glibness. It is not all vulgarity. The cultural goods are not typically false, and huge sums of money are spent on them. Marcuse

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makes the admission grudgingly: ". . . wide access to the traditional culture, and especially to its authentic *oeuvres*, is better than the retention of cultural privileges for a limited circle on the basis of wealth and birth." From this wider access has come the youthful rebelliousness in which Marcuse now places so much trust.

Lastly, there is an aesthetic argument for denying that the goods are false. The affluent society has its own unique and novel beauty. There has never been as much sensory richness as there is today, never as much facility of movement and connection, never as much remoteness from nature, never as much fluidity and plasticity, never as much rapidity of alteration in the surface of life, never as many temptations, never as many capacities, never as much actual surrealism, never as many breathtaking juxtapositions, never as many possibilities of experience. Marcuse knows it. These achievements are ". . . tokens of human ingenuity and power beyond the traditional limits of imagination." He concedes that "the willful play with fantastic possibilities, the ability to act with good conscience, *contra naturam*, to experiment with men and things, to convert illusion into reality and fiction into truth, testify to the extent to which Imagination has become an instrument of progress." But all Marcuse sees is abuse of these powers, the "obscene merger of aesthetics and reality." "It is with a new ease that terror is assimilated with normality, and destructiveness with construction." This judgment will not do. To say that the aesthetic defense of the affluent society is not sufficient is not to say that an aesthetic argument is irrelevant. Indeed, the aesthetic argument is more consolation than defense. But the affluent society has conquered regions of experience hitherto unknown or unexplored. The human record has been added to, in defiance of the pessimism of "eternal recurrence." There is something new under the sun, which only advanced industrial society has made possible. It is the over-rich soil in which beautiful, horrible flowers have grown. Without that soil, no flowers like these. Sometimes decadence has an unimpeachable fineness. If Norman Mailer, our best poet of technology, has done nothing else, he has made us understand that.

We must now ask why Marcuse thinks the goods give false satisfaction. The answer is that people are *manipulated* into wanting and liking what they buy; and into wanting more and more insatiably. The entire instinctual basis of people is formed for them; and it is formed in such a way as to make consumption compulsive, irrational, and inhuman. Marcuse lays great stress on the role of the mass media in constantly arousing desire, teasing it into renewed dissatisfaction, and sending it on the vain search for lasting satisfaction. Profits depend on this steady Tantalus-like pattern. And not just the profits of this or that interest, but the profitability of the system as a whole. The chase for goods keeps the people enslaved to the prevailing structure of domination. "We may distinguish both true and false needs. 'False' are those which are superimposed upon the individual by particular social interests in his repression: the needs which perpetuate toil, aggressiveness, misery and injustice." Whatever else may or may not be the result of conscious effort on the part of the leaderships, the maintenance of men in bondage to consumption is most definitely so.

I DO NOT know how one settles the issue Marcuse has raised. We know about the pervasiveness of advertising, conspicuous consumption, the wildly trivial forms consumer sovereignty takes. We know that titanic energies go into the packaging and marketing of goods, into making people think that great differences exist among products that are substantially the same. We know that we memorize jingles, and jest in the slogans thought up by highly paid traffickers in human irrationality. We love our brands, while knowing we are conned. But is that the whole story, or even the important part?

I would suggest that Marcuse has perhaps taken the racket too seriously. I find he makes no reference to empirical studies on the actual impact of manipulative efforts on the minds of those allegedly manipulated. How does Marcuse know that the masses are taken in? Has he not accorded the media the awe they claim for themselves, without trying to ascertain whether or not they deserve it? I also find no reference to the powerful cynicism that is so marked a trait of American life. Marcuse wants too desperately to believe the worst. Furthermore, I think that Marcuse has failed to distinguish between manipulated wants and wants that would, as it were, naturally arise in any society that had a fair amount of money in its pockets. Men do not have to be manipulated into taking pleasure in consumption. The love of objects, of novelty, of convenience, of foolish expenditure is not a creation of advanced industrial society. The consumer's paradise is an age-long dream. Disgusting it is in some of its more extreme manifestations; but it is the paradise most men crave. Once some approximation of it has been attained, men will live in it gladly. Those outside would seize it, if it were offered, and not ask too many questions. What has held this country of immigrants together if not the fact that it is so truly in congruence with universal aspiration? Prosperity kills many fine things, but does so not through artifice.

The consumer's paradise is not a violation of human instincts. But some deliberate alternative to it would be. Think of the Chinese example. In the abstract, a case could perhaps be made for such violation, but violation it still would be. There is no cause for amazement, no need to look for complicated explanations of American behav-

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ior. It is in continuity with all human striving. Once basic needs are satisfied, other needs are felt; and if they too are satisfied, they come to be felt as basic themselves. The very satisfaction of needs generates new needs. The only way of quieting the dynamism of the appetites is to live in a meager world that forecloses all hope of material change, or to make the world one Sparta: permanent poverty or universal terror.

But what of the human cost? The people have ". . . innumerable choices, innumerable gadgets which are all of the same sort and keep them occupied and divert their attention from the real issue—which is the awareness that they could both work less and determine their own needs and satisfactions." Much labor is idiotic, alienated, boring, repetitive. Reality is determined by the "performance principle." It creates deep unhappiness and resentment; it promotes feelings of aggressiveness. It is all the more unforgivable because it goes to sustain needless consumption. Though consumption is not perceived as needless, owing to manipulation, the nature of the labor done *is* perceived for what it is. And even manipulated consumption in the affluent society does not suffice to reconcile men to their labor. Yet they must labor. The system will not support them otherwise; the capitalist economy cannot function in any other way. It perpetuates an excessive need for labor.

> The system reacts by stepping up the production of goods and services which either do not enlarge individual consumption at all, or enlarge it with luxuries—luxuries in the face of persistent poverty, but luxuries which are necessities for occupying a labor force sufficient to reproduce the established economic and political institutions. To the degree to which this sort of work appears as superfluous, senseless, and unnecessary while necessary for earning a living, frustration is built into the very productivity of this society, and aggressiveness is activated.

Because the aggressiveness is satisfied vicariously for the most part, through machines rather than direct personal and physical contact, and because the machines are at the disposal of seemingly impersonal collectivities rather than individuals, aggressiveness is not truly satisfied after all. Under advanced capitalism, ". . . the more powerful and 'technological' aggression becomes, the less is it apt to satisfy and pacify the primary impulse, and the more it tends toward repetition and escalation."

Marcuse's psychological description is internally coherent. As a display of imaginative power it is stunning. But how true is it? Grant that many workers dislike or hate their labor; do they feel it as senseless, or as greatly in excess of the requirements for maintaining a decent life? Do they feel that they are paying a high and unnecessary cost? Does aggressiveness then build up as the direct result of this feeling? Or does it come about for other causes, some intrinsic to man, some intrinsic to all labor, some intrinsic to industrial life under any system of political economy, some intrinsic to mass society under any system of political economy, some intrinsic to civilized life under any system of political economy? The conclusion seems irresistible: the elimination of capitalism would not eliminate the mortal play of aggressive impulses. As long as men must labor, frustration and aggressiveness are inevitable. Indeed, the elimination of labor may make the problem of aggressiveness worse. Marcuse says, ". . . the 'abolition of labor' does not seem to be the problem of the future, but rather how to avoid the abolition of labor. . . ." The specter is *boredom*. Marcuse seems to see boredom as a problem only for the future of societies as we know them. I think this is an illicit circumscription. In any case, to talk of the elimination of labor, or even a drastic reduction of it, is beside the point. The material problems of the world will demand labor for as long a time as we can foresee.

All in all, I believe that Marcuse's attempt to undermine the legitimacy of mass contentment in the consumer society is largely unsuccessful. There is too much plain assertion, too much easy pessimism, too many tenuous connections in the development of the argument. The deficiencies peculiar to capitalism, though great, are in my opinion minor when compared to the terrors of modern life: the existence of nation-states, the existence of nuclear weapons, the growth in population, the misery of great numbers of people, the desecration of the environment in behalf of mere survival, the perniciousness of some technological tendencies, the powers and problems that accrue to ordinary human beings who must be extraordinarily good if they are to be adequate. At one point Marcuse acknowledges the obvious: ". . . even the most authentic socialist society would inherit the population growth and the mass basis of advanced capitalism." But he is not stayed by this observation. He hurries on. Capitalism intensifies some of these problems, just as it alleviates others. It has evils besides, which Marcuse does not explore. But it is not the Enemy he is looking for. Beyond that, the expanded political-economic concept of advanced industrial society does not locate the Enemy. By using it, Marcuse does not demonstrate with a large enough degree of certainty that there is an unbreakable tie between the internal structure of America and little or nuclear wars, or between it and an impulse toward mass suicide.

All that I say could be right, however, and still not touch upon the other aspect of Marcuse's indictment. Advanced industrial society is preponderantly evil not only for the harm it does but also for the good it prevents. Its knowledge and

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wealth are used, at least partly deliberately, to block the creation of a great good, the Good Life. The Good Life could be had, or efforts toward reaching it could be made, if the present system did not stand in the way. Marcuse has a utopian vision to go with his apocalyptic vision. His writings contain the extremes of affirmation as well as of negation. We should look briefly at what he loves. The major texts are *Eros and Civilization* and *An Essay on Liberation.*

Marcuse thinks that a demand for specific blueprints of the new society is meaningless. The new society will be created by liberated men, and no one can prophesy how they will create. It is more profitable to determine what is *not* conducive to a free and rational society than to determine its content in advance. Still, Marcuse is willing to anticipate in a tentative manner. He is convinced that the rational use of techniques and resources on a global scale would end "poverty and scarcity within a very foreseeable future." But that is only a beginning, and the goal is not reached with the addition of workers' controls over the means of production. Domination and exploitation would remain in the form of a "bureaucratic welfare state." The world has advanced, however, to the point where the means are on hand not only to do away with poverty and scarcity, and with inequalities of power, but also with "surplus repression." A genuinely free life is potentially available to all. The improvement of life is only a step on the way to the transformation of life.

The transformation of life would consist in the creation of an aesthetic reality, a reality in which relations between men and men and between men and things are permeated with the erotic, though not in the sense of genital sexuality. Sexuality would be less intense but more diffuse: it would be "polymorphous." There would be an increase in the feminization of life. There would be a "pacification of life." The image of man is ". . . the determinate negation of Nietzsche's superman: man intelligent enough and healthy enough to dispense with all heros [*sic*] and heroic virtues, man without the impulse to live dangerously, to meet the challenge; man with the good conscience to make life an end-in-itself, to live in joy a life without fear." In the eighth chapter of *Eros and Civilization,* "The Images of Orpheus and Narcissus," Marcuse produces his most beautiful passages, climaxed by this cry:

> The Orphic Eros transforms being: he masters cruelty and death through liberation. His language is *song,* and his work is *play.* Narcissus' life is that of *beauty,* and his existence is *contemplation.* These images refer to the *aesthetic dimension* as the one in which their reality principle must be sought and validated.

Art would no longer be a separate segment of life, more beautiful than life, condemning life by its beauty while consoling men with its beauty. The art would be the life. Imagination would exhaust itself in conduct and in material creation, and not seek refuge in the intangible, the abstract, and the unrealizable. Art as we know it would be abolished because reality as we know it would be abolished.

Marcuse respects certain limits. In his critique of Norman O. Brown (originally published in COMMENTARY*), he insists that some kind of property must exist in the good society; that human otherness cannot be wholly effaced, and that Brown is wrong to dream of its effacement; that pleasure cannot be conceived of as a constant state:

> To be sure, *alle Lust will Ewigkeit,* but this Eternity can only be that of ever returning *moments* of joy, of the ever-returning solution of tension. Tension can be made nonaggressive, nondestructive, but it can never be eliminated, because (Freud knew it well) its elimination would be death. . . .

Elsewhere he goes so far as to say that " 'Alienation' is the constant and essential element of identity . . . and not, as it is made to appear today, a disease, a psychological condition." But these remarks do not detract much from Marcuse's joyous affirmation.

TO THOSE who have read him, especially among the young, Marcuse's utopianism may very well be the element they find most compelling. Imprecise though it may be, this utopianism catches the often unuttered longings of many hearts. It is not for me to take issue with another man's utopia, or to try to persuade those under its influence to forsake it. All that would be a futile endeavor, even if I were inclined to make it. The only question it is seemly to ask is: Does Marcuse's utopia prefigure a reality attainable if the present reality were somehow dismantled, or is it only a utopia? I ask a political question. As we have seen, part of Marcuse's indictment is that a great good is now blocked. If Marcuse's definition of that great good were only an impossible fantasy, some of the force of Marcuse's indictment would be lost. Room would of course be left for other definitions. But for our discussion they do not count.

The heart of the matter is whether the world could ever have the material basis to sustain the quality of life Marcuse desires. Are there the resources? Would so little labor be required that large amounts of "free time" would be at the people's disposal? That is, can poverty and scarcity be abolished for everyone in the world, and abolished despite a shortening of the work-day? Such questions cannot be answered, even roughly, without much more scientific inquiry than Marcuse or anyone else has made. These are the questions Marcuse forces on his reader. They cannot be met with mere assertion or with wishful

* "Love Mystified," February 1967.

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thinking. I certainly cannot answer them myself. But my suspicion is that if global political and economic arrangements were more rational, some small progress in the alleviation of the poverty and scarcity of the Third World, and of sectors in the other two, could be made. But it would be made at the expense of the majority in the more advanced portions of the earth. And it could not be made if labor-time were cut. I feel sure that Marcuse has grossly inflated the potentialities of science and technology. Or, to put it the other way, he has grossly underestimated the actual misery of the world, the intractability of its most elemental problems. I am simply reinforcing the points I tried to make when discussing Marcuse's analysis of the relations between the Third World and the rest of the world, and of the standard of living in advanced industrial society.

Marcuse's optimism is supported by two considerations. The first is faith in automation; the second is the view that the good life could be had without the kind of abundance now supposedly present in the advanced parts of the world. For Marcuse, automation means that mental energy will almost completely replace physical energy in the processes of production: "The workers would cease to be the 'principal agents' of material production, and become its 'supervisors and regulators.' " It may be that the need for physical labor will decrease significantly in the industrial sector. But what about the other sectors? More important, would mental and supervisory work be free from tensions and frustrations? Would it take up appreciably less time than work now does? Marcuse vacillates before these questions. At times he says that any sort of labor, except artistic and philosophical labor, must be alienated, must be unfree and unsatisfactory. The aim is to lessen it as much as possible, and reserve liberation for free-time. At other times he distinguishes between labor and work (non-alienated labor). Work can become play, and the imperative to lessen work as much as possible vanishes. "Thus it is the purpose and not the content which marks an activity as play or work. A transformation in the instinctual structure . . . would entail a change in the instinctual value of the human activity *regardless of its content*." But I think he vacillates between equally unsatisfactory conjectures. The conjecture of greatly lessened labor-time does not square with the necessities of material production. The conjecture of the transformation of work into play does not square with the near certainty that whatever the spirit in which work is done, work will remain work, and rarely become play.

Similarly, he vacillates on the question of abundance:

> The material as well as mental resources of civilization are still so limited that there must be a vastly lower standard of living if social productivity were redirected toward the universal gratification of individual needs: many would have to give up manipulated comforts if all were to live a human life. . . . The reconciliation between pleasure and reality principle does not depend on the existence of abundance for all.

Yet he also says, "Non-repressive order is essentially an order of *abundance*: the necessary constraint is brought about by 'superfluity' rather than need. Only an order of abundance is compatible with freedom." I do not find that he ever decides the issue for himself. I think he is caught in a self-defeating cycle: there can be no liberation without abundance, but there can be no abundance without alienation. The means for abundance hurt the ends for which abundance is itself the means. Talk about the possibility of liberation without abundance seems to me radically inconsistent. Talk about non-alienated work seems to me terribly unrealistic.

THE *Soviet system is worse in actuality, but better in potentiality.* The major text on this theme is *Soviet Marxism.* To read it is to understand why theoreticians in the Soviet bloc *ought* to loathe Marcuse. The few pronouncements of theirs I have seen, however, are off the mark. They claim that Marcuse's point is that the capitalist and Communist systems will one day "converge," and must do so because they are essentially two variants of the same thing: industrial economy. Now it is true that Marcuse thinks that the Soviet bloc could very well come to the same end as the Western system; but he would also seem to think that the more natural tendency would be for the Soviet system to develop in a more acceptable direction than the West. Indeed, it would take a calculated and monstrous act of will on the part of the Soviet leadership to choke off that tendency. They may wish to make that act, and they may succeed. It is impossible to say with any certainty. But Marcuse is convinced that conditions are more favorable in the East than in the West for the coming of a liberated society.

But the actuality under Lenin, Stalin, and their successors is something else again. It is worse than the West. Quite simply, "With all its limitations and distortions, democratic tolerance is under all circumstances more humane than an institutionalized intolerance which sacrifices the rights and liberties of the living generations for the sake of future generations." And,

> Still, for the administered individual, pluralistic administration is far better than total administration. One institution might protect him against the other; one organization might mitigate the impact of the other; possibilities of escape and redress can be calculated. The rule of law, no matter how restricted, is still infinitely safer than rule above or without law.

And, the culture of Eastern Europe under social-

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ism is "gray-on-gray." Speaking on a specific matter, Marcuse says that the Soviet invasion of Czechoslovakia is a "brutal expression" of Soviet power policy, and "one of the most reprehensible acts in the history of Socialism."

In addition to these remarks, there is the thorough analysis in *Soviet Marxism*. What is amazing about this book is that it is a proving-ground for the arguments Marcuse later turns against advanced industrial society in *One-Dimensional Man*. There is of course no step-by-step repetition of the pattern. The many differences between systems would preclude that. The American system is far more affluent; its history is significantly dissimilar; its institutional life rests on other norms; it is capable of a more aggressive foreign policy; its global influence is altogether greater. Though the two systems share some qualities, especially some evils, the fact is each has some peculiar evils. Or, they pervert the same sorts of things differently.

If language is vulgarized, made into an instrument of public lies, infected by the manipulations of the behavioral sciences, and enslaved to empirical reality in the West, it is changed into magic, into ritual incantation in the East. The Soviets systematically confuse what is with what ought to be: they speak as if what is, is already what ought to be. If Western reality destroys art by exceeding it in everyday reality, and by spreading it cheaply to the masses, Soviet "socialist realism" kills off the power of art to challenge imperfect reality. If the West subjects men to the bondage of unnecessary labor in order to preserve the power structure, the Soviets hold out the promise of a society in which all men are converted into technicians and engineers, and thus renege on the hopes of Marxist humanism. The Soviet "competitive work morality" is proclaimed "with a rigidity surpassing that of bourgeois morality." Common to both systems is the spread of the idea that security is better than freedom. Common to both systems is the "socialization of privacy," where the private space of the individual is invaded by the noise, the clamor, the oppressive values of the mass. More strongly present in the Soviet system is the "politicalization of ethics," which means that the realm of the individual conscience is repressed, and replaced by the authority of centralized leadership. By doing that, by trying to cancel the very possibility of a conflict between the individual and the state, the Soviets threaten to end "dual morality," and with it, "an entire period of civilization."

It is a staggering indictment. And one would think that having said all this, Marcuse would simply write off the Soviet bloc. But he clings to hope. The main source of his hope turns out to be the main source of his fear: the international rivalry between the two power blocs. Marcuse's reasoning is complex. Its premise is that "The history of Soviet society seems to be fatefully linked to that of its antagonist." The peril, real or imagined or invented, from the Soviet Union has made the West stronger and more cohesive. It has allowed the growth of a war economy and thus saved capitalism from its inner weaknesses. It has facilitated the spread of American control over the capitalist economies of other Western countries. It has given America its Enemy. At the same time, the Western threat strengthens the entrenched bureaucracies in the Soviet system, by giving them a pretext for keeping power totalitarian and for diverting productivity to military uses, and away from a free, or more free, life. But there are pressures in the Soviet Union to "catch up" with the West: the pressures come from quasi-Marxist ideology, and from the desire to show that state socialism is superior to advanced capitalism. The very "backwardness" of the Soviet economy militates against expenditures for waste and destruction. The nationalized economy offers fewer obstacles to a rational economy. But to catch up, the Soviets must try to thaw the cold war, and therefore lay the basis for greatly increased civilian productivity. And by trying to thaw the cold war, the Soviets also contribute to the undermining of the Western system. The Western system would be undermined by internal economic contradictions, which would be heightened in conditions of peace, and by the "contagion" of successful socialism. But there is nothing in Marcuse's analysis to suggest that he thinks the West will cooperate in its own demise: ". . . as long as the East-West conflict remains a determining economic and political factor, it precludes the decisive transformation. . . ." Because of the weight of the international situation, Marcuse calls his hopes for the Soviet system "eschatological" and "utopian." He nevertheless feels he must utter them.

The only comment I wish to make about Marcuse's indictment of the Soviet system is that for all its harshness, it may not be harsh enough. It seems to me that in his allocation of blame for the existence of a totalitarian system in the Soviet bloc, he overplays the role of the West. I have no doubt that the Western threat has been, and still is, perceived as genuine. But how important has this threat been as a cause of totalitarianism? How important is it to the continuation of totalitarianism? Is there any evidence for believing that the Soviet system would become more civilized if it had less dangerous enemies? Is there not some inner momentum that accounts for the totalitarian record? Surely state and party controls have always been far in excess of the security needs of the Soviet system. Surely cruelty has been made normal. By now, may it not be that totalitarianism has become ingrained, and that no change in the international situation would seriously alter it?

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THE *systems are not self-correcting.* It must be obvious from all that we have seen so far that Marcuse does not believe that peaceful evolution will lead to the elimination of radical evil or to the introduction of real good. To the contrary, the prospects are that eventually the evil will become even greater: the thrust to war is the natural thrust of established society. And the presence of spurious good, and its likely growth, help to ward off the emergence of real good. To say it again, both West and East are implicated in the horror, though not quite equally.

Without violent alteration, Marcuse sets very narrow limits to what can be done merely to ameliorate life, to achieve a net increase in unambiguous good. He does not adhere to the view that *in all cases* the worse things get, the better the chances for revolutionary upheaval. He is aware that unexpected crisis in America may, without prior enlightenment and organization, lead to an even worse life than the one we have now: ". . . the most immediate force of rebellion may be defeated, or become the mass basis of counterrevolution." No, real suffering could very well be stopped by the peaceful workings of the two systems. In America, poverty could be abolished, and the opposition may finally end the war in Vietnam; and certain humanistic values could be taken care of. In Russia, a reduction in personal private unhappiness could be achieved. All these things are positive advantages: only a nihilist could think otherwise. But the systems can go no farther. The cost of their benefits is insanely exorbitant.

If it were only a matter of the leaderships, and of vested minority interests, the situation would be a good deal less frightening. But it is Marcuse's cardinal point that the masses in both nations accept their systems. If the Soviet system is totalitarian in the conventional sense, it still is true that terror does not by itself hold the system together. It is possible that repressions from above may meet repression from below. "The Soviet system would then repeat and reproduce that determinism which Marx attributed to the basic processes of capitalist society."

In America, and potentially in other Western capitalist societies, the process of acceptance is more thorough. Marcuse speaks of a new sense of the word "totalitarianism" which applies to America. "For 'totalitarian' is not only a terroristic political coordination of society, but also a non-terroristic economic-technical coordination which operates through the manipulation of needs by vested interests." We have already dwelt on Marcuse's analysis of the way in which instincts and mind are controlled in advanced industrial society. We must now see why he thinks such control is so pervasive that "totalitarian" is suitable to describe it.

There is a growing passivity of the materially satisfied people. But ". . . there is at the same time a growing dependence of the elected leaders on the electorate which is constituted by a public opinion shaped by the predominant political and economic interests. Their dominion appears as that of productive and technological rationality." The social machine works so smoothly that it would be mistaken to think that the great mass must make a conscious effort of adjustment. "Mass production and mass distribution claim the *entire* individual. . . . The result is not adjustment but *mimesis*: an immediate identification of the individual with *his* society and, through it, with society as a whole." The social bonds of primitivity reappear at the highest level of technical sophistication. While the role of the stern father has declined in the family, other authorities also assume a bland exterior. When they are not hidden they appear all too publicly to retain their aura. Because authorities are depersonalized, they no longer provoke and punish the desire to revolt. The individual ego ". . . has shrunk to such a degree that the multiform antagonistic processes between id, ego, and superego cannot unfold themselves in their classic form." The majority is ". . . 'closed,' petrified; it repels 'a priori' any change other than changes within the system." Only the universities are reformable from within. By practicing "repressive tolerance," democracy "would appear to be the most efficient system of domination." Intolerance is felt only by those marginal groups that actively threaten the system. Those who are merely critical or eccentric are tolerated, and for good reason: they strengthen the system by making it appear that the system is more humane and more open to change than it really is. They provide diversion and entertainment for the mass. The worst aspect of "repressive tolerance" is that the great majority tolerate the system which, unknown to them as manipulated creatures, threatens and deprives them. Marcuse is trying to show that the very things on which the democratic system most prides itself work to the most deadly effect. The background conditions of inequality and legal violence deprive freedom of its substance, and make it largely formal—a charade. All is infected at the source, and appears in a distorted or perverted form.

If one were to confine oneself to the evil of nuclear war, one could probably agree with Marcuse, and say that a peaceful evolution to a world free of nuclear peril is not likely. On that score, there is ample warrant for the deepest despair; the systems do not seem to be self-correcting. (Who can imagine any way out? There is no precedent for our danger.) But on other matters, is it right to think that America, anyway, is incapable of some changes beyond the limits set by Marcuse's analysis? He did not—no one else did either—predict the civil-rights movement, the peace movement, the urge to more participatory democracy, the youthful cultural revolution, the

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radicalization of the young. All these things he praises after the fact; and only very recently has his praise become warm.

More than that, these things have arisen out of the same conditions that Marcuse finds ripe only for a new totalitarianism. He never traces the origins of what he admires. He loves the dialectic, but he has never applied it to middle-class life. If these late developments are not organically related to the middle class, whence have they come? They have come from affluence, from middle-class domesticity, from middle-class liberalism, from the new instruments of mass culture. They have not been imposed from without. They are not simply defiance or rejection: nothing as mechanical as that. The middle class has prepared the way for them both by its shortcomings and by its strengths. And as no one predicted their coming, so no one can predict their destination. Who knows what the future holds for American culture? Things may get worse, but they may get better. And the worse and the better may be symbiotically dependent. I do not see how, at this time, the maxim, *plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*, could possibly be taken as the key to the future. Now, less than ever. The rigidity of Marcuse's theory is truly oppressive.

REVOLUTION *may be justifiable.* Revolution, in Marcuse's opinion, is necessary if the time is to be redeemed. This is a preliminary proposition. It does not necessarily follow that revolution is justifiable: the evil of violence may be even greater than the evil of acquiescence. Revolution not only kills, uproots, corrupts, breaks ties with the past, and removes good with bad; it also is unpredictable in its effects. It may fail. To say, therefore, that revolution may be justifiable is to take a further step. Only after an anguished examination, and one that is, in the nature of the case, highly speculative, can one be prepared to hazard the contention that revolution may be justifiable.

Marcuse undertakes the anguished examination, and, I believe, concludes that revolution may be justifiable. To put it better: Marcuse seems to believe that revolution is morally justifiable in the abstract, despite its awfulness. He nowhere makes the flat assertion; but I do not see how any other inference can be drawn. At the very least, his sympathies are strongly with all forces seeking a break with the present. The main text is an essay called "Ethics and Revolution," and there are some relevant passages in "Repressive Tolerance." When writing on this subject, Marcuse is free from a historicism that would sanction any atrocity in the name of progress. He drops his Marxism—to put it crudely and ungenerously—and speaks like a bourgeois rationalist. The argument is painstaking, and contains, as it must, a perplexed and unsteady movement.

He takes it for granted that in the Third World, revolution against oppressive regimes is not morally problematic: the evil endured is too palpable for any alternative to be worse. As far as Russia is concerned, the scale of the revolution would be smaller. He says, ". . . the ruling strata are themselves separable from the productive process—that is, they are replaceable without exploding the basic institutions of society." But the transition to a free society would still have to come about by revolutionary means, "even on the foundation of a fully nationalized and planned economy."

His main argument deals with revolution in America and Western Europe. "The proposition 'the end justifies the means' is indeed, as a general statement, intolerable—but so is, as a general statement, its negation." Marcuse lets that tension dominate his thought. He is aware that if all life is held sacred, the entire revolutionary enterprise is morally indefensible. But he seems unwilling to make the injunction against the taking of life into an absolute. He takes refuge in the fact that historically men have not acted on the principle of the sacredness of life. Furthermore, the established order sacrifices life daily. Would the lives lost in revolution be more than those lost in the normal operations of the established order? Yet the calculus of sacrifice is "inhuman." It is odious to quantify death, and lesser suffering. But what other method of reasoning is possible?

Then, too, it is certain that the established order not only works intolerable evil, it also forecloses the attainment of positive good. Should not that positive good be included in the calculus? "What seems to me most important in the European New Left is the deep conviction that unless a socialist society is *essentially* different from the established society, no matter how good it may be it is not worth fighting for." Yet the comparison of present evil and future good is just as odious as the comparison of the sacrifice exacted by the present and that exacted by the forces working for the future.

> These considerations can never justify the exacting of different sacrifices and different victims on behalf of a future better society, but they do allow weighing the costs involved in the perpetuation of an existing society against the risk of promoting alternatives which offer a reasonable chance of pacification and liberation.

But no revolutionary situation can justify "arbitrary violence, cruelty, and indiscriminate terror." These means kill the ends for which revolution is made. The Soviets went beyond the rational requirement for coercion: the Moscow trials, the permanent terror, the concentration camps, and the dictatorship of the party over the working classes cannot be justified. Yet where would civilization be without such violent movements as the English Civil War, and the American and French Revolutions? On balance, a rev-

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olutionary movement "would, in terms of the calculus, allow the presumption of historical justification." But that is only a presumption; and it is "subject to correction" as events unfold.

I think it could be rightly said that Marcuse has given us the more or less correct *form* that any argument in behalf of revolution must take. He has asked the right questions, and pondered the excruciating dilemmas. Two things, however, must be said. First, Marcuse's position is acceptable only if one accepts his premise that the prevailing system is in fact preponderantly evil, and is not self-correcting. This is an obvious point. Second, the notion of preponderant evil must itself be examined. It is my view that Marcuse gives too much weight to the good prevented in his moral calculus. I think that the old utilitarian precept that pain is the more important category than pleasure is sound; it means that the infliction of pain on some to give or enhance the pleasure of others is morally unacceptable. The proper reckoning is pain against pain, suffering against suffering—the suffering (present and future) under the present system weighed against the suffering created by violent revolution. Insofar as the good life means more than the absence of radical suffering, it cannot be used as a main reason to support revolution in the abstract. Involved in revolution are not small sufferings—inconveniences, annoyances, petty frustrations. Death and destruction are involved, not only for the "guilty" but for the innocent as well. The good life does not justify death and destruction, unsatisfactory though present life may be. Marcuse would have to confine himself to the comparison of pains if his argument, formally, were to be not more or less correct, but simply correct.

THERE *are emergent forces that give hope*. Central to Marcuse's concept of revolutionary action is that a revolution, to be morally acceptable, must be made by men who are, up to a point, already liberated. They must feel a vital need to live in a liberated society, and they must be free of present vested interests. In our time, revolutionary groups must, before they act, possess a consciousness of the possibility of a non-repressive existence:

> . . . the consciousness of this possibility, and the radical transvaluation of values which it demands, must guide the direction of such a change from the beginnings, and must be operative even in the construction of the technical and material base. Only in this sense is the idea of a gradual abolition of repression the *a priori* of social change—in all other respects, it can only be the consequence.

Without such a prior liberation the system will go on as those who control it want it to; or it will be overturned by men who bear the deforming characteristics of the system they overturn, and thus be replaced by a new system of oppression. Revolution demands organization, but if it is to achieve a morally acceptable result, it cannot be the work of an elite who are only the reverse image of the masters, and who manipulate an unprepared, an unfree mass. The revolutionaries need not, however, be a majority: "Once the chain is broken, the majority would be in a state of flux, and, released from the past management, free to judge the new government in terms of the new common interest." Marcuse concedes that there has never been a revolution in accordance with the pattern he sets out.

Until fairly recently Marcuse saw little reason to hope. *One-Dimensional Man* was written by a man who "vacillated" between despair over the imperviousness of the systems in the East and West, and in the Third World as well, to qualitative change, and the tendencies that moved toward breaking the domination. Actually the predominant tone of the book was pessimistic. So much was dependent on events in advanced industrial society; yet the rigidity was greatest there. In a forlorn conclusion he referred to the "substratum of the outcasts and outsiders, the exploited and persecuted of other races and other colors, the unemployed and the unemployable." He failed to see in any of them a revolutionary consciousness.

But since that time his hopes have risen. They have risen with the Vietnam war: both the resistance of the Vietcong and the North Vietnamese and the radicalization of American youth have encouraged him. (The events of May 1968 in France took place after the composition of his last book, *An Essay on Liberation*.) I do not know of any writing in which Marcuse discusses the Cultural Revolution in China, but I would be surprised if that, too, did not contribute to the diminishment of his gloom. He is now prepared, in any case, to join a number of elements and see in them a considerable revolutionary potentiality—though he certainly makes no prediction of ultimate success. Among these elements are: 1) the national liberation movements; 2) the new strategy of the labor movement in Europe; 3) the underprivileged (but especially the activated blacks) in the affluent society; and 4) the "oppositional intelligentsia" in the Western world.

It is evident that in his new hope, Marcuse places the greatest emphasis where he has always placed it: on developments in advanced industrial society. The other elements are, in the long run, more important. They after all comprise millions of men. But I think Marcuse is saying that they must await the proper conditions in America, especially. The "oppositional intelligentsia" of this country are the indispensable "catalytic" agent. In the forefront of the oppositional intelligentsia are the students.

In Marcuse's eyes students are not themselves the revolutionary class—there can be no revolution without the workers—but its prefigurement.

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They answer, however, to the requirements Marcuse holds out for a revolutionary class: they are, or are on the way to becoming, liberated. Their very instincts rebel against the manipulation and overdevelopment of life in advanced industrial society. In their language, their music, their dress, and their consciousness, they have broken with the society in which they live. Their clownishness is itself weighted with philosophical meaning. They are, as it were, biologically different, new; "protest and refusal are parts of their metabolism." Marcuse even extends his indulgence to the intrusion of politics into the university, the one domain he had hitherto held sacred.

At the beginning of the present youth movement Marcuse was skeptical. The "hot" and the "cool" life, though liberating to those who led them, were vehicles "of stabilization and even conformity." They left "the roots of the evil untouched"; and they testified "to the personal liberties that are practicable within the framework of general oppression." Worse, private release weakened the intellect and thus prevented the perception of the terror of the whole system. Liberation should express itself as *greater self-repression*. But from roughly 1966 on, Marcuse has changed. The conversion does not seem to stem only from a desperate urge to find something to believe in, but also from an engagement of affections and sympathies. To be sure, Marcuse still indicates that a purely private release from the prevailing standards leaves the system intact, even stronger. He is ironic about "the wild ones" and the "non-committed, the escapists into all kinds of mysticism, the good fools and the bad fools. . . ." He knows that liberation can become faddish pseudo-liberation or can be exploited by the market. But when personal liberation does not destroy political activism, as it may, but is joined to political activism, the ideal blend has been reached.

WHAT THEN is to be done? Should the oppositional intelligentsia strive for an "educational dictatorship," a "dictatorship of intellectuals"? Marcuse is tempted. He argues that an elite already rules, and that its replacement by another, non-repressive one would not make things worse. But he says that a terrible risk is involved. Dictatorship is dictatorship. To say that an educational dictatorship would not be more harmful than the present elite is to offer a "weak excuse" for it. ". . . The alternative to the established semi-democratic process is *not* a dictatorship or elite, no matter how intellectual and intelligent, but the struggle for a real democracy." The struggle for a real democracy means the struggle to break "the tyranny of public opinion and its makers in the closed society."

How then is that to be done? Marcuse advocates something he calls "liberating tolerance" or "discriminating tolerance," the contrasting terms to repressive tolerance. This includes the use of demonstrations, confrontations, extra-legal resistance, as well as the attempt to enlighten consciousness by teaching, writing, spreading the word. Words are deeds, deeds are words. The aim should be to deny tolerance to all advocacy of war and of the resistance to helping the poor, and to deny it by coercion. The distance between advocacy and act is so small today, that certain advocacies must be repressed, if their "clear and present danger" is not to materialize. Toleration is justified by the contribution it makes to the truth, where truth is defined as that which conduces to the pacification and amelioration of life. To permit the toleration of all views is to permit the toleration of untruth: there are not two sides to every question. To accept tolerance for the truth while permitting tolerance for untruth is, in the present, to accept the triumph of untruth over truth. The system is immeasurably stronger than its adversaries: it rests on an indoctrinated, unfree majority. The Left must slant information to break indoctrination. Of course, in some realms like private life, the academy, science, religion, there must be total tolerance. But not in the public realm. ". . . Within a repressive society, even progressive movements threaten to turn into their opposite to the degree to which they accept the rules of the game." And, "the democratic process . . . is discredited to such an extent that no part of it can be extracted which is not contaminated." Illegal and extra-parliamentary tactics are therefore morally defensible. And they alone can bring a shift in the prevailing distribution of power. A conspiracy does not exclude the Left from a powerful voice: it is simply too small and poor. It must make its impact in any way it can, in the hope that one day it will create a "subversive majority."

Marcuse's theory of toleration is the most notorious part of his work. Both for the way in which he reduces the system's tolerance to another and covert form of manipulation, and for the way in which he redesignates apparent intolerance as real tolerance, he has earned a reputation for verbal sleight of hand and, more seriously, for preaching the very totalitarianism he claims to hate. He is thought to contribute to a cynicism about one of the few unmistakably good features of contemporary life; a feature, furthermore, that has been bought with blood over the past three centuries. He adds defamation to injury when he seeks the cover of John Stuart Mill's *On Liberty* for views that Mill could not possibly have sanctioned. The case becomes all the more appalling when it is remembered that Marcuse is a refugee from a kind of systematic intolerance he has never had to face in the country that took him in and gave him refuge.

I think that the attack on Marcuse's theory is just. There have never been social conditions in which total toleration has been practiced that fit

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Marcuse's scheme. Mill disliked majority opinion in Victorian England no less than Marcuse dislikes our majority opinion. Mill saw in the power of custom as relentless a foe to liberation as Marcuse sees in the technological creation of the mass mind. Mill worried about the majority impulse to punish deviation as much as Marcuse does. Mill no more thought that the majority wanted to be liberated than Marcuse now does. Mill viewed his political system much as Marcuse views ours: Mill did not think that the English political system worked by impartial reason, but by the clash of equally partisan, selfish, and narrowminded interests, each with a fragment of the truth, but among whom, for all their passion, no truly radical disagreements were apparent. Mill wrote against the same background of inequality and legal violence that Marcuse does. All Mill sought was the sufferance of the homogeneous majority for the gifted minority. Though he did not value toleration only for its social utility, he did think that the gifted minority would make an indispensable contribution to progress.

I do not see how Marcuse can invoke Mill's name. As an abstract theory of toleration, which Mill's was, Marcuse's deserves the abuse it has received. It is laughable. But I think it must be said that because of the manner in which he has chosen to present his views, he has disguised his true intention. He writes about toleration when he really means to write about the moral justifiability of revolution against a democratic political order he does not really think democratic. And he writes, as I have said, with the burning conviction that we live in so dangerous a time that the established system cannot be allowed to continue much longer. Naturally, if he writes for an audience accustomed to revere the principle of toleration, he must weaken that principle in order to shed legitimacy on the illegal opposition. It is a matter of clumsy rhetorical strategy, not a matter of producing a philosophical treatise on the nature of toleration. If you think that there is a "clear and present danger" you will not care about toleration; if you do not think so, you will find Marcuse's theory of toleration sophistical.

It is a great burden, then, that Marcuse puts on the radical young. By their exertions they are to take a non-revolutionary but pre-revolutionary situation and bring it to a head. They are the vanguard. Their natural allies are the blacks. If automation and temporary peace combine to generate a crisis, then perhaps workers will be on their side. Perhaps the technicians will more and more feel the absurdity of the system which their skills keep going. In any case, for the great problems of the world to be faced, advanced industrial society must be profoundly altered. The Third World movements can come to fruition only if the capitalist order begins to disintegrate. "The chain of exploitation must break at its strongest link."

* * * *

MARCUSE GIVES us a vision of the modern world. It is not sufficient to score easy points off him, or to dismiss him as hysterical. He raises all the issues every conscientious man must care about. The only adequate answer to him is another vision. I do not have one. In concluding, all I can do is offer a few assertions to go with the criticisms I have made.

The deepest ills of the world—nuclear danger, overpopulation, human misery—do not come from affluent capitalism. The nuclear danger would exist no matter what the system of political economy was, as long as there were not a unitary world state. There are no revolutionary forces working to create such a state. The tension that aggravates the danger has little to do with capitalist economics, but rather derives from human interests and motivations that are not economic in nature. Affluent capitalism does not create overpopulation. Its waste would not be nearly enough to remedy the misery of the Third World. By tracing ills to affluent capitalism, Marcuse tries to prove them corrigible. They may not be corrigible. The world may be, probably is, in worse shape than even Marcuse says it is. In the face of its greatest problems, the whole world is blameless and hopeless.

On a lower level, there is no certainty that little wars must be perpetually fought. There are emergent tendencies—some of them praised by Marcuse—that may, just may, make a repetition of Vietnam unlikely for some time to come. The American system has possibilities for good which Marcuse does not wish to see, or does not wish to explain as emanating from that system itself. The American young are American young. They have attained some liberation. Some of them represent an extraordinarily high human type. If they engaged in coercive action they would forfeit their liberation, they would become corrupt. The tyranny of action is that cruel. They would have little to show for their corruption. To urge them to coercive action is to lead them to failure whether they made a revolution or not. They would experience the failure of failure or the failure of success.

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Allen Ginsberg and the 60's

Morris Dickstein

A generation is fashion: but there is more to history than costume and jargon. The people of an era must either carry the burden of change assigned to their time or die under its weight in the wilderness.

—Harold Rosenberg
"Death in the Wilderness"

It was almost two years ago, in the shabby auditorum of Columbia's Earl Hall, with its high crumbling plaster dome, that I last heard Allen Ginsberg read his poems. He and John Hollander were back where they had both gone to school twenty years earlier, doing a benefit for a campus literary magazine. It was an intriguing combination. I knew from Hollander's fine poem "Helicon" that they had been friends then, in a strange, intense, and perhaps mistrusting way. I also knew how archetypically their lives had since diverged. There was almost a cultural parable here: could any two closely contemporary poets have come to public notice more differently? For Hollander there had been *Partisan Review*, a Yale Younger Poets award (carrying Auden's sponsorship, for a very Audenesque book), and a successful academic career. For Ginsberg there had been San Francisco and the notoriety of *Howl*, cheap exploitation in *Time* and olympian put-down in *Partisan Review* (by Hollander among others).

Times had changed however. Instead of canzoni, sestinas (!), madrigals, songs, and sonnets, Hollander had published an impressive sequence of autobiographical poems, some almost as free and personal as anything Ginsberg had written. And Ginsberg, as far as I knew, might not have written any poems for years. None of his books contained anything from after 1960. Perhaps alone among the Beat poets he had survived, magnificently—that much was clear. But as I had followed his gentle, newly-bearded eminence from week to week in the pages of the *Village Voice* he seemed to have become entirely a public figure, the guru to a new generation. It was not as a poet, it seemed, that he lent his magnetic spiritual presence to so many of the most obscene and solemn moments of the 1960's, from New York to Berkeley and London to Prague; he was the elder statesman, the wise and worldly Lord of the Revels, a live link with the germinal protest culture of the 50's.

So it was the performer, the public Ginsberg, that many came to see, see even more than hear, that night in Earl Hall. Nor was anyone disappointed, not by either poet. The surprise was how close Hollander came to stealing the show. For all his change of style he remained the complete university poet in the best sense: witty, literate, brilliant, breathlessly enthusiastic yet ironical. The crowd had not come for *him* perhaps but they were his nonetheless; he knew their stops, he could sound them from top to bottom. When sustained applause finally demanded an encore he asked for Ginsberg's permission to read "Helicon." It was a touching gesture, and the poem itself was wildly received. Those in the audience, who had seen the two embrace when they first met on the stage, who perhaps did not know that Hollander had once dismissed *Howl* as a "dreadful little volume" exhibiting an "utter lack of decorum of any kind,"* understood intuitively that "Helicon" was a peace offering, a love poem and more—a propitiation of part of himself and his generation.

Ginsberg, who followed, seemed by comparison insensitive to his listeners or determined to throw them off balance. He began by chanting rather than reading, and as the *Hare Krishnas* went on, longer than anyone imagined they could, it seemed possible that he had sloughed off language entirely. There was Allen Ginsberg, ecstatic and uncool, apparently oblivious to us, doing his spiritual push-ups in public. It was troubling, and needless to say it worked its effect; gradually, grudgingly, we gave up that air of facetiousness and sophistication endemic to every college audience. Ginsberg was there not to please us but to convert us.

But the greater surprise, for me at least, was yet to come: poems, many of them, some better than anything he'd previously written. A number were funny, closer to the comic self-ironies of Hollander than to the transports we had just witnessed or the prophetic intensities of *Howl* and *Kaddish*. Had I forgotten, or never noticed, the Ginsberg of "To Aunt Rose" and "America" and "The Lion for Real," bittersweet parables at once madcap and sentimental? Well, here was "This form of Life needs Sex," in which the man who had shocked television interviewers by introducing Peter Orlovsky as his spouse explored his new interest in women and procreation.

There was more, poems too various to be classified, and when *Planet News: 1961-1967* was published a year ago they were there on the page, they hadn't evaporated.† Ginsberg had survived as a poet too, as a poet above all.

Morris Dickstein *is an assistant professor of English at Columbia. His review of the late R. P. Blackmur's* A Primer of Ignorance *appeared in our January 1968 issue.*

* *Partisan Review*, Spring 1957.
† City Lights Books, 144 pp., $2.00.

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One wouldn't know it from the scant critical attention it received, but *Planet News* was one of the richest, meatiest offerings of the decade, no relic of the Beat movement, no longer marginal, but close to the center of a new literary consciousness. This is no doubt the secret tribute of "Helicon," home of the muses, where a young Ginsberg, the siren-like Virgil, guides a younger Hollander, his half-willing Dante, down to a modern underground, to St. Luke's Hospital to sell his own blood: the springs of inspiration run deep, deeper than the virtuosity of Campion or Auden could suggest. "And I know," the now-older Hollander concludes,

That opening up at all is harder
than meeting a measure:
With night coming on like a
death, a ruby of blood is a
treasure.

Ginsberg had won what once seemed merely a battle of anthologies. Academic poetry and its sisters, the precious, claustral closet-novel and the well-made Jamesian short story were as moribund as the polite essay, though some of their practitioners didn't know it. More than literary form had been at stake; it was the direction of our consciousness and culture. The Beat movement died too—Ginsberg himself thought it already dead in 1961 when he took off, for most of four years as it turned out,* "to fade awhile in the Orient"—but the dramatic turn American culture took around that time ushered in its unexpected legacy. Eventually the San Francisco story became a national story; a new culture was born in which the Beat life style and art styles became widely diffused. The paranoia of the middle-aged proved justified. *Now they are everywhere*!

WHAT HAPPENED in the 60's? It's all too early to say, it's still happening, but one can make a tentative and personal inventory. Some have already tried. Admirers and critics both detect a "new sensibility," and sometimes even agree in their accounts of it. Susan Sontag describes the new sensibility as a redemption of the senses from the mind, and consequently the displacement of literature, with its "heavy burden of 'content,' both reportage and moral judgment," by arts "with much less content, and a much cooler mode of moral judgment—like music, films, dance, architecture, painting, sculpture."† Irving Howe, perhaps the sharpest critic of the new sensibility, is only too glad to concur in this description, but finds the results shallow, escapist, and nihilistic—built upon a simplistic faith in innocence and instinct, a "psychology of unobstructed need," that is indifferent to morality and impatient with ideas.** He wonders whether such an attitude "is compatible with a high order of culture or a complex civilization." He glares sternly at those who wish to put aside the tragic burdens of the 20th century for a period of "relaxed pleasures and surface hedonism."

Now Miss Sontag and Mr. Howe can be fine critics when they have no special axe to grind; we've all learned a great deal from both of them. Polemic, however, leads them into distortion and simplification, so that they tend to confirm each other's stereotypes. Miss Sontag's essay "One Culture and the New Sensibility" is marred by a heavy-handed account of the moral and ideational content of literature. "The Matthew Arnold notion of culture," she says, "defines art as a criticism of life—this being understood as the propounding of moral, social, and political ideas" (which literature does in a "gross" way, with "discursive explicitness").

Parts of Irving Howe's essay perversely approximate this caricature of the traditional idea of culture. This sometime Marxist declares a *Kulturkampf* in defense of absolute "moral imperatives" and calls upon "traditional Christianity and modern Freudianism" to testify to the original sin of our biological natures. Like the Defender of the Faith of some severe humanist church he examines and rejects the moral credentials of Norman Brown, Marcuse, McLuhan, the New Left, the *New York Review*, the Columbia students, drug-takers, Robert Brustein and his "theatrical grope-ins" (no point in making distinctions here, as Brustein did), Miss Sontag, Fiedler, Mailer, et al. Speaking for a complexity of consciousness ("the idea of the problematic," "nuance and ambiguity," etc.) and against simplistic "neo-primitivism," he collapses everything together, tars everyone with the same brush. One hadn't known that contemporary culture was so much of a piece.

WHAT IS THERE about the new sensibility that could drive an old radical into the arms of the church, so to speak? It's clear that this sensibility, far from being cool and content-less, has much to do with politics, morals, and even religion. This is where Allen Ginsberg comes in, as a problem perhaps, and an occasion. Howe would probably dismiss him with the immoralists and the drug-takers. (Even Leslie Fiedler gets associated with the pot-heads because he wrote an essay that failed to condemn them. Woe unto those who actually turn on!) Yet Ginsberg doesn't readily fit Miss Sontag's qualifications either. He not only publishes unashamed *literature*, but he is too preachy, speaks too directly to our moral and emotional sensibilities.

In Ginsberg we can make out some of the traditional roots of the "new" culture of the 60's. He himself has been at pains to enlarge our sense of the poetic tradition, and to underline his affinities with Blake, Whitman, Rimbaud, William Carlos Williams, and other poets who found little favor in the academy during the 40's and 50's. ("Before I met Williams," Jane Kramer quotes him as saying, "I was all hung up on cats like Wyatt, Surrey, and Donne. I'd read them and then copy down what I thought poetry like theirs would be. Then I sent some of those poems to Wil-

* I learned this and much else about Ginsberg from Jane Kramer's charming and insightful book *Allen Ginsberg in America*, Random House, 202 pp., $4.95. Much of it first appeared as a two-part *New Yorker* essay. This profile should be supplemented by the hard-edged and tough-minded Ginsberg who appears in an interview with Paul Carroll in *Playboy* (April 1969).

† "One Culture and the New Sensibility," the concluding essay in *Against Interpretation*.

** "The New York Intellectuals: A Chronicle & a Critique," COMMENTARY (October 1968).

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liams, and he thought that they were terrible. . . . He told me, 'Listen to the rhythm of your own voice. Proceed intuitively by ear.' ")

But Ginsberg belongs to other traditions as well. It was the singular virtue of Diana Trilling's condescending essay on Ginsberg at Columbia to treat him not as a crazy visionary or an irresponsible dropout but as the remnant of an evangelical left-wing culture of the 30's.* His poem "America" is full of sentimental invocations of the Wobblies, Tom Mooney, the Spanish Loyalists, the Scottsboro boys, Sacco and Vanzetti, all set in an ironic 50's context.

America when will you be angelic?
When will you take off your clothes?
When will you look at yourself through the grave?
When will you be worthy of your million Trotskyites?
* * *
America I used to be a communist when I was a kid I'm not sorry.
I smoke marijuana every chance I get.
I sit in my house for days on end and stare at the roses in the closet.

The juxtapositions are ingenious, like Blake's Proverbs of Hell. Obviously this is not agit-prop poetry; Ginsberg is also a drug-enthusiast and a visionary, not least out of disappointed political and messianic expectations. His mother was a Communist who happened to go mad, or a madwoman who once had been a Communist. The demons that haunted her fantasies were half political and half personal. Her last letter to him, which he received two days after her death and transcribed in the *Kaddish* he wrote for her, was at once visionary poetry and the stern advice of a concerned Jewish mother:

The key is in the window, the key is in the sunlight at the window—I have the key—Get married Allen don't take drugs—the key is in the bars, in the sunlight in the window.
Love,
your mother

The poignant combinations of "America" and of Naomi Ginsberg were those on which all of Ginsberg's work was based, and point to the ways he most foreshadows and incarnates the culture of the 60's. It was only the "tranquillized" 50's (as Lowell then called it), with its stringent sense of decorum and its political complacency, that could have considered the Beat movement a drop-out culture without social or artistic point.† Even the public behavior of the Beats, which was correlative to the inertia and resistance of the age, had its forebear in the *épatisme* of Dada and the Surrealists. Now in the 60's this and many other germs blossom side by side. How did we contrive a unique mixture of 20's bohemianism and 30's politics? The young are promiscuously drawn to both Marx and the occult, Mao and the *I Ching*, politics and pot, revolution and rock. In the arts the cultural upheaval at large has opened the gates not only to sexual frankness but also to a general revival of experiment the likes of which we have not seen, at least in literature, since the first generation of modernists. (This is not to say that the experiments are as ambitious or as successful, only that we ought to take them seriously enough to make discriminations.)

If I speak of literature it is not only because I know it best or because other arts like painting, more insulated from society by their own modern aesthetic, nurtured vigorous experimental movements in the 40's and 50's, but because I can't agree with the notion popularized by McLuhan that books have been displaced. Literature, even popular literature, has always been the province of a more conscious minority. If books must now share their audience with films and politics and popular music the dispersion is a healthy one (even as far as "content" goes).** It's wrong to accuse the young of not reading and also of reading the wrong books. If they've traded in Eliot for Blake, this may be a mistake but it should cause no panic among those who once traded in Swinburne for Eliot or Shelley for Donne. I've twice conducted an undergraduate course on Blake, in which even those who came but to get high stayed to sweat out the intricacies of the system. With *The Four Zoas* in one hand and Frye's *Fearful Symmetry* in the other, they could hardly be accused of intellectual laziness.

Young people in the 60's, with a great deal of sophistication, tolerance, and eagerness, have been looking *for* something in literature (as Pauline Kael said recently of young movie audiences), not just looking *at* it. Nor should we scorn their demand for relevance unless it becomes too narrow. So often misapplied, the notion of relevance has taken on a faintly comical air today, but its pitfalls are more visible in the narrowly personal literature exemplified by *The Assistant* and *Seize the Day* than in that which gave us *Catch-22* and *V.* and *Cat's Cradle*. Novelists in the 60's have recovered the gift of fantasy and imaginative excess, as well as an adventurousness of form and technique that rivals Joyce (though not without some loss, as

* "The Other Night at Columbia: A Report from the Academy," *Partisan Review*, Spring 1959.

† The social point did not begin to be heard until *Growing Up Absurd* finally found a publisher in 1960. Until then the Beats were what a famous piece in *Time* had made of them, a "pack of oddballs who celebrate booze, dope, sex, and despair." The aesthetic point took longer to get a serious hearing, though *On the Road*, unlike *Howl*, had gotten some enthusiastic middlebrow reviews when it first appeared. Serious critics remained hostile to both, and their taste in poetry was enshrined in the Pack-Hall-Simpson anthology, *New Poets of England and America*, which excluded not only the Beats but also the Black Mountain poets, the New York School, and every other note of incipient experimentalism.

Here and there in the 50's there were dissenting voices, mostly political, who assaulted the prevailing tendencies. One thinks of *Dissent* and Irving Howe's essay "This Age of Conformity," which now seems to embarrass him slightly; of Harold Rosenberg's essays, especially "Couch Liberalism and the Guilty Past" and "Death in the Wilderness"; of Richard Chase's 1958 book *The Democratic Vista*, whose best pages offered both a stinging but balanced critique of the 50's and a prescient anticipation of the new politics of the 60's. But it was only in 1959 and 1960 that the trickle became a flood, and within a short space many of the founding books of the new sensibility were published.

**Norman Podhoretz has described the urgency that attended a new novel in the 50's, even a single review of a new novel, which he traces to a "tyranny of taste" that gets out of hand in "politically quiescent periods." Which of us is nostalgic for literature to have *that* kind of primacy?

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with Joyce himself, of direct human appeal).

The 60's novel has been a hybrid literature, a dialectical literature, like Ginsberg's poetry. Heller's *Catch-22* is an odd cross between *No Time for Sergeants* and Dostoevsky, between a joke-book and Kafka. Like Kafka's own work it is a perfect expression of the Jewish imagination of disaster, which means paranoia confirmed by history. Pynchon's *V.* combines a jazzy schlemiel-story with a staggering range of pseudo-Conradian adventures, which are scattered around the book like the pieces of a jigsaw puzzle whose improbable whole takes the shape of our century; or is it just a game? Neither book proceeds directly, both harbor secrets (the secret of Snowden, the mystery of V.), both expand in widening ripples of enigma and disclosure. Similarly haunted by this sense of intricate connection and hidden meaning are Vonnegut's novel *Cat's Cradle,* as clean and spare as a diagram, and Pynchon's *The Crying of Lot 49,* where the game feels more threatening. With their cartoonish characters and weird parodic sects and conspiracies these novels walk a fine line between what Pynchon calls the "orbiting ecstasy of a true paranoia" and the terrible blankness of the quotidian, between the imagination of disaster and no imagination at all. These black-humor fantasies are deeply political, not only because their Kafkaesque anxieties so fully express the sensibility of those who grew up with war and cold war, the CIA and the bomb, but because their half-mythic appropriation of large chunks of contemporary reality speaks to our political imagination as no propagandist literature could.

Take Donald Barthelme's story "Robert Kennedy Saved from Drowning" side by side with Mailer's recent journalism. Who could have predicted that fiction and political reportage would grow together as they have in the 60's? The progress of the literary mind from the anti-Stalinist radicalism of *Partisan Review* in the 30's and 40's to Trilling's still-engaged critique of liberalism in the name of imagination in 1950 to the "tyranny of taste" and the triumph of the New Criticism was toward an increasing disengagement from politics. Somehow Trilling's (and Matthew Arnold's) insistence that the political and literary minds had much to teach each other turned into the notion that they were fundamentally inimical, perhaps because most of the lessons flowed in one direction. Arnoldian disinterestedness came to justify a disdain for ideology and an aloofness from all political commitment, whereas in Arnold it is a mode of cultural criticism, of deeper engagement, directed above all against social complacency and self-congratulation. "Wragg is in custody," people are being quarantined and dehumanized—this is Arnold's prime example of the function of criticism.

Very much marked by this atmosphere of withdrawal, the novels of the 50's oscillated between minute personal concerns and abstract mythic ones; problems of alienation and identity were referred either to the private moral will, to the mysterious chemistry of human interaction, or to metaphysical necessity. Only the ethnic novel, rooted in a small but definable community, preserved a remnant of the social substance of literature. Malamud, Bellow, and Baldwin came through honorably if not grandly in their novels. Baldwin's essays and Ellison's *Invisible Man* went further, and adumbrated the new journalism and fiction that followed.

IN POETRY the 40's and 50's embraced a neo-conservatism of form and an emotional solipsism that went beyond that of the novel. The chief technical models, in addition to the 17th-century poets that Eliot had done the most to revive, were Auden and the early Lowell, and the chief theorists were the New Critics. Poets like novelists were retreating from modernism in despair of surpassing it, resuscitating traditional forms as if they were bold new discoveries. Beat poetry, bad as much of it was, made an important break with this constriction of mind, this involution of the self into a distanced object, a well-wrought urn.

One of the New Critics had erected irony, ambiguity, and paradox into a Holy Trinity of the well-made poem. In this rhetorical hall of mirrors direct self-expression and *its* complexities counted for little. In *Howl* Ginsberg reached for what critics once called the Sublime, but John Hollander could only see "a hopped-up and improvised tone" which compared poorly with Ginsberg's "profound and carefully organized earlier writing."*

As Paul Zweig has said, "What Ginsberg forced us to understand in *Howl*, twelve years ago, was that *nothing* is safe from poetry."† It was not only that the world flowed through the poem again in all its variety, but also the spirit that greeted the world turned out to be larger than we remembered, as large as Whitman had boasted, able to contain multitudes. After Ginsberg we knew, but still didn't know that we knew: there was real poetry, and then there was what the Beats were doing, which was fun but wasn't Art.** When Robert Lowell's *Life Studies* came out in 1959—the same year as Mailer's *Advertisements for Myself* and Brown's *Life Against Death*—it should have been clear that the game was up: not only was the shape of the poem broken open again, but the self was about to get a new kind of currency that would thrust American literature back into the Romantic mainstream. But some of Lowell's admirers abused his method: where he had been gritty, prosy, and imaginatively personal, they were literal and "confessional," making his-

* This astounding and revealing judgment has recently been reiterated by Theodore Roszak in his ignorant treatment of Ginsberg in *The Making of a Counter-Culture*.

† "A Music of Angels," a review of *Planet News* in the *Nation* (March 10, 1969).

** A personal note: the night of the famous Beat reading in McMillin Theater I instead went downtown with a friend (we were both Columbia sophomores) to a Shakespeare production. A few days late I heard a tape and was sorry. (I caught up with Ginsberg soon afterward, when he read and wept through *Kaddish* in a crowded loft above the *Catholic Worker* office.) Still, a choice had been made. It's difficult to recall that culture of the official sort could once be more of a private breakthrough for an eighteen-year-old than the counter-culture.

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trionic inventories of their inner lives.

IT'S IMPORTANT to stress that the main direction of American poetry in the 60's has not been "confessional," as has often been supposed, but toward the same dialectic of fantasy and fact, politics and vision, that has marked the new novel. We have seen the birth of a new surrealism—the intense, vatic, turned-on association-of-images of Ginsberg; the visionary kaleidoscope of Bob Dylan's *Blonde on Blonde* songs, much influenced by Ginsberg's style, as by his anger and tenderness; the whimsical surrealism of Kenneth Koch's poems and plays, with their hilarious disproportions of scale and their irrepressible, child-like verbosity; the new pastoral poetry of Roethke and his brood, feeling its way back to a new innocence and quietness, exploring the tangled, irrational roots of the self in the landscapes of nature and the mind.

I refer especially to Robert Bly and others loosely associated with him and his magazine *The Sixties*, such as James Wright, David Ignatow, and Galway Kinnell, who seem to me among the most interesting poets writing today. They are Wordsworthians all, seeking the eye of the storm, what Wordsworth in *The Excursion* called

Authentic tidings of invisible things;
Of ebb and flow, and ever-during power;
And central peace, subsisting at the heart
Of endless agitation.

It is hardly their fault that the contemporary world and their own burdens of identity within it have turned these men largely into poets of disappointment. It was the pastoral poet in Bly (and a touch of the old public bard) that compelled him to confront the Vietnam war by organizing a massive campaign of readings and even by writing strikingly original political poems,* free of sentimental platitude and direct appeal. Used often on the stump and finally included in *The Light Around the Body* (1967), these poems are angry, charmless mixtures of bizarre fact and surreal metaphor. If the ingredients sometimes fail to coalesce, especially in print, it is nonetheless remarkable that a poet from Minnesota, populistically mistrustful of New York intellectuals, with an unambiguous sense of both his literary vocation and social responsibility, should have brought politics back into poetry, where *Partisan Review* and the New Criticism had so long insisted it could not tread.

When these poets do break through to quietness and "central peace," it is tenuous and fragmentary. The self-accusing serenity that James Wright achieves in the beautiful poems of *The Branch Will Not Break* (1963) is purchased at the expense of all volitional intensity and personal hope. "I have wasted my life," one of them concludes, unexpectedly and matter-of-factly. This mood of resignation makes small epiphanies possible, as when, in the same poem,

In a field of sunlight between two pines,
The droppings of last year's horses
Blaze up into golden stones.

"Spring Images," which I'll quote in full, is no more than the witness, the enacted process, of three such momentary redemptions, in which perception and language transfigure everyday reality:

Two athletes
Are dancing in the cathedral
Of the wind,

A butterfly lights on the branch
Of your green voice

Small antelopes
Fall asleep in the ashes
Of the moon.

If the imagination's alchemy succeeds for a moment in turning manure into fiery gold, the victory remains a limited one. This is a poetry of failure which also courts failure as poetry. Its purity may be mere constraint, its transfigurations confusions. It is pared down, protectively hunched over; its faults are the opposite of those of Ginsberg, whose expansiveness often hovers at the edge of rhetoric.

Both poets are in the end saved by their spirituality and their concreteness, qualities rarely found together. The poetry of the 60's could take as its epigraph the words of Jacob Boehme that Bly affixes to the first section of *The Light Around the Body*:

> For according to the outward man, we are in this world, and according to the inward man, we are in the inward world. . . . Since then we are generated out of both worlds, we speak in two languages, and we must be understood also by two languages.

The section is called "The Two Worlds," and both Boehme and Bly seem to indicate that they must remain separate. But the experimental literature and social life of the past decade have sought, often futilely, often beautifully, to interanimate them, to capture not only the nimbus but the light *within* the body—without disembodying it.

For this reason I have refrained from emphasizing "the sexual revolution" as the center of the new sensibility. Of all the simplistic explanations of what happened in the 60's, that perhaps does the most violence to what actually occurred—in our art at least, if not in our commerce. Poets as different as Ginsberg and Wright have aimed to make things new again, to see with an innocent eye. This innocence cannot be reduced to Irving Howe's primitivistic "psychology of unobstructed need." It has more to do with the sentences of Boehme and the famous words of *The Marriage of Heaven and Hell* (which develop Plato):

> If the doors of perception were cleansed every thing would appear to man as it is, infinite.
> For man has closed himself up, till he sees all things thro' narrow clicks of his cavern.

To this one could add the Wordsworthian (and Blakean) sentence of Freud that serves as another epigraph in *The Light Around the Body*: "What a distressing contrast there is between the radiant intelligence of the child, and the feeble mentality of the average adult." To call this a flight from maturity and moral responsibility would be beside the point. It chooses not instinct over consciousness but in-

* Not quite original: Herbert Leibowitz points to the influence of Neruda, whom Bly has frequently praised and translated. Leibowitz's review, which appeared in the *Hudson Review* (Autumn 1968), makes a challenging case for the failure of these poems.

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telligence over mentality; these poets have sought new intelligence of the two worlds and the two languages. Their attitude is not based on an indifference to morality but is an attempt to freshen the petrified sources of moral behavior. Mr. Howe defends the encrusted moral mentality of the ages because he feels threatened by what might replace it, or by what might break out if its constraints should weaken. The history of our time makes his qualms understandable, but these constraints *have* weakened; they cannot be restored by sermon or fiat. Nor have Auschwitz and *Heart of Darkness* necessarily said the last word about man.

ALL IN ALL the culture of the 60's has been a liberating one—too liberating, many will say—an opening up, not least through what Blake calls "an improvement of sensual enjoyment." But Ginsberg, like Blake and Whitman before him, has always enmeshed sexuality in spiritual, political, even cosmic complications. In his *Playboy* interview, Ginsberg describes how his homosexuality, which set him apart from the beginning, not only "served as a catalyst for self-examination," but contributed to his political consciousness, by making him sensitive to the element of hypermasculinity and aggressiveness in the American mentality. He revives Whitman's vision of a society whose communal ties are based on a renewal of personal tenderness. And of course he is delighted at "the reappearance in the form of long hair and joyful dress of the affectionate feminine in the natural Adamic man, the whole man, the man of many parts." In the same vein, at the end of "Who Be Kind To," he dreams,

That a new kind of man has
come to his bliss
to end the cold war he has
borne
against his own kind flesh
since the days of the snake.

At the other extreme from this apocalyptic declaration yet complementing it there is the figure of Ginsberg himself, whom Jane Kramer describes as "a comfortable, avuncular presence—a rumpled, friendly-looking man with a nice toothy face, big brown owl eyes behind the horn-rimmed glasses and a weary, rather affecting slouch." What made Ginsberg especially important to the youth culture of the 60's was less his mantic ecstasies than the complex generosity of his presence and his values. Just as his poetry encompasses both the visionary Blake and the realistic density of Williams ("no ideas but in things"), so his sympathies embrace and transcend both the hip scene and the New Left. "Put it this way," Jane Kramer quotes him as saying to a young activist, "the hippies—that is, the psychedelics—have got the consciousness all right, but they have the problem of how to manifest it in the community without risking the pitfalls of a Fascist organization. You people—the radicals—have a real vision of the material and social ills of the society, but you've got pretty much the same problem. The hippies have deeper insight into consciousness, the radicals more information about the workings and the nature of consciousness in the world."

Call this Romantic socialism, the Romantic vision of the redemption of the self, the libertarian socialist dream of a community of redeemed selves in the real world. This was not a position that Ginsberg achieved easily, as the autobiographical stages of *Planet News* make clear. The book moves from wild and often opaque drug visions to the pivotal 1963 poem "The Change," which is in the line of the great Romantic poems of crisis and self-recognition. The poem describes a conversion from drugs to selfhood,* from the expansion of consciousness to its concentration on "the foul rag-and-bone shop of the heart" to which Yeats reconciled himself at the end of "The Circus Animals' Desertion." It is this later Ginsberg, *our* Ginsberg, whose warm and chastened voice we hear in the naked language of "Who Be Kind To":

Be kind to your self, it is only
one
and perishable. . . .
Be kind to the fearful one at your
side
Who's remembering the
Lamentations
of the bible
the prophesies of the Crucified
Adam Son
of all the porters and char
men of
Bell gravia—
Be kind to your self who weep
under
the Moscow moon and hide
your bliss hairs
under raincoat and suede
Levis—
For this is the joy to be born,
the kindness
received through strange eye-
glasses on a bus thru
Kensington. . . .
Be kind to the heroes that have
lost their
names in the newspaper. . . .
And be kind to the poor soul that
cries in
a crack in the pavement be-
cause he
has no body—

"A little more than kin, and less than kind," mutters Hamlet, punning bitterly in his first line, when Claudius has addressed him as cousin and son. Ginsberg's poem sets out to bridge this fissure of words and of feelings. Be kind to your self and to others means not only be good to them but also be kin with them, related, natural, close. If Ginsberg's millennial proclamation of "a new kind of man" no longer warring on "his own kind flesh" seems premature, his advocacy of a politics of exorcism, celebration, and public joy rather than violent confrontation looks refreshingly affirmative at this moment. He seeks "a kind of poetry and theater sublime enough to change the national will and open up consciousness in the populace." Old socialists and New Leftists alike might find this tactically unsound. Still, at a time when many on the Left may face a cul-de-sac of frustration, bitterness, and aggression, Ginsberg's "magic politics," like his poetry, nurtures a utopian kernel of human dignity and possibility.

* Ginsberg has commented fascinatingly on this transformation in his *Paris Review* interview with Tom Clark. See *Writers at Work*, Third Series.

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Assessing the Six-Day War

Amos Perlmutter

TWO AND A HALF years have now elapsed since the Arab-Israeli Six-Day War, and thus far the flood of literature on the conflict shows no signs of abating; indeed, the continuing state of hostility in the region seems to have encouraged a corresponding flow of ever-new analyses and proposals. Some of the numerous studies which have appeared are sound, some not so; some are based on keen historical understanding and insight, others are either frankly or covertly tendentious and propagandistic. In the survey of the literature which follows, I have limited myself to the more representative works on the subject—and specifically those which I regard to be among the more responsible—as a way of introducing the reader to what I take to be the major issues and forces at play in the Middle East.

Of the books published in the immediate aftermath of the war, three in particular are to be recommended for their usefulness as general guides to the Middle East predicament: Walter Laqueur's *The Road to Jerusalem**; Theodore Draper's *Israel and World Politics*†; and Fred J. Khouri's *The Arab-Israeli Dilemma*.** Laqueur's work is by far the best English-language account of the events leading up to the June war; it includes skillful analyses of the Arab, Israeli, and world press on the eve of the war and an extended exploration of inter- and intra-Arab conflicts and the roles these played in developing the crisis of May 1967. (A second edition of *The Road to Jerusalem*, brought out in 1969 by Penguin Books, contains an invaluable additional chapter on developments in the Middle East since the war, as well as on the continuing Soviet role in the Arab countries and in the UN.) Draper's *Israel and World Politics* (an expanded and revised version of an article published in the August 1967 COMMENTARY) concentrates in a highly competent and scrupulously exact way on the literature of the Arab-Israeli conflict, and is especially good on the relationship between Egypt and the Soviet Union; its major contribution is Draper's account—based on a reading of the Soviet press, official documents, and the work of Kremlinologists—of the Soviet role in the Middle East.

Khouri's *The Arab-Israeli Dilemma*, finally, is an academic work whose focus is an exhaustive and rather tedious account of the treatment of the Palestine Question in the United Nations from 1948 through June 1967, and the controversial Security Council Resolution of November 22, 1967. Khouri believes strongly in the UN as the chief agency for the eventual Arab-Israeli settlement. His Sisyphean attempt to disentangle the positions taken by the various contenders before the United Nations Council and assemblies is admirable, but I think ultimately fruitless. No author who has studied the Middle East conflict could argue in good faith that the dilemma originated in the UN or that it will ultimately be resolved by the Security Council, a body whose effectiveness has been marred by power-bloc politics and by the decline in the influence of the great powers over the concert of new nations.

A MORE recent general survey of the Middle East conflict is Nadav Safran's *From War to War: The Arab-Israeli Confrontation 1948-1967*.‡ In the first section of this work Safran clearly establishes an evolutionary pattern, characterized by continuous geometric escalation, in Arab-Jewish relations; he traces this pattern from a relatively non-explosive phase of Zionist-Palestinian rivalry in 1936, to a higher stage of intensity when the conflict became Arabized after 1936, and finally to the internationalization of the conflict in 1948 and its incorporation within the framework of the East-West cold war.

Safran then turns in the second part of the book to an analysis of the conflict in relation to the dynamics of the arms race. His conclusions here are significant: the parties to the conflict (Egypt, Israel, Jordan, Iraq, Syria, and Saudi Arabia) had spent by 1964 "higher percentages of their GNP on defense than any other countries in the world except the Soviet Union." More important, Egypt, according to Safran, was failing by 1967 to reach its objective of surpassing or, at least, matching Israel in the arms race—hence one of Nasser's major reasons for going to war in 1967: since the strain on Egypt's resources was greater than that on Israel's, a comparison of the exertion required for Egypt and Israel to keep up the arms race—as indicated by the ratio of defense outlays to GNP—dictated that Egypt go to war before the gap became any wider. The last part of the book is a summary of the June war.

From War to War is an ambitious undertaking, covering most of the ground of the Arab-Israeli conflict; it has, however, some serious faults. The first part has been done before; the last part, a summary of the Six-Day War, is an unsuccessful attempt to deduce the conclusions summarized at the end of the book from the causes presented in earlier parts. The second part of the book—Safran's analysis of the dynamics of the arms race and his attempt to apply this analysis to the Arab-Israeli conflict—is truly original and thought-provoking; but it is in this section that the problems become most disturbing. It is questionable, for instance, whether the arms race actually was, or still is, a primary factor in deter-

AMOS PERLMUTTER, *here making his first appearance in* COMMENTARY, *is currently with the Center for International Affairs at Harvard. Mr. Perlmutter is the author of* Military and Politics in Israel, *recently published by Praeger.*

* Macmillan, 368 pp., $6.95.
† Viking, 278 pp., $5.95.
** Syracuse University Press, 436 pp., $10.00.
‡ Pegasus, 467 pp., $10.00.

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mining strategy in the Middle East conflict; nor do Safran's numbers and tables persuade me that Nasser and his military junta really went to war because they discovered "the tragic drain" on their resources and had to do something quickly before Israel stabilized its military supremacy. In the end, only Nasser himself could determine the validity of the theory, and, in view of his silence on this point, there are other more plausible explanations that can be applied far less questionably.

But Safran's "exertion" thesis is disputable on more basic grounds as well. Safran demonstrates Egypt's exertion in the arms race with Israel by comparing the defense budget with the GNP and finding Egypt's to be inordinately high and constantly increasing. In fact, these statistics are misleading, for Egypt does not actually *pay* for her arms; Russia bestows upon Nasser almost all of his military hardware, while Israel's arms are neither so easily nor so cheaply acquired. It would be permissible to say that Egypt "spends" money on arms if the country had a choice between receiving guns or butter, but Russia gives Egypt no such choice. And it is surely misleading to talk about exertion and strain when Egypt can use her defense "budget" for nothing *but* defense.

WHAT is Russia's interest in arming Egypt? This, and the question of the larger Soviet role in the Middle East and Asia, is the subject of Uri Ra'anan's *The USSR Arms the Third World.** A veteran Sovietologist, Ra'anan has assigned himself the formidable task of investigating the genesis of Soviet penetration into the Middle East; for this purpose he focuses on the "Czech"-Egyptian arms deal of 1955 which, he maintains, was the first major manifestation of what eventually became a concerted Russian effort to establish a political foothold in the region. Ra'anan asserts that this arms deal, contrary to conventional interpretations, did not result from an Egyptian-Soviet "reaction" to a U.S. refusal to give Egypt weapons; Nasser, in fact, had entered into negotiations with Moscow in January-February 1955, *before* requesting arms from Washington (and prior to Israel's Gaza raid of February 28, 1955, which consequently could not have been the reason for Nasser's turning away from his would-be Western patrons). According to Ra'anan, the Soviets had decided, *before any of these events took place,* to end decades of Stalinist abstention from Middle Eastern activity and had begun to engineer a political entry into the region. Ra'anan also reveals that the Soviet decision to move into the Middle East was forged in a series of critical factional rivalries in Moscow, coinciding with Western attempts to build up the so-called "Northern Tier" of the region.

In support of his contention, Ra'anan quotes Soviet documents and contemporary Western sources which indicate that the arms deal was initiated between February 14 and 21, 1955, a full seven months before it was announced to the world. Thus, it appears that the dogmatic interpretation offered by some American analysts—namely, that John Foster Dulles, in his missionary zeal, mismanaged America's "real" interests in Egypt—is wrong and self-deceptive. (In the light of Ra'anan's disclosures it is also difficult to accept the frequently repeated claim that so-called "domestic pressure groups" somehow caused America to lose her "stake" in Egypt and throughout the Middle East.)

Much that has been written on the Baghdad Pact, the Northern Tier, Middle Eastern defense, Egyptian foreign policy since 1955, and the effects of Israeli "over-reaction" requires serious revision now that Ra'anan has revealed details of the Soviet *modus operandi* in the region, i.e., Moscow's active, sometimes malicious, and always self-interested role since 1954 in striving for leverage over the Middle Eastern international subsystem. In the light of Ra'anan's convincing analysis, one must conclude that it is not so much the "failure" of Dulles's policy, as American naiveté when faced with Soviet maneuvers, that has been most deleterious to U.S. interests. Washington has not real-

* M.I.T. Press, 256 pp., $10.00.

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ized, or admitted to itself, the natural—almost inevitable—convergence between Moscow and "anti-colonial" movements and the fact that a new generation of Arab nationalists has turned irrevocably away from the Western orientation of its fathers and grandfathers.

From 1954-55 on, Washington failed to see that the Moscow "revisionists" and radical Arab nationalists were forging an alliance under the very noses of U.S. diplomats whose policies were based upon anachronistic Wilsonian slogans like "self-determination" in a region where such ideas are hardly very meaningful. In the face of the Moscow-Cairo entente, and the real danger it posed to American interests, Washington attempted to accommodate radical Arab nationalists (a line no longer pursued so vigorously, but not yet renounced by the State Department); in so doing, the U.S. strengthened the radicals at the expense of the British, the Arab moderates, the Israelis—and, in the long run, of the U.S. "presence" itself.

LET ME turn now to a group of books which concern themselves directly with Israeli ideology. Maurice Samuel's *Light on Israel*,* published shortly after the June war, is a classic defense of Zionism. Samuel, the dean of American Zionist ideologists and activists, calls upon all those involved in the defense of a Jewish state, Israelis included, to restate forcefully the moral, historical, and intellectual claim of Jews to the Jewish homeland in Palestine. "For the Zionist," Samuel declares, "the moral perspective has not altered." His "testimony"—which in my view deserves to be pondered thoroughly by Israelis and Jews in the Diaspora alike—does not however constitute an adequate guide to the politics of Israel or the Arab countries today.

To put it briefly, the June war liberated Israel from the trauma of besiegement, and dispensed with the need for antiquated Zionist interpretations of the nature of Arab nationalism. To be sure, the basic principles which Samuel espouses cannot be disputed. He notes, for example, that "as long as the Arabs consider the mere existence of Israel an act of aggression, everything she does must be wrong. The only good Israel is a dead Israel." And it follows from this that "the two most important principles that must guide [Israel] are self-preservation and fidelity to the best in her character." Nevertheless, the view that Arabs have no moral claim over Palestine, or that their nationalism, because latent, is also abortive, is in my opinion false to everything Israel stands for. We are told that the Arab claim to Palestine is spurious, but this is not so. A Palestinian political entity does in fact exist; paradoxically, it was the Israelis themselves who assisted in its birth of consciousness by "liberating" the Palestinians from the Hashemite kingdom in 1967. To assert in 1969 that Palestinian nationalism is "artificial" or contrived is simply to be deluded about the dynamics of modern nationalism in general.

THE EXTREME opposite position to that of Samuel is taken by Uri Avnery in *Israel without Zionists*,† a collection of editorials from the Israeli sex-and-scandal tabloid which Avnery edits. *Israel without Zionists* represents first of all an attempt to correct the "fatal" misconception of pre-World War I Zionists that Palestine was not inhabited, long before Theodor Herzl envisioned the Jewish state, by non-Jews who happened to be Arab-Semites. But Avnery goes beyond this to issue a call for a pan-Semitic union of Israelis and Palestinians which in its outlines resembles nothing so much as old-fashioned binationalism.

Avnery's *Pax Semitica* is based on the idea that Israeli domination of the West Bank has made possible a convergence of interest with what he takes to be the "progressivism" of Al-Fatah, the Syrian Ba'athists, and American and European New Leftism. He proposes the establishment of "a great confederation of all the states" in the Middle East, a union of Semitic peoples which will "end fear and suspicion . . .

* Knopf, 212 pp., $4.95.
† Macmillan, 368 pp., $6.95.

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align with the Afro-Asian bloc . . . and be economically advantageous." There is nothing particularly new in this scheme; several Jewish and Israeli thinkers have put forward identical proposals over the last thirty years. What is most puzzling, however, is why Avnery thinks the Arabs should want to join such a union, dominated as it would be—he admits as much—by Israeli military might. It is perhaps needless to add that no sign has as yet been forthcoming that the Arab multitudes wish to reciprocate Avnery's gesture, nor has a single progressive Arab intellectual or politician responded to his proposal.

Avnery's views are of course not typical of Israelis in general, any more than are the views of his opposite numbers who belong to the "Movement for the Whole of Eretz Israel" (for an exposition of the ideas of this movement, see "Faith in Israel" by Harold Fisch in COMMENTARY, February 1969). Indeed, there is a curious similarity between these two positions, the one urging a pan-Semitic union, the other championing brute Israeli territorial annexation. What links them is their common abandonment of the moral basis—so well described by Maurice Samuel—of the Zionist claim to Israel. Whereas proponents of the "Movement for the Whole of Eretz Israel" locate the root of their political program in a vague biblical metaphysic devoid of explicit moral content, Avnery simply asserts that morality in the Middle East conflict resides solely with the Arab cause. Both positions reflect a blithe indifference to the kinds of human and political considerations that must necessarily play a decisive role in any attempted settlement of the just grievances of all parties concerned.

But what *are* the views of Israelis in general? One source of raw material is to be found in *Siah Lohamim* ("Warriors Speak"), a collection of interviews with kibbutzniks who fought in the Six-Day War. Although members of kibbutzim make up only 3 to 4 per cent of the Israeli population as a whole, they sustained 25 per cent of the casualties in the 1967 war; as a group, kibbutzniks are disproportionately represented in the elite fighting units and among the senior officer corps and the Israel High Command. What makes the views of such people of particular import is the historical role the kibbutz has played in the shaping of modern Israeli ideology. From its inception the kibbutz was oriented toward universalist goals and at the same time dedicated to the concept of nation-building as a tool for expanding social and political welfare. The fathers of the young men who performed so spectacularly in 1967 had been active in the formation of the pre-State Haganah and had made extraordinary contributions to the success of Aliyah Bet —the program of illegal immigration to Palestine that operated systematically from 1938 to 1948. If nothing else, the conversations recorded in *Siah Lohamim* would provide an excellent reference point for a discussion of the character of the Israeli military elite; but its true value as a document lies elsewhere.

About 140 Israeli soldiers and officers are represented in *Siah Lohamim*. In the interviews, which were conducted a month after the war, they were questioned as to their attitudes on nationalism, the Arabs, war and its costs, and so forth. They were also asked to express themselves frankly with regard to their own experiences and emotions under battle conditions. The resulting volume reveals an almost universal horror at the brutality of war, a craving for genuine friendship with Arabs, an astonishingly low incidence of hatred for the enemy, and, among the officers, with few exceptions, a restrained and humane dovishness—in short, what Maurice Samuel would regard as fidelity to the best in Israel's character. To be sure, *Siah Lohamim* is limited in its sample to kibbutzniks, and even that sample is not a random one; the sentiments it unfolds should not be regarded as true without exception of Israeli society in general, or even of Israeli soldiers as a whole. Nevertheless, it represents an important first step in an approach to understanding the Israeli mind. The assumptions, expectations, doubts, perceptions, and misperceptions of these young people supply much-needed material for any analysis of the political attitudes of the present generation of Israelis.

ANOTHER interesting portrait of the Israeli at war is Shabtai Teveth's *The Tanks of Tammuz.** This is a journalist's account of the performance of the Israel Armor Division in the 1967 war, and an analysis of the modal Israeli personality under combat conditions. It is, among other things, an excellent corrective supplement to Safran's analysis of the Six-Day War, which, in its statistical tables and neat balancing of arms quantities, completely neglects the qualitative differences between the Arabs and the Israelis —differences which in the end were crucial and decisive. The qualities that emerge from Teveth's narrative are those of extreme cohesiveness among units, a direct command-soldier relationship, initiative and daring in the middle-echelon command. This last is of special note, since the press and military analysts in general, both Israeli and foreign, have tended to focus on the High Command and the senior officer corps; although it is true that the impeccable and meticulous efforts of the High Command, its ingenious grand strategy, and the resourcefulness and excellent tactical ability of the senior officers determined the course of the 1967 campaign, the *blitz* would never have succeeded as it did without the middle-echelon officers whom Teveth describes.

Teveth's analysis of operation "Division Steamroller," led by Colonel Shmuel, the divisional commander, in which seventy Egyptian tanks were destroyed on the road to Suez without a single loss to Shmuel's division, demonstrates with particular clarity the human advantage enjoyed by the Israelis in combat: group cohesiveness, unswerving personal loyalty, initiative, and resourcefulness—all under the iron discipline imposed by the commander of the

* Viking, 290 pp., $6.95.

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Armor Division, Major General Israel Tal. It is useful to contrast these qualities with those of Arab soldiers and officers.

Much less is known about the Arab military personality, as about the Arab personality in general, but a series of studies conducted by Israeli intelligence on Egyptian prisoners of war in 1956 and 1967 suggests that Arab officers are lacking in dedication to their subordinates and bound excessively to the professional rigidities of military textbooks and drills. Younger officers, in addition, display a better knowledge of military politics than their superiors, among whom was found, on the other hand, a high degree of professionalism. But these findings are inconclusive in the absence both of more copious and systematic source material and of any thorough study of the Arab personality as a whole.

THE WORKS I have discussed go some way toward identifying the immediate precipitants of the Six-Day War and the attitudes of at least some of the interested parties toward the Middle East conflict. To my knowledge, however, no one has as yet addressed himself to the most fundamental task of all, which is to locate and sort out those circumstances—social, psychological, and political—which can guide us to an etiology of the Arab-Israeli conflict and its consequences for international peace and security. In fact most, if not all, of the outpouring of material on the war of 1967 is flawed in the same way: the authors explain what was done, when, where, and by whom, but these explanations are ultimately abortive; they do not tell us, really, *why* violence broke out the way it did. Khouri's work, for example, demonstrates what can happen to an academic study when it fails to focus on its true subject matter—the nature and causes of the Arab-Israeli conflict—and directs its attention instead to the consequences—the presentation of damages by the parties in conflict before the councils of the UN. All this boils down to the question of who fired the first shot or who is to be blamed, i.e., against whom are sanctions to be imposed. Now, that may in the end be all the Security Council is required to do or can do these days, but the attempt to establish such dubious facts is of no help whatsoever in explaining what ignited the flames in the first place or even, granted the limited scope of Khouri's inquiry, why the UN has exercised a precipitating rather than a repressive influence in the Middle East conflict.

Some insight into these more basic questions could be gained from an exhaustive, painstaking investigation into the intellectual and behavioral fabric of Arab and Israeli society, an in-depth analysis of what Pareto has called the "mind of society." Such an analysis would take into account aspects of personal and social psychology, respective attitudes toward politics, elite-mass relations, Arab and Israeli views of what constitutes the "public interest," and so forth. Thus far, the only even tentative effort in this direction has been Yehoshaphat Harkabi's Hebrew work, *The Arab Position in the Arab-Israeli Conflict*, analyzed in these pages at some length by Robert Alter ("Rhetoric and the Arab Mind," September 1968). This work, which is far and away the most comprehensive on the subject, is nevertheless only a first step toward an understanding of how the Arabs conceive their case against Israel. The fact that no parallel study has been done on the Israeli position should suffice to indicate the paucity of our knowledge on these matters.

STILL, I do not mean to suggest that personal, socio-psychological, and behavioral analyses, although they are badly needed, will furnish a full explanation of political conflict in the Middle East, any more than do chronological or synoptical histories of the kind offered by Laqueur, Khouri, or Safran. The major political problem in the Middle East, as in other developing regions throughout the world, is the formation of a stable order in the midst of rapid social change. Of all the parties involved, only Israel may be said to have approached that kind of stability. The Arab countries are marked, to a greater or lesser degree in individual cases, by a profound imbalance between political demands and political effectiveness—the ability of a government to fulfill demands—by radical praetorianism, characterized by a constant threat of intervention by the military into domestic politics, and by an asymmetry between the political aspirations of the Arab peoples and their ideologically enforced relation to the Palestine question. The role the great powers have played over the past decades has had the effect of aggravating rather than of alleviating these internal problems, with the result that today, after three successive defeats in battle with Israel, most Arab governments are no closer to political legitimacy than they were twenty years ago. Until sustained thought and study are given to these questions, our understanding of the Middle East will continue to be partial, misdirected, and without real value in the hard world where decisions must be made and policies executed.

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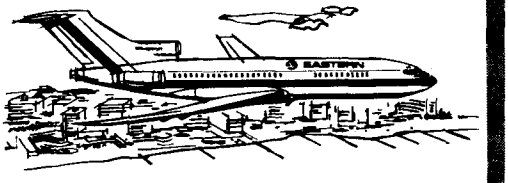

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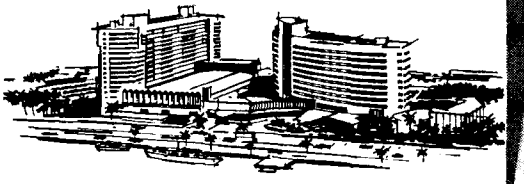

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Documenting the Holocaust

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE DUTCH JEWS. By JACOB PRESSER. Translated by ARNOLD POMERANTZ. *Dutton. 545 pp. $10.00.*

Reviewed by HENRIETTE BOAS

IN THE welter of historical confusion, it is often assumed that the Dutch, more than most other European populations, exerted special (and successful) efforts during the German occupation to save their Jewish fellow countrymen from falling into Nazi hands. Perhaps the misconception derives from the generally held image of Holland as a traditional haven of tolerance, freedom, and prosperity for its Jewish citizens, and a hospitable asylum for persecuted Jews from abroad (an image also in need of correction). More likely, it is the result of the Anne Frank cult, which feeds the all too human wish to regard her fate as exceptional. The statistics, of course, indicate otherwise. When the mass deportations began, the Jewish population of Holland was estimated at about 140,000, of whom some 30,000 were refugees from Germany and Austria. Of these, 110,000 were eventually deported, and fewer than 6,000 returned after the war. Of the remaining 30,000, about half of those who went into hiding were eventually discovered and deported as well. Others survived because they were married to a non-Jewish partner or had a non-Jewish grandparent, and thus belonged to categories that were generally exempt from deportation. Anne Frank's fate was shared by the vast majority of Dutch Jews.

Briefly, to rehearse the grim facts: After the Nazis overran Holland, in May 1940, the country was placed under a German civil administration headed by a *Reichskommissar,* the Austrian Nazi lawyer Arthur Seiss-Inquardt. For a while, the Jews were left relatively unmolested, but before long the machinery of destruction started to grind. Among the first anti-Jewish measures was the dismissal of all Jews from government positions, including such minor ones as school teachers, post-office clerks, etc. Then, on January 10, 1941, all Jews were required to register as such, and the following month the Germans established a Jewish Council (*Joodse Raad*) in all the larger Jewish centers (later, the Amsterdam body came to serve, in effect, as the Jewish Council for all of Holland). On February 22, the first Jews (430 in number) were arrested, in reprisal for the death of a Dutch Nazi during an attack on the Amsterdam Jewish quarter, and deported to Mauthausen, where all perished. (These were the arrests that called forth the famous day-and-a-half protest strike by Amsterdam workers, on February 25-26, 1941. Though the "February strike," as it has come to be known, must rightfully be included in the canon of heroic anti-Nazi activity, no further strikes, indeed almost no public action of any kind on behalf of the Jews, took place in Holland for the rest of the occupation.) In July all identity cards of Jews were stamped with the letter "J." Travel restrictions were imposed in September and October, followed by the transfer of Jews from the provinces to Amsterdam. Residence for all Jews in the capital was restricted to three special sections, and the serious business of extermination now got under way: institution of the yellow badge; curfews; denial of access to public transportation, cafés, theaters, parks; dismissal from jobs; forced transfer of valuables and securities to a German-controlled bank; "Aryanization" of Jewish businesses; and finally, from July 1942 on, the mass deportations, to the transit camps of Westerbork and Vught and thence in sealed railway cars to the "East."

These facts form the core of Jacob Presser's book, which should serve to dispel any misconceptions on the subject; for while general information regarding the Dutch aspect of the Holocaust has been available to the concerned English-reading public—most notably in such volumes as Gerald Reitlinger's *The Final Solution* (1953); Raul Hilberg's *The Destruction of the European Jews* (1961); and W. Warmbrunn's *The Dutch under the German Occupation* (1963)—the present work, an abridgment of the original two-volume Dutch edition, is by far the most detailed in its field, even if, as we shall have occasion to discuss below, it cannot be considered definitive. In Dutch, the subject has been dealt with extensively, though in less detail, in at least two other works, both written in the early years after the war, and from which Presser quotes frequently: *De Oorlog die Hitler won* (The War that Hitler Won, 1947), by H. Wielek (pen-name of W. Kweksilber), who came to Holland from Germany after 1933; and *De Kroniek der Jodenvervolging* (Chronicle of the Persecution of the Jews), by the well-known Dutch Zionist Abel J. Herzberg, which appeared originally in 1950 as part of a comprehensive survey on the German occupation of Holland and was published separately in 1951. Both works have remained largely unnoticed.

Before we turn to more substantive matters, a word about the book's publishing history might be in order. Commissioned in 1950 by the Netherlands Ministry of Education and Culture on behalf of the State Institute for War Documentation, the study was expected to take, at most, two years to complete and to run to some 500 pages. Instead, fifteen years elapsed before the work was finished, and it turned out to be more than twice the anticipated

HENRIETTE BOAS, *here making her first appearance in* COMMENTARY, *teaches classical theology at the University of Amsterdam and has written extensively on Dutch Jewry.*

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November 1919

Dearest Father,

You asked me recently why I maintain that I am afraid of you. As usual, I was unable to think of any answer to your question, partly for the very reason that I am afraid of you, and partly because an explanation of

Franz Kafka

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the grounds for this fear would mean going into far more details than I could even approximately keep in mind while talking. And if I now try to give you an answer in writing, it will still be very incomplete, because, even in writing, this fear and its consequences hamper me in relation to you and because the magnitude of the subject goes far beyond

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length. The book, whose publication date ultimately coincided with the twentieth anniversary of the liberation of Holland, was launched with much fanfare (unusual for staid Holland)—a pre-publication press conference, full-page excerpts in leading newspapers and weeklies, etc.—and became, despite its bulk, an immediate bestseller (over 100,000 copies), with a cheaper popular edition following within a few months. Its success can perhaps be attributed to the fact that for a new generation of Dutch readers there was fresh interest in the apocalyptic events of the 40's. While one doubts that the book will elicit a similar response among American readers, it should be noted that the abridgment, performed by Louis de Jong, director of the Institute for War Documentation and a close friend and former pupil of Presser's, is exceedingly deft; indeed, in many instances, condensation has only served to improve upon the original. The translation, too, is excellent throughout.

As for the author, he is a professional historian, who has also published, in addition to historical studies (among others, a history of the United States and a book on Napoleon), a novel on life in Westerbork (translated into English as *Breaking Point*, 1957) and, in a different vein, two mystery novels (*Murder in Moordrecht* and *Murder in the Poort*). Born in Amsterdam, in 1899, into a middle-class home which no longer held to Jewish tradition, Presser attended the University of Amsterdam and, following his graduation, taught in a municipal grammar school. After the war, he became a lecturer at the Municipal University of Amsterdam, and it was only after he had received the commission to write the present study that he was offered a professorship. An earlier appointment by the Amsterdam Municipal Council—which at that time still had the power to name professors—had been overruled by the government on account of Presser's left-wing views (this would be unthinkable today). It is said that he was given the commission to compensate for the rejection. Be that as it may, the official nature of the commission afforded him access to materials in the files of the Institute for War Documentation which had not been made available to earlier writers on the subject. Presser thus enjoyed an obvious advantage. Finally, one might observe that before the war Presser evinced little interest in Jewish matters. Like so many others, he came to his Jewish concern as a result of the Nazi experience: in the early days of the occupation, he was dismissed from his grammar-school post and became a teacher in the Jewish Lyceum, which had been established for the hundreds of Jewish pupils who were no longer allowed to attend general schools (in 1943 the Lyceum was forced to close down, after most of its pupils had been deported).

THE BOOK-JACKET of the American edition calls Presser's work "A Definitive Account of the Holocaust in the Netherlands." An official commission, of course, is no guarantee of scholarly excellence, and publishers' accolades are lightly distributed. Does the book, then, merit the description? While the work has been highly praised in the Dutch general press and received a literary prize, in the opinion of some reviewers in Dutch academic journals, who also raised the question, the answer is decidedly "No." I share their view. For a historical work, with some claim to authority, *The Destruction of the Dutch Jews* is disturbingly subjective. There is, first, the matter of Presser's ideology, which colors many of his judgments. Thus, he sees class struggle everywhere—the tendency was already evident in his book on the United States, *Amerika*—and he makes this a factor in the Dutch Jewish tragedy: thus, the Jewish "bourgeoisie," according to Presser, sought to save their skins at the expense of the Jewish "proletariat" whom they sacrificed. In point of fact, class distinctions among Dutch Jews in 1940 were far less marked than Presser suggests. The majority of Jews were to be located in the middle class (in all its varieties), and the labels "bourgeoisie" and "proletariat" are hardly applicable. Moreover, *all* the Dutch Jews, of whatever category, each according to

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his ability (if I may be permitted the phrase), desperately searched for ways to avoid deportation. It is only natural that those with more resources, with better connections, with non-Jewish relatives, say, had a greater chance of success. Presser himself accepted a deferment certificate from the Jewish Council, and later, as the Nazi net grew wider, he took up the offer of non-Jewish friends of a hiding place, where he stayed until the end of the war. One should be as wary of making psychoanalytic judgments as Marxist ones, but perhaps Presser's "problem" is that he is a survivor, with all the attendant guilts—a survivor, moreover, whose own young wife was deported. He hints at this when he writes in the Introduction:

> What sustained me in my efforts to complete the book was . . . a growing awareness of what, in all humility, I felt to be my duty: to speak up for all those thousands now doomed to eternal silence, whose last cries of despair went unheard, and whose ashes no one was allowed to gather up.

Presser's subjective approach is apparent, too, in his treatment of the Jewish Council (where he presents yet another fashionable approach). Drawing heavily upon his own personal experience, he views matters from only one side of the counter, so to speak, and fails to make the leap that would accommodate the peculiar agonies suffered by members of the *Joodse Raad*. For a writer of memoirs or impressionistic comment, this might perhaps be permissible; for a historian to abandon the requisite fair-mindedness is a serious lapse. Presser's interpretations, of course, recall the Hannah Arendt-*Judenrat* controversy that raged a few years back, and while one has no wish to rekindle the argument, it must be remarked that Presser, too, shows an insufficient understanding of all the terrible pressures to which members of the Jewish Council were subject. The responsibilities they bore were heavy beyond endurance, and the tasks they were called upon to perform varied with the situation, over which they had no control whatsoever. During the first peri-

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od of the occupation (February 1941 to July 1942), the *Joodse Raad* was given responsibility for administrative and financial affairs. Maybe its members should have refused there and then to cooperate with the Germans; but this is easy to say now, with all the wisdom of hindsight. In the second period, July 1942 to September 1943, when the *Joodse Raad* was dissolved and its last remaining members deported, the options became even more limited, and more agonizing. True, the members of the Jewish Council, ill-prepared for their tasks, made many fatal errors of judgment; but they could not have been the egotistic scoundrels and Quislings that Presser implies they were.

THE SHORTCOMINGS of the volume extend to its style and structure as well. In many places it reads almost like the first draft of a PhD thesis—an indiscriminate piling up of research which makes no distinction between major event and minor incident, between what is important and what is not. (This is more pronounced in the Dutch version: abridgment and translation, as I have mentioned, serve Presser well.) But despite the plethora of facts and Presser's predilection for anecdote, the book is lacking in essential background information which might have helped us better to understand the events covered. I refer specifically to historical data on Dutch Jewry. It need not have been necessary to go back to the 17th century, but Presser would have been well advised to provide at least a chapter on the Dutch Jewish community in the years immediately preceding the war. Here he might have taken instruction from his one-time pupil, Louis de Jong, who is currently engaged in writing a monumental history of Holland under the German occupation; the first volume, *Voorspel* (Prelude), which has already appeared, is properly devoted to an analysis of Dutch society and the internal and external political situations in the years 1933-1940.

Other lapses include Presser's failure to deal more adequately with the over 30,000 German and other non-Dutch Jews who were in Holland at the time of the Nazi invasion (this because he interpreted the nature of his commission "to write about the Dutch Jews only" all too strictly), and his almost total concentration on Amsterdam. To be sure, that is where the bulk of Dutch Jewry resided, but much happened in the provinces, too, where events sometimes took a different turn. Furthermore, Presser relies too heavily on documentary material, especially diaries and memoirs, for which he has always had a particular partiality. Though the value of such personal documents is evident, even more important are interviews with living witnesses.

Presser, of course, did take down personal testimony, but only from people who came to him, and even then he acted more as a simple reporter than as a skilled interviewer; he rarely ventured into the field, to contact those people who might have thrown light on certain episodes he touches upon, who did not write down their experiences for deposit in the Institute for War Documentation. Nor did he seek out, during all the years of composition, any Jews in positions of responsibility, whose intimate knowledge of the period could have clarified various points at issue. Moreover, he has almost nothing to say about the important cultural work that was performed by Jewish leaders during the occupation and which did so much to sustain Jewish morale. He gives only glancing attention to many of the prominent Jewish communal personalities of the time, nearly all of whom perished, and one searches in vain for the familiar names of rabbis, Zionist leaders, educational figures. Because these names meant nothing to him personally, Presser did not see fit to include them.

Finally, the Presser study is not only subjective in its approach and its selectivity, it is also highly egocentric. Though on the one hand the constantly recurring account of the author's own experiences lends an added dimension of authenticity to the book, we may on the other hand ask why, in what is more or less an official history of the period, Presser, who himself played no significant part in it in any way, should have placed himself and those near him so much in the foreground (though again this is more apparent in the original Dutch than in the abridged English edition).

In sum, *The Destruction of the Dutch Jews* is a painstakingly detailed account of the fate of the Jews in Holland during the Nazi occupation, and for this we must be grateful; but it is not the historical monument Dutch Jewry deserves. That work remains to be written.

Dreiser Reappraised

TWO DREISERS. By ELLEN MOERS. *Viking. 366 pp. $10.00.*

Reviewed by ARTHUR EDELSTEIN

PROPONENTS of Theodore Dreiser's work have always found themselves in a nervous position, one that is, in a way, peculiarly American. They are to him as the major figures on our 19th-century literary scene were to America—advocates of something gross, sprawling, even embarrassing. Overwhelmingly, American writing in the period of its great mid-century flowering was a literature with a mission, in some respects an anti-literary literature that hoped to call America directly into being as a work of myth and art—hence, its insistent rhetoricalness, its strain of pontification. Yet even the poetry of Whitman, despite its compulsive inventorying of American life, its attempt to let the details assert their own value, really turned its materials in an aesthetic direction, singing stridently in their celebration.

But Dreiser, with the appearance in 1900 of his first novel, *Sister Carrie*, seemed to be turning the literary image of America back into its raw stuff. As Alfred Kazin has written, "He has been for us not a writer like other writers, but a whole chapter of American life." What characterized Dreiser's novel *Sister Carrie* was its

ARTHUR EDELSTEIN, *who teaches in the department of English and American Literature at Brandeis, is co-editor of* Moderns and Contemporaries: Nine Masters of the Story.

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terrible innocence, its departure from the missionary voice, its almost pure nakedness. (The "almost" is necessary, for Dreiser was constantly trying to get himself up in literary ruffles and lace.) More firmly than any prior American novel, it entered the bleak streets into which William Dean Howells had urged a generation of young writers in the 80's and 90's, and there seized upon the chunks and bits of American urban experience, turning them into words that were only at the slightest removed from facts.

Yet Howells, the proponent of realism, was able to ignore *Sister Carrie* throughout his life, though he gave his support to other novels of the city, among them Stephen Crane's *Maggie*. May it not be that his telling silence—surely one of the first great blows struck against Dreiser's work—was motivated by the same self-consciousness that lurks beneath much of our literature? For we are not only *nouveau riche* but *nouveau littéraire* as well. Though Crane had worked with the grimmest of materials in his tale of the slums, he did it at least with style, throwing over his pages a poetic coloration that identified it all as literature, whereas Dreiser, who has been called "the worst great writer who ever lived," produced works that were like documents, works that showed not how sensational our hardest realities were but how ordinary, how common—merely "a chapter of American life." To be sure, the most compelling of Dreiser's detractors have fought their case on broader grounds—Lionel Trilling based his well-known denunciation on the contention that Dreiser was incapable of real thought—but it is likely that much of the negative reaction flows from a dedication to literary manners, to style.

IN ANY CASE, the assaults have had their inevitable effect. In the face of them, Dreiser has seemed a writer who cannot simply be appraised but must be defended—or, at best, "reappraised." As Irving Howe suggests, "Dreiser has suffered the fate that often besets writers caught up in cultural dispute: their work comes to seem inseparable from what has been said about it, their passion gets frozen into history." And it might be added that the effect on his defenders has been a unique form of literary paranoia, an affliction that has led to strange postures of counter-response, ranging from pure retributive bullying to the use of something like magic—or at least sleight of hand.

H. L. Mencken, back in 1917, in a brilliant back-alley polemic that may well have been the ancestor of this whole edgy tradition, hinted things about the virility of Dreiser's depreciators by associating them with "the lady critics of the newspapers," and their "shrill, falsetto clamor." And in the 50's John Berryman was able to assert on Dreiser's behalf (perhaps with Trilling's essay in mind) that "Stupidity is a weapon, for an artist, almost as powerful as intelligence. . . ." The point he led into is cogent, that Dreiser was incapable of changing his style and thus never fell into artifice. But stupidity? Finally, one of the most recent studies of Dreiser, John J. McAleer's *Theodore Dreiser*, a work that contributes much of value to its subject, answers the earlier critics (and is conscious of doing this) by converting Dreiser into a super-subtle symbolist. Mencken would defend by transforming the critics into something reprehensible, boobs and sissies, Berryman by transforming the English language into something more flexible than it really is, McAleer by transforming the novels into something by James Joyce.

IN THIS context, Ellen Moers's *Two Dreisers* seems a happy accident, for it treats Dreiser's work as a fresh experience, as something so unexpected and striking that it nearly wipes away its own critical history. In a sense not intended by Miss Moers's title, we are reminded that there are indeed two Dreisers: one "frozen into history," the other smoldering on in the novels. This is not to suggest that Miss Moers is unaware of that history, but simply that she is never quite pushed into defensiveness; her closest move in that direction is a chapter called "Chemism and Freudianism," where she acknowledges the raised eyebrows provoked by Dreiser's notorious use of the word "chemism" to explain human behavior. But even here she attempts to do justice "less to Dreiser" than to the ideas that "shored up his naturalism."

TWO DREISERS is organized around the best of Dreiser's eight novels, *Sister Carrie* and *An American Tragedy*, and concerns itself with the sources of Dreiser's material, in his life and the life of his time, and with the passage of that material into his fiction. It is a book of literary genesis. Though the method, to be sure, is not unusual, Miss Moers's use of it is. For this is not one of those conventional "reinterpretations" of old and dusty data, but an adventure into new and illuminating matter.

To begin with, Miss Moers does more than simply discover what Dreiser knew; she thoroughly adopts the same interests and acquires the same knowledge, a procedure that brings us flush against the consciousness of her subject. The effect is that we are able to see, and in a way to experience, what she means by suggesting that his work inhabited "two worlds of time." *Sister Carrie* is perceived as the straddling novel, a work that progresses, in the assumptions underlying the narrative, from a 19th-century biology that spoke of human motives in terms of vague "instincts" to a 20th-century biology that began by interpreting motive as a chemical metabolic reaction. Whereas Dreiser's "scientific" background has often been attributed casually to his interest in Darwin and Spencer, Miss Moers goes carefully into his relationships with such contemporary experimenters as Elmer Gates, Jacques Loeb, and Abraham Brill. The point, of course, is not that Dreiser was an accomplished scientific intellectual but that his work bears the deep impress of researches performed by these men.

Perhaps the most enlightening section of the book, as much for its penetration into a crucial moment in the formation of the American consciousness as for what it tells of the influences

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upon Dreiser, deals with the final decade of the 19th century, the period when much of the imagery and folklore of a newly urbanized nation was springing into being. Behind Dreiser's extraordinarily visual renderings of the city lies a whole new way of response that was being fashioned in the 90's, a way that grew from the brilliant photography of Alfred Steiglitz, the paintings of a generation of magazine illustrators, and the language sketches of feature journalists like Stephen Crane. To an unprecedented extent, through the impact of what we now call mass media, the eye was replacing the mind as an instrument of literary apprehension.

As Miss Moers puts it, this new journalism "brought to literature an emphasis on seeing rather than thinking and involved the writer in a collaboration with the artist." And by broadening her commentary to include the world of music and theater, Miss Moers demonstrates one of the most striking aspects of the period (one which still echoes in our time)—the near convergence of popular and serious culture: ". . . it is difficult to separate the journalism from the literature . . . the illustration from the art . . . the hit tune from the formal composition. . . ." In this penetrating excursion, she throws further light upon a key element in modern American literature: its discovery of a starting point in the jungles of the public imagination, an ironic fulfillment of all those 19th-century calls for a national literature.

THERE ARE shaky moments in Miss Moers's direct treatment of the novels, as when she favorably compares the comic-ironic effects in the scene of Carrie's theatrical debut with those of "Flaubert's celebrated symphony of *'la betise,'*" or when she casually relieves Dreiser of one of his narrative barbarisms by placing it squarely in the consciousness of a character. But this is of small consequence in a work that is in itself, though in a smaller way than Dreiser's, "a whole chapter of American life."

Christian Theology

RELIGION AND CHANGE. By DAVID L. EDWARDS. *Harper & Row. 383 pp. $8.00.*

ALIENATION, ATHEISM, AND THE RELIGIOUS CRISIS. By THOMAS F. O'DEA. *Sheed & Ward. 192 pp. $4.95.*

Reviewed by JOHN KEBER

THE MANY-SIDEDNESS of theological study is nowadays taken for granted; likewise, the increasing difficulty, if not the impossibility, of producing an adequate theological synthesis. The days of a *Summa* are over. Yet the need to attempt a synthesis remains, and the hope of accomplishing one beckons constantly.

In *Religion and Change*, David L. Edwards looks "to consider the challenges to religion which have resulted from changes in the 20th century." Contemporary theologian that he is, he shuttles briskly between the sacred and the secular, between faith and the social sciences. His dexterity has produced a book of impressive scope, one which touches upon such various subjects as Freudianism and the multiplicity of theological scholarship, and which contains sociological analyses of Russia, China, France, Mexico, Turkey, and the United States, as well as evaluations of Islamic and Far Eastern religions.

The effort, however, is not altogether without strain. This is perhaps most evident in Edwards's unrealistically favorable analysis and evaluation of organized American religion; here one wishes that the particular critical faculties of the theologian had been brought to bear on the more conventional powers of the sociologist. Edwards erects his hopeful edifice on the high number of churchgoers in the U.S., a sociological datum he translates into evidence of the hardiness of American religion, past, present, and future. To be sure, he is not unaware of prevalent hypocrisies and conformist mechanisms,

JOHN KEBER *reviewed* The Last Years of the Church *by David Poling and* The Search for a Usable Future *by Martin E. Marty in our May 1969 issue.*

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BLACK ANTI-SEMITISM AND JEWISH RACISM

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but so bemused is he by the statistics and so eager to detail the workings of the various churches that he quite overlooks the justified collapse of interest among the young in organized religion and its institutions.

Related to this misjudgment is Edwards's commitment, in itself proper enough, to the centrality of prayer in religious life. One of the crises of religion in our day has been the decline of prayer among many who still maintain they are believers; even seminary students are often notoriously hard to lure to services. Edwards naturally assumes that prayer is concomitant with faith, but although this may have been true in the past, faith *without* prayer has become an increasingly frequent phenomenon, an example in itself of the confused state of religious consciousness today.

Efforts to establish the correct relationship between Christian ethics and the Christian religion have been similarly plagued by confusion. Here Edwards is more on the mark: "Only a new life will lead to a new understanding of God." To elaborate, the sense of transcendence and ultimate meaning, which religion is supposed to yield, is achieved not by a metaphysical noetic process alone but also by a living out of the ethic imposed by religion. Thus the concern of modern religious reformers for ethics as opposed to metaphysics is not born of a liberal pragmatism but of the conviction that religious man does not live by metaphysics alone. The decline of an experience of a true transcendence and ultimacy is as much the result of the gross defection of the churches from the ethical demands of the Gospel as it is the result of the speedy development of modern science and philosophy. There can be no transcendence or ultimacy without a thorough ethical commitment.

Edwards, however, seems to have grasped all this only dimly. In his rather tut-tut treatment of radicalism, he contents himself with criticizing as unrealistic and naively utopian those who sever themselves in disgust from their churches. He fails to see in this aspect of radicalism a search for transcendence that has been denied and impeded by the churches. Moreover, Edwards does not deal with the fact that the objective structure of the churches—and, indeed, much of the value system sustaining it—strikes no responsive chord among today's youth. He offers *no* analysis of radical youth movements and their possible relevance to religion.

SOME incompleteness is to be expected in an effort of this type, and it may seem niggling to dwell on the omissions at the expense of the many excellences. Among the latter are Edwards's discussions of Eastern religions. Happily, Edwards is not among those who believe that a wholesale importation of Oriental beliefs will cure Western man's spiritual ills. His treatment, which stresses the often unnoticed or unreported similarities of Eastern religious thought with that of the West as well as the differences, is especially valuable for its realistic analysis of the process of secularization, the most powerful religious force today. The East has not yet fully experienced the secularizing effect of widespread industrialization and automation. What will happen when, inevitably, the manipulative ideology of the West permeates Eastern society with its religions of detachment? Edwards is convinced that the religious pessimism he sees underlying Hinduism and Buddhism will not be able to withstand the optimism of Western religion, which has refused to accept the inevitability of human suffering and has undergirded material progress in the West.

Here again Edwards touches the ethical nerve in religious consciousness. However, he does not attempt to articulate more exactly how the themes of material progress and alleviation of suffering relate to those of transcendence and ultimacy. A few bland words about "subduing the earth" are not sufficient in a world which, for the first time, may actually possess the technological means to overcome poverty and create a foundation for a fully human life. What we need is a theory of religious knowledge which will show that the practical task of securing a humane existence for all is actually a way of achieving transcendence. This task can no longer be dismissed with a lukewarm blessing as merely consonant with Christianity or even as its necessary consequent. It must be acknowledged as an integral part of the Christian experience. Ethic and metaphysic form one experience, one human way of knowing and relating to the divine.

IF DAVID L. EDWARDS is a theologian who finds sociology necessary and relevant, Thomas F. O'Dea is a sociologist who returns the favor for religion. In *Alienation, Atheism, and the Religious Crisis,* O'Dea argues that Western man's historical experience has asked questions of religion which religion cannot answer, for in its other-worldly concerns religion has been able to accord man's scientific and political acomplishments only the most hesitant and penultimate value. Nor, O'Dea adds, does any other value system exist as an adequate substitute for religion in this respect. In his growing capacity to make his world, and in his equally increasing need to decide what is truly valuable for humanity, man remains unsure. He experiences crisis, for "the past has inadequately prepared him to handle a future which is all but upon him." Under pressure man has turned to surrogates—calling them this does not bring into question their validity or independence—for guidance and relief.

O'Dea shows by brief but careful analysis that each of the would-be substitutes man has chosen is undergoing a crisis analogous to that of religion: 1) the humanities are succumbing to a pseudo-scientific spirit of narrow research and extreme specialization; 2) scientific technology provides efficient techniques to achieve desired goals, but does not decide on the desirability of such goals and thus remains an ambiguous phenomenon; 3) the university, home and seed-bed of both the humanities and of science, steadily becomes less and less a center of independent thought as it is sucked into the industry-government combine. The question thus arises: in the face of the regnant confusion, who is to establish the goals of our society? How is man to attain the

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intellectual transcendence necessary to set those goals?

From his discussion of the dilemma, O'Dea turns to "a modest attempt at prescription concerning the current religious crisis." He sees in the decline of religion a loss of transcendence and the resultant advent of a nihilism issuing in "a loss of any ascendency and leverage making critical and rational choice possible with respect to the confusing array of human possibilities." He further states:

> Religion in the West with its sense of transcendence has traditionally been concerned with relation, celebration, and cultivation. It asserted that man is related to his world in other ways than by manipulation and control. It affirmed that he seeks an internal resonance with the structures and rhythms of his surroundings and through them with a transcendent beyond.

Unfortunately, O'Dea does not advert to the fact that for the common believer this relation to the transcendent God became articulated almost exclusively in the temporal mode. Salvation, the perfected state of this relation, meant an eternal existence with God after death. Hence the importance of the doctrines of Heaven and Hell; hence also the other-worldly character of Western religion so justly lamented by O'Dea himself. O'Dea rightly points out that there are other ways of articulating this relation, but they all involve removing it from the temporal mode, and few believers would, I suspect, understand or appreciate a temporary relation with the transcendent destined to end, like all lesser relations, with death.

Nevertheless, O'Dea is correct in seeing the loss of transcendence as the most serious effect of the lapse of religion, a loss for which our present secularized culture seems unable to compensate. And if religion is to have any future, even the fragmented and numerically insignificant one foreseen by some, it must lie in the direction he indicates: in a refusal to accept the consequences of secularism as normative or binding, and in a resolute effort to reinstate the value of transcendence as a necessary part of the larger quest for truly humane goals.

Quest's End

The Four-Gated City. By Doris Lessing. *Knopf. 614 pp. $7.50.*

Reviewed by Elizabeth Dalton

The intent of Doris Lessing's *Children of Violence*, a series of five novels of which *The Four-Gated City* is the last, has been to depict the life of a generation, the one born into the aftermath of the First World War and growing to maturity during the Second. Until now, however, its effect has been considerably more limited: focused through the experience of a single character, Martha Quest, it has something of the appeal of those series written for adolescent girls, in which a venturesome heroine acts out the fantasies and desires of her spellbound readers.

For Martha Quest is Everygirl, rebelling against her middle-class parents, reading Marx and Engels and espousing the cause of the downtrodden, having the sexual and intellectual adventures appropriate to her time and type. In the first two novels, *Martha Quest* and *A Proper Marriage*, she goes through a quarrelsome adolescence on her parents' farm in a British colony in Africa, then marries and divorces a conventional young man; *A Ripple from the Storm* and *Landlocked* record her involvement with a Communist party cell, which turns out to be a stifling little bureaucracy of ten or twelve souls, her marriage to the excruciating pedant who is leader of the cell, and her love affair with a young man who goes insane. Like all Doris Lessing's women, Martha is unlucky in love, being fatally drawn to men who suffer from childish temper tantrums, premature ejaculation, and tendencies to madness.

All of this is chronicled at enormous length, in an undiscriminating and egalitarian style that endows everything that happens to Martha Quest with absolute and equal significance and gives the novels a strong flavor of autobiography. Martha's self-importance is both irritating and rather commanding; one reads in a state of torpor, half fascinated and half bored, led on by the promise of the heroine's name and the hope that when she escapes the provinces and makes it to London she will finally find something that comes up to her standards.

But alas, in *The Four-Gated City* Martha winds up as the factotum of a large and depressing London household, combination mistress-secretary to a writer, Mark Coldridge, and cook, housekeeper, nanny, and nurse-companion to his family. The author's intentions for Martha seem to have changed; no longer so important for her personal destiny, she has become rather an observer and perceiver, a conduit for the most powerful currents of experience in her time and place, London—and by extension any large city in the West—from 1950 until the present, and in an epilogue until the year 2,000. The Coldridge family is made to contain the problems and crises typical of the era: Communism, treason, suicide, mental illness, homosexuality, abandoned and disturbed children, generational conflict. The principal events of the novel are the defection of Mark Coldridge's brother, a physicist, to Russia, and a series of breakdowns and nervous illnesses suffered at various times by almost everyone in the book, most often and severely by Mark's schizophrenic wife, Lynda. At the end of the novel the characters are preparing for the disaster about to overtake civilization; an appendix contains a group of letters from survivors scattered in refugee centers after a catastrophe involving nerve gas or a nuclear device has made large parts of the earth uninhabitable.

The end of the world would be rather a large order for any novelist. It is especially so for a writer like Doris Lessing, whose talent is adapted above all to a minutely realistic documentation of individ-

Elizabeth Dalton *teaches English literature at Barnard College.*

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ual experience. Literature can certainly deal with the great political upheavals of its time: one thinks, for example, of the subtle interpenetration of public and private passion in the work of Thomas Mann. But what passes for political vision in *The Four-Gated City* is a weary and shallow reductionism. Communism, anti-Communism, liberalism, the movements in England to free the colonies, ban the bomb, legalize homosexuality, and abolish capital punishment come and go in the book with the speed and unreality of phantasms. From the superior vantage point of her political sophistication, Martha sees them all equally as fads, nasty or hypocritical and in any case doomed. The political discussions that go on in the novel would certainly justify this view if they were accurate, but in fact there is something phony about them. Every position is exaggerated and vulgarized, put forward in the inverted commas of irony, making an effect of tendentious and heavy-handed parody. The following passage is intended to describe the euphoric mood of London in the cultural explosion of the 60's:

> Oh how charming everything was! How urbane! How tolerant! What enchanting clothes people wore! What good cooks we were, what food we ate! How delightful that in any room were bound to be half a dozen black or colored people, exactly the same as ourselves, and half a dozen working-class people, all as talented and as progressive, everyone effortlessly harmonious . . . .

THE IDEA of the approaching collapse of civilization is closely bound up with the subject of mental illness: it is the schizophrenic Lynda who warns the others of the coming disaster. All her life she has heard people thinking, she has seen terrible visions; now the external world seems to correspond to the horrors in her mind. Martha comes to regard Lynda as a prophetess, and schizophrenics as an elite minority gifted by nature with extrasensory and visionary capacities, driven into illness only by the persecutions of uncomprehending families and doctors. This theory, which the book advances with full seriousness, resembles the ideas expressed by the British psychiatrist R. D. Laing in *The Politics of Experience*; like Laing, Martha believes that the schizophrenic is hyper-sane in a doomed and insane world.

Martha finds that she too can occasionally "see" and "hear" things; in order to explore the non-rational capacities of her own mind, she goes into a sort of self-induced psychosis, isolating herself, fasting, and keeping a journal where she records her discoveries about the connection between the inner and outer worlds.

> Why am I so stupid? Have understood. If I didn't know better and I plugged in to hater by accident, I'd stay a hater. Did Hitler plug in to hater by accident? . . . A nation can get plugged in through one man, or group of men, in to—whatever it might be. Here is Martha. I'm plugged in to hate Jews, hate black, hate white, hate German, hate American, hate. Not now plugged. Might be plugged again in ten minutes' time. There is Dali landscape. I'm plugged in to Dali mind. If I could draw, paint, then I'd paint this, Dali picture. Why does only Dali plug in to Dali country? No, Dali and me. Therefore Dali and—plenty of others. But nurse says, delusions. If ignorant, does not think is Dali country.

And so on. Without bearing down too hard on that first sentence, one can't help wondering whether this kind of perception is worth blowing one's mind for. In any case, because society goes mad, it does not follow that schizophrenics are sane. In the appendix to the novel, it appears that extrasensory communication has become rather widespread; Martha talks regularly by telepathy from an island off the coast of Scotland to a man in Canada who is on her wavelength. However, some transmitters don't work very well, the wrong people can pick up the messages, and there is considerable interference. Evidently the mails have not become quite obsolete.

The book is pervaded, above all, by an enormous anger. Martha is angry with the government of every country, with Tories, Labourites, Communists Socialists, colonialists and anti-colonialists, psychiatrists, literary intellectuals, and most other people. This rage seems to be provoked not only by the state of the world, but by something in Martha herself—a sense of superiority that makes her view the passions and beliefs of others with contempt. She is spared the withering irony visited on the life around her; indeed, it emanates from her in a way that compromises her independent existence as a character. She seems to be in collusion with the author behind the novel's back, so to speak. The apocalyptic ending is unconvincing partly for this reason; it almost seems to have been produced by Martha herself out of pure self-rightousness.

NEARLY ALL of the novel comes to us from Martha's point of view, and the unrelieved seriousness with which she takes herself weighs down the writing with a kind of monolithic solemnity. It plods along like some great slow beast through more than six hundred pages of nervous breakdowns, political discussions, and lengthy authorial interpolations, many of them confusingly alike. The style is like that of an unskilled letter-writer who feels he has to report everything: this happened and then that; Lynda came home from the hospital but had to go back and we had a big party and that night Colin defected to Russia so Sally killed herself and then we spent hours and hours arguing about Communism. The only ordering principle of the account is chronological, and even chronology gets swamped in the helter-skelter rush of large and small events. The failure to select and focus may be intentional, a deliberate attempt to reproduce the chaotic atmosphere of the times. But the effect of the method, if it is one, in a novel of this length can only be a colossal mess.

It is not impossible that the world as we know it will come to an end rather soon; in that case, Doris Lessing's novel will be justified as prophecy Obviously it will not be able to prevent or even in-

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fluence the dark future it predicts —novels generally don't. And it fails to do the one thing the novel *can* do—refine and order experience and make it intelligible. *The Four-Gated City* does, however, contain at least one piece of good news: Martha Quest is dead!

New Politics

IDEOLOGY IN AMERICA. By EVERETT CARLL LADD. *Cornell University Press. 378 pp. $11.50.*

Reviewed by BARRY GEWEN

MAJOR POLITICAL realignments have been rare in American history. The last occurred during the 30's, when Franklin Roosevelt molded a coalition of workers, Southerners, blacks, urbanites, and intellectuals into the majority party of the country. Since that time the basic outlines of American politics have remained amazingly consistent, and broad political strategies of the national parties have changed very little. To win national office, the Democrats must maintain their majority of diverse and frequently contradictory interests, convincing people to vote according to habit. Republicans, on the other hand, must wean away some elements of the Democratic majority, and persuade voters to support candidates against their normal party affiliations. In the broadest sense, this has been the picture of American politics since 1936.

Similarly, the political issues that arose out of the Depression and the New Deal have, for over thirty years, given structure and definition to the American political landscape. Thus, through the administrations of Roosevelt, Truman, Eisenhower, and Kennedy the country has followed a foreign policy that is largely bipartisan, and a domestic policy that has revolved around the issues of welfare and the role of the government in the nation's economy. Though the immediate political issues may change in each campaign, from social security to unemployment to inflation to medical care, the larger outlines have not altered. Throughout this period New Deal policies have provided the operative guidelines.

These facts have enabled Americans to develop a descriptive mechanism which serves to simplify and make comprehensible the vast heterogeneity that is American politics. Out of the multiple groups and conflicting interests of American society has emerged the liberal-conservative spectrum, a single axis along which any public figure can be placed to determine his position in the political scene or with regard to any other political figure. There are exceptions, of course, but the amazing fact is that the liberal-conservative dichotomy has worked so well for so long. As is commonly known, the words "liberal" and "conservative" carry little of the meaning that is traditionally reserved to them by political theorists, and ironists never tire of pointing out that the true disciple of Adam Smith and John Stuart Mill is the modern conservative. But our modern usage derives, like so much else, from the politics of the New Deal, when these labels first entered common parlance. The liberal, as we understand him, is a man who supports the broad philosophy of the New Deal: government intervention in the national economy and public concern for the problems of welfare and security. The conservative opposes New Deal programs with a view that supports laissez-faire and relies more heavily on the private sector to solve social problems. There is, of course, considerable overlap, and a man may be liberal on some issues and conservative on others, but so long as public issues can be defined in terms of New Deal policies and philosophy, the labels continue to be meaningful and useful.

There is now, however, a general sense that the whole complexion of political life in America is changing. Roosevelt's coalition, always tenuous at best, at last seems to be breaking down, and the traditional labels seem no longer to apply. Where, for instance, should one place Richard Daley or William Fulbright? The problem, of course, is that the issues that have defined American politics for thirty years are no longer the relevant concerns of the day; new problems have arisen for which the New Deal philosophy is outmoded and inapplicable. Bipartisan foreign policy is a thing of the past; race relations have entered a new phase; issues like obscenity, criminal rights, student demonstrations, and police power do not fit into the old categories; the military-industrial complex is a concept utterly foreign to the New Deal. Consequently, insofar as one continues to see politics in terms of the liberal-conservative dichotomy, the actions of individual politicians sometimes seem inexplicable. Thus, a "conservative" Senator, Sam Ervin, questions Nixon's suggestions for increased police power; "liberal" Congresswoman Edith Green advocates anti-student legislation; Stuart Symington, former spokesman for the air force in the Senate, becomes a leading foe of the military, and "conservative" Senators James Pearson and Allen Ellender line up against the ABM. The political world is in disarray.

IT IS NOT difficult to see the increasing inappropriateness of the liberal-conservative dichotomy; it is, however, quite another matter to produce a new descriptive axis that adequately defines the contours of American politics. This is the task that Everett Carll Ladd has set out for himself in *Ideology in America*. Ladd has organized his book around in-depth studies of three Connecticut communities. By focusing on a small town, Putnam; a suburb, Bloomfield; and a city, Hartford, he has hoped to accumulate the necessary data to arrive at a comprehensive description of modern American politics. Not surprisingly, Ladd finds that in Putnam politics is still a matter of personalities; general agreement exists on the issues, and the small town shows little concern for the world outside itself. In the suburb and the city, however, serious and divisive problems are reflected in such issues as school busing and urban redevelopment, which cut across traditional political lines and leave the liberal-conservative split a shambles. In Hartford, for instance, the business elite finds

BARRY GEWEN, *a new contributor, is a teaching fellow in American history at Harvard.*

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that it has much in common with dedicated civil-rights advocates against small businessmen and the white lower-middle class, and new political coalitions have developed.

What is the new political lineup that Ladd has found in his Connecticut communities? The axis of conflict that he feels most adequately describes the new situation is one that is bounded by positions which he calls cosmopolitanism and parochialism. Cosmopolitans are characterized as people who understand the nature of the problems facing their communities, who share in the new scientific, technological culture, whose approach to issues is regional rather than local, and who are secure in their social and economic status and therefore view issues in terms larger than simple self-interest. Parochials, correspondingly, adopt positions that are described in terms like non-comprehension, prescience, localism, and marginal status. On an issue like public education, for example, cosmopolitans in Hartford feel that their schools face a crisis, attempt to apply the teachings of social science, and believe that a more regional approach, with assistance from the state and federal governments, is necessary if the problems are to be overcome. Therefore, they tend to advocate active and innovative school programs, including heavier spending and busing proposals. They are opposed by Hartford parochials, who want expenses kept down and who retain their allegiance to the neighborhood school. Similarly, on an issue like redevelopment, Bloomfield cosmopolitans urge a program to renovate the business district in order to give the town a better image and attract new business; parochials in Bloomfield oppose this on the grounds that the expenditures necessary for such a program are needlessly extravagant. Ladd recognizes that there are still many issues for which the liberal-conservative dichotomy is applicable, but believes that politics will be increasingly divided along a cosmopolitan-parochial axis. Further, despite a cautionary note, he suggests that what is true for Hartford today will likely be true for Dallas tomorrow, that in the political struggles dividing contemporary Hartford can be discerned the shape of America's political future.

DOES LADD's system work? Will we some day be speaking of cosmopolitan Senators and parochial Congressmen? Probably not. If we attempt to apply the new dichotomy to current politics we find enormous difficulties, greater perhaps than our problems with the more conventional dichotomy. Ladd describes both Negroes and lower-middle-class whites as parochials, though there are probably no other groups so frequently at odds on current issues as these two. Surely, a comprehensive descriptive mechanism for modern American politics must be able to distinguish the civil-rights movement from the backlash reaction. Although George Wallace may be more aptly defined as parochial than conservative, it is unlikely that parochial Negroes will ever flock to the support of their ideological cohort. People can share attitudes and still be far apart on politics.

Here is suggested one of the primary problems confronting anyone who attempts to draw a new political dichotomy for America. What made the liberal-conservative axis so meaningful was that out of the New Deal there emerged broad agreement on the nature of the problems facing America, and the kinds of solutions required to overcome them. But in America today no such agreement exists, and people who, by Ladd's definition, would qualify as cosmopolitans are often fiercely divided on crucial issues. How does one deal with the dispute between Walter Heller and Milton Friedman on the national economy, or Herman Kahn and Jerome Wiesner on ABM?

Underlying Ladd's descriptive framework is a view of history, Hegelian in its implications, which derives from New Deal politics. Liberals have always believed that they were on the side of history, that conservatives stood in the way of ineluctable progress. It is this view which enables Ladd to conceive of a unified cosmopolitan orthodoxy permitting a single decriptive axis. Cosmopolitans accept the *civilisation technicienne;* parochials are fighting a losing battle against it. Thus: "Cosmopolitanism and Parochialism together appear as ideologies of our 'overdeveloped' society, the one positive and 'progressive,' the other reactive and 'reactionary,' both contributing to the changing face of American political ideology." But these words can have no meaning outside of history, and few people today feel confident about history's course. It is one thing to accept technology; it is another to predict its direction. The reason that the New Deal appeared to be on the side of history, that controversial programs of the 30's are widely accepted today, has less to do with "progress" than with constituencies. Roosevelt's coalition contained elements that were very much the wave of the future: workers, at a time when unions had entered a period of vigorous growth; urbanites, when cities were expanding; Negroes, who were leaving the South where they were powerless, and entering areas where their votes were crucial; the young. But who today can say wherein the wave of the future lies?

Still, Ladd's dichotomy does not seem entirely without value. The cosmopolitan-parochial framework does appear to describe *something*, and a clue for its use is offered by Ladd himself. His political descriptions are most meaningful not when he employs his own mechanism, but when he uses a double axis combining the two dichotomies. Thus, Mayor Daley is probably more accurately defined as a liberal-parochial than by either word singly, and this fact is suggestive. For what it indicates is that American politics may have become so varied and diffuse that no single axis or dichotomy is sufficient to describe it. Coalitions form and re-form as issues change. Interest groups are shuffled about and bedfellows get stranger and stranger. We may have entered a period of extreme fluidity when comprehensive understanding is extremely difficult if not impossible. Until either party can devise a strategy and perform a political miracle like Roosevelt's, we may be in for countless surprises, with the result that American politics will become far less predictable but far more interesting.

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